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MR. MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.*

It is a commonplace with some critics that Mr. Morley made a great mistake when he deserted literature for politics. The criticism is not a very profound one, though it is natural on the part of those who, having no sympathy with Mr. Morley's political views, may very well think that he was less likely to do harm as a man of letters than as a man of affairs. Even so, however, it is rather short-sighted. To begin with, it is very doubtful whether the influence of the writer is less than that of the politician. In the second place, Mr. Morley has always been something more than a man of letters. All his serious contributions to literature have been inspired by lofty political ideals. In him the man of letters has always assumed the garb of the political evangelist—the evangelist of a political gospel which is not ours, but which, associated as it is with a literary faculty of rare felicity and power, a breadth of culture rarely attained by

politicians, and a personal character which commands the respect of all his opponents, is and has long been a force to be reckoned with in English public life. Besides, Mr. Morley has never entirely deserted literature for politics; he has brought his political training to bear on literature; witness his admirable studies of Sir Robert Walpole and of Oliver Cromwell, books which abound in wise saws and pregnant reflections that could never have been inspired in the study. They are the fine flower of political experience, ripened in the senate and the marketplace, quickened by the habit of dealing directly with men, and perfected by rare literary skill.

But it is by his "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," just published, that Mr. Morley may claim to be finally judged both as a man of letters and as a man of affairs. There are few forms of literature so difficult to succeed in as biography; there are perhaps none so difficult as political bio-

* 1. The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. Three volumes. London: Macmillan, 1903.

2. The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By H. W. Paul. London: Smith, Elder, 1901.

3. The Life and Correspondence of the Right

Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, 1827-1896. By his son, Lieut.-Col. Spencer Childers, C.B. Two volumes. London: Murray, 1901.

4. Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce. London: Macmillan, 1903.

raphy; and probably no political biography that ever was written was more difficult to write well than that of Mr. Gladstone. Has Mr. Morley written it well? The answer will generally depend in some measure on the point of view and the political and personal prepossessions of the critic. Those who think that Mr. Gladstone's political aims were mischievous and his political conduct flagitious, who regard him as a time-serving demagogue and hypocrite, driven to tortuous courses by the stings of a restless and overmastering ambition, will hardly approve of a biography which represents him throughout as a statesman inspired by a singularly lofty sense of public duty, a man of profound and unimpeachable piety, measuring and judging all his acts by his own high standard of Christian ethics, and seeking to bring the policy of his country into conformity with the same lofty ideals. But no impartial and competent critic, freeing his mind from prejudices and prepossessions which have too often blinded literary judgments, will hesitate to declare that Mr. Morley has discharged his supremely difficult task with consummate skill and discretion. In all his long and brilliant career as a man of letters, he has seldom, perhaps never, written with a more sustained ethical fervor or a more triumphant literary dexterity, with a shrewder insight into motive and character, a defter adjustment of literary and historical "values," or a more judicious handling of materials. Throughout the work he displays a serene and charitable temper, always seeking to do justice to opponents, never imputing unworthy motives to them, and perhaps only in one case—that of the Special Commission—giving the rein to a *sæva indignatio* which it is permissible alike to a good man to feel and to other good men not to share with him. It would

not be fair to the author to attribute this remarkable freedom from party spirit to the influence of Queen Victoria; but it is only right to record, as Mr. Morley does himself, that, when he applied to her Majesty for the use of certain documents not accessible without her sanction, the Queen, in complying with his request,

"added a message strongly impressing on me that the work I was about to undertake should not be handled in the narrow way of party. This injunction," continues Mr. Morley, "represents my own clear view of the spirit in which the history of a career so memorable as Mr. Gladstone's should be composed. That, to be sure, is not at all inconsistent with our regarding party feeling, in its honorable sense, as entirely the reverse of an infirmity" (Preface, p. vii).

There are three aspects in which Mr. Morley's great work can, and in the long run must, be appreciated—its aspect as a work of literary art; its psychological aspect as a sympathetic appreciation of one of the greatest personalities of his time; its historical aspect as presenting a survey, which must needs be concise without being inadequate, of the long series of political events associated with Mr. Gladstone's career and subjected to his influence. These several aspects are so organically connected in the biographical synthesis that they cannot be wholly dissociated in the critical analysis. No biography which neglects any one of them can be held to attain to the highest order of merit; but, if due allowance be made for Mr. Morley's personal sympathies and political prepossessions, never suppressed and yet never obtruded, we shall hardly place Mr. Morley's biography in any class lower than the first. It is a great portrait of a great man.

The biography is long, even as biographies go now; but its length cannot

be said to be excessive, in view of the unusual duration of Mr. Gladstone's public career, the unparalleled fulness of his life, and the wide range of his interests. It has been said that only a syndicate could write the life of such a man, and only an encyclopædia could contain it. Mr. Morley has accomplished the work single-handed; he has completed it in three years; and he has compressed the results into three volumes. Further than this compression could not profitably go. His words are seldom wasted. They are the distilled essence of documents innumerable, the condensed record of one of the most active and many-sided careers in British history, a brief epitome of more than half a century crowded with great political events, unexampled in social and economic change.

Nevertheless, severely as Mr. Morley has condensed his materials, he retains at all times perfect mastery over them. His biography is no mere bald and jejune calendar of incidents, controversies, or events, but an articulated narrative, well proportioned in its parts, instinct with life and movement, in which the rare but necessary documents to be quoted fall naturally into their places as touches conducive to the completeness of the portrait. In style too the book is admirably suited to its subject. The dominant note is a grave and lofty dignity, but lighter tones are not infrequent; and their introduction is well attuned to the spirit of the whole composition. It abounds in felicitous phrases and well chosen epithets; and there is no lack of those pungent apophthegms and pregnant reflections which bespeak the man of letters who has himself handled great affairs. As a single specimen of Mr. Morley's graver manner we may take his description of the scene on the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill.

Of the chief comrades or rivals of the minister's own generation—the strong administrators, the eager and accomplished debaters, the sagacious leaders—the only survivor now comparable to him in eloquence or in influence was Mr. Bright. That illustrious man seldom came into the House in those distracted days; and on this memorable occasion his stern and noble head was to be seen in dim obscurity. Various as were the emotions in other regions of the House, in one quarter rejoicing was unmixed. There, at least, was no doubt and no misgiving. There, pallid and tranquil, sat the Irish leader, whose hard insight, whose patience, energy, and spirit of command, had achieved this astounding result, and done that which he had vowed to his countrymen that he would assuredly be able to do. On the benches round him, genial excitement rose almost to tumult. Well it might. For the first time since the Union, the Irish case was at last to be pressed in all its force and strength, in every aspect of policy and of conscience, by the most powerful Englishman then alive.

More striking than the audience was the man; more striking than the multitude of eager onlookers from the shore was the rescuer with deliberate valor facing the floods ready to wash him down; the veteran Ulysses who, after more than half a century of combat, service, toil, thought it not too late to try a further "work of noble note." In the hands of such a master of the instrument, the theme might easily have lent itself to one of those displays of exalted passion which the House had marvelled at in more than one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches on the Turkish question, or heard with religious reverence in his speech on the Affirmation Bill in 1883. What the occasion now required was that passion should burn low, and reasoned persuasion hold up the guiding lamp. An elaborate scheme was to be unfolded, an unfamiliar policy to be explained and vindicated. Of that best kind of eloquence which dispenses with declamation, this was a fine and sustained example. There was a deep, rapid, steady, onflowing volume of argument, exposition, exhortation. Every hard or bitter stroke was avoided. Now and again a fervid note thrilled

the ear and lifted all hearts. But political oratory is action, not words—action, character, will, conviction, purpose, personality. As this eager muster of men underwent the enchantment of periods exquisite in their balance and modulation, the compulsion of his flashing glance and animated gesture, what stirred and commanded them was the recollection of national service, the thought of the speaker's mastering purpose, his unflagging resolution and strenuous will, his strength of thew and sinew well tried in long years of resounding war, his unquenched conviction that the just cause can never fail. Few are the heroic moments in our parliamentary politics, but this was one (iii, 311-2).

Even the bitterest adversary of the policy here referred to must acknowledge that this is literary work of the highest order. We may follow it up with a few detached quotations illustrating Mr. Morley's felicities of expression and appreciation, premising at the same time that they lose more than half their effect by being detached from their context. Here, for a first example, is a shrewd attempt to explain the baffling antinomies of Mr. Gladstone's personality.

An illustrious opponent once described him, by way of hitting his singular duality of disposition, as an ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotsman. It is easy to make too much of race, but when we are puzzled by Mr. Gladstone's seeming contrarieties of temperament, his union of impulse with caution, of passion with circumspection, of pride and fire with self-control, of Ossianic flight with a steady foothold on the solid earth, we may perhaps find a sort of explanation in thinking of him as a highlander in the custody of a lowlander (i, 18).

Other examples we have noted must, for lack of space, be cited with very little comment. As a rule, however, they speak for themselves. "He soon discovered how hard it is to adjust to the many angles of an English political

party the seamless mantle of ecclesiastical predominance." Is not that an epitome of a certain famous "Chapter of Autobiography"? "There is plenty of evidence, besides Mr. Gladstone's case, that simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect"—a hard saying to those who saw in Mr. Gladstone nothing but a hypocrite, but full of truth and insight nevertheless. "Severer than any battle in Parliament is a long struggle inside a Cabinet"—a pregnant *arcanum imperii* indeed! This, again, of Mr. Gladstone's famous declaration on the franchise in 1864: "One of the fated words had been spoken that gather up the wandering forces of time and occasion and precipitate new eras." Or this in a large-minded apology for the tactics of Disraeli in 1867:—

"We always do best to seek rational explanations in large affairs. . . . The secret of the strange reversal in 1867 of all that had been said, attempted, and done in 1866, would seem to be that the tide of public opinion had suddenly swelled to flood." It is easy, as Mr. Morley says in another context, to label this with the ill-favored name of opportunism. "Yet if an opportunist be defined as a statesman who declines to attempt to do a thing until he believes that it can really be done, what is this but to call him a man of common-sense?"

It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Morley is always successful in defence. Those who blamed Mr. Gladstone's offer in 1874 to do away with the income-tax if the country gave him a majority, Mr. Morley dubs "critics of the peevish school who cry for better bread than can be made of political wheat." He follows up his sally with an enumeration of cases in which other ministers have taken a like course without incurring the same censure. The argument is plausible, but not very cogent, in view of Mr. Gladstone's

own avowal to Lord Granville that he was seeking to discover measures likely "materially to mend the position of the party for an impending election," and that he thought such measures might best be found in the domain of finance. There is a ring of party opportunism about this which ill consorts with a lofty and disinterested statesmanship. At the same time it is clear that income-tax repeal was no desperate expedient hastily adopted by a minister *in extremis*. He had taken the Exchequer into his own hands, and in the previous summer had instituted inquiries which led the officials concerned to surmise that he was nursing some design of dealing with the income-tax. He had, as he records in his diary, communicated his ideas "in deep secrecy" to Mr. Cardwell, and told him they were "based upon the abolition of income-tax and sugar duties, with partial compensation from spirit and death duties." At the end of September he wrote in the diary, "I want eight millions to handle!" "So much," says Mr. Morley, "for the charitable tale that he only bethought him of the income-tax when desperately hunting for a card to play at a general election."

On the Midlothian campaign, Mr. Morley remarks:—

To disparage eloquence is to depreciate mankind; and when men say that Mr. Gladstone and Midlothian were no better than a resplendent mistake, they forget how many objects of our reverence stand condemned by implication in their verdict; they have not thought out how many of the faiths and principles that have been the brightest lamps in the track of human advance they are extinguishing by the same unkind and freezing breath. One should take care lest in quenching the spirit of Midlothian, we leave the sovereign mastery of the world to Machiavelli (li, 594).

We may not all concur in the particu-

lar judgment here pronounced, but its spirit must command the sympathy of all generous minds. So, again, men still differ as to the action of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet in the sinister tragedy of Majuba; but few will withhold their assent from Mr. Morley's scathing censure on the fatal preliminary dawdling which led directly to the catastrophe. "So a fresh page was turned in the story of loitering unwisdom." That we may not have to revert to a painful subject, we may here quote Mr. Morley's final judgment on the whole transaction:—

Some have argued that we ought to have brought up an overwhelming force, to demonstrate that we were able to beat them, before we made peace. Unfortunately, demonstrations of this species easily turn into provocations, and talk of this kind mostly comes from those who believe, not that peace was made in the wrong way, but that a peace giving their country back to the Boers ought never to have been made at all, on any terms or in any way. This was not the point from which either Cabinet or Parliament started. The government had decided that annexation had been an error. The Boers had proposed inquiry. The government assented on condition that the Boers dispersed. Without waiting a reasonable time for a reply, our general was worsted in a rash and trivial attack. Did this cancel our proffered bargain? The point was simple and unmistakable, though party heat at home, race passion in the colony, and our everlasting human proneness to mix up different questions, and to answer one point by arguments that belong to another, all combined to produce a confusion of mind that a certain school of partisans have traded upon ever since. Strange in mighty nations is moral cowardice, disguised as a Roman pride. All the more may we admire the moral courage of the minister. For moral courage may be needed even where aversion to bloodshed fortunately happens to coincide with high prudence and sound policy of state (iii, 43, 44).

We presume that Mr. Morley means that "high prudence and sound policy" were displayed in the surrender of 1881. How utterly we disagree with him, it is hardly necessary to remind readers of this Review. But it is not our purpose on this occasion to combat Mr. Morley's opinions; we prefer to give our readers, with as little adverse comment as may be, some notion of his book. Mr. Morley gives a cogent practical reason why the Cabinet were so strongly inclined to come to an understanding on the basis of the Boer overtures made by Kruger before Majuba, but after Colley's reverses at Laing's Nek and the Ingogo River,

Any other decision would have broken up the government, for, on at least one division in the House on Transvaal affairs, Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, along with three other ministers not in the Cabinet, had abstained from voting (iii, 35).

The conclusion is, then, that the interests of the country were sacrificed to the cohesion of the Cabinet.

"Ireland never blows over," is another of Mr. Morley's pregnant comments in recording how other "rising storms" in the Cabinet seemed to have blown over in the late spring of 1885, when the powerful government of 1880 was already tottering to its fall. It had, as Mr. Gladstone said himself, "no moral force behind it." Yet his buoyancy and resource were, as Mr. Morley says, never more wonderful than at this juncture:—

Between the middle of April and the middle of May, he jots down, with half rueful humor, the names of no fewer than nine members of the Cabinet who, within that period, for one reason or another, and at one moment or another, appeared to contemplate resignation; that is to say, a majority. Of one meeting he said playfully to a colleague, "A very fair Cabinet to-day—only three resignations." The large

packets of copious letters of this date, written and received, show him a minister of unalterable patience, unruffled self-command; inexhaustible in resource, catching at every straw from the resource of others, indefatigable in bringing men of divergent opinions within friendly reach of one another; of tireless ingenuity in minimizing differences and convincing recalcitrants that what they took for a yawning gulf was, in fact, no more than a narrow trench that any decent political gymnast ought to be ashamed not to be able to vault over (iii, 185).

"The point-blank is not for all occasions, and only a simpleton can think otherwise"—this of the ambiguities and obscurities of Mr. Gladstone's utterances during the election of 1885. "You need greater qualities" (said Cardinal De Retz) "to be a good party leader than to be emperor of the universe. Ireland is not that part of the universe in which this is the least true"—this of Parnell's leadership in 1885 and of Ireland's acceptance of it. It may here be noted that a confidential draft of the first Home Rule Bill was entrusted to Parnell before its introduction, with permission to communicate it to a few of his colleagues, accompanied by a solemn warning against premature divulgence.

The draft (says Mr. Morley) was duly returned, and not a word leaked out. Some time afterwards Mr. Parnell recalled the incident to me. "Three of the men to whom I showed the draft were newspaper men, and they were poor men, and any newspaper would have given them a thousand pounds for it. No very wonderful virtue, you may say. But how many of your House of Commons would believe it?" (iii, 320).

"No reformer" (says Mr. Morley) "is fit for his task who suffers himself to be frightened off by the excesses of an extreme wing"—this of Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the

"plan of campaign." It seems to go nearer to "the standards of Machiavel" than is Mr. Morley's wont, or than quite befits his estimate of Mr. Gladstone's lofty and uncompromising love of righteousness.

There is no solution of the problem of Mr. Gladstone's character and personality to be found in any compact or simple formula. We may call him hypocrite or saint, according as we judge him harshly or kindly. We may contrast Lord Salisbury's "a great Christian statesman" with Kinglake's earlier and less generous judgment, "a good man—a good man in the worst sense of the word"; or, if in cynical mood, we may combine the two estimates. Mr. Bryce says, in the loyal estimate of his former chief included in his "Biographical Studies": "That he was possessed of boundless energy and brilliant eloquence all are agreed; but agreement went no further." We must, however, demur to the latter clause. We should have thought that agreement went at least so far as to acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone was really a great man—great in intellectual power, great in moral enthusiasm, however misapplied sometimes, great in parliamentary aptitude and resource, great in more than one department of political effort and achievement, even if all his more questionable enterprises be left out of the account or reckoned on the adverse side. It is true that, like all great men of action, and perhaps in larger measure than most, he was gifted with rare powers of self-persuasion—with a faith in his own judgment and rectitude of purpose which was seldom shared by his critics, and not always by his friends. "The right honorable gentleman," said Mr. Forster on a memorable occasion, "can persuade most people of most things; he can persuade himself of almost anything." He was undoubtedly

convinced, as Cromwell was—and it is not the only point of likeness between him and Cromwell—that he was the man to save the country; and in such men it is not always easy, for themselves or for others, to distinguish between personal ambition and the highest and most disinterested motives. It is just the combination of these impulses that, in a sense, constitutes; or largely contributes to, their greatness.

Mr. Bryce goes on to say that

"one section of the nation accused him of sophistry, of unwisdom, of a want of patriotism, of a lust for power;" while "the other section not only repelled these charges, but admired in him a conscientiousness and a moral enthusiasm such as no political leader has shown for centuries" (p. 411).

There is perhaps no complete reconciliation of these conflicting judgments, none, at least, for a generation which knew Mr. Gladstone in the flesh, and still burns either with enthusiasm or with indignation. Lord Rosebery says of the Irish question that it has never passed into history because it has never passed out of politics. So we may say of Mr. Gladstone that he too cannot yet pass into history because he has not yet passed out of politics. Midlothian, Majuba, Kilmainham, Khartoum, the surrender to Parnell, the conversion to Home Rule—there is passion, partisanship, and fierce contention still glowing in the very words. Whether we study the spirited biography of Mr. Herbert Paul—the work of an avowed Gladstonian, but fairly impartial, as befits the neutral pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in which it first appeared—or the sympathetic but critical analysis of Mr. Bryce, or the more labored and copious, but withal temperate and reasoned *apologia* of Mr. Morley, we still feel that the time is not yet for a final and judicial closing of the bitter con-

troversies which such a character and such a career provoked in such abundance. Nevertheless it is only a man still heated with the passions of by-gone conflicts that can now seriously question Mr. Gladstone's fundamental sincerity and uprightness, or doubt that, in whatever walk of life his lot had been cast, his strenuous industry, his amazing versatility, and his commanding intellectual powers, must have brought him to the top.

"I should like to know," cried Huxley, when he met him casually at Darwin's house, "what would keep such a man as that back. Why, put him in the middle of a moor, with nothing in the world but his shirt, and you could not prevent him being anything he liked" (ii, 562).

And Huxley, as Mr. Morley says, was as far as possible from being a Gladstonian. Indeed he is reported later as saying, "Here is a man with the greatest intellect in Europe, and yet he debases it by simply following majorities and the crowd." Did he? It is a digression here to give Mr. Morley's comment on this pungent expression of a very general opinion, but we may cite it as showing that there is at least something to be said on the other side.

All this is the exact opposite of the truth. What he thought was that the statesman's gift consisted in insight into the facts of a particular era, disclosing the existence of material for forming public opinion and directing public opinion to a given purpose. In every one of his achievements of high mark—even in his last marked failure of achievement—he expressly formed, or endeavored to form and create, the public opinion upon which he knew that in the last resort he must depend.

We have seen the triumph of 1853. Did he, in renewing the most hated of taxes, run about anxiously feeling the pulse of public opinion? On the contrary, he grappled with the facts with infinite labor—and half his genius was labor; he built up a great plan; he

carried it to the Cabinet; they warned him that the House of Commons would be against him; the officials of the Treasury told him the Bank would be against him; that a strong press of commercial interests would be against him. Like the bold and sinewy athlete that he always was, he stood to his plan; he carried the Cabinet; he persuaded the House of Commons; he vanquished the bank and the hostile interests; and, in the words of Sir Stafford Northcote, he changed and turned, for many years to come, a current of public opinion that seemed far too powerful for any minister to resist. In the tempestuous discussions during the seventies on the policy of this country in respect of the Christian races of the Balkan Peninsula, he with his own voice created, moulded, inspired, and kindled with resistless flame the whole of the public opinion that eventually guided the policy of the nation, with such admirable effect both for its own fame and for the good of the world. Take again the Land Act of 1881, in some ways the most deep-reaching of all his legislative achievements. Here he had no flowing tide; every current was against him. He carried his scheme against the ignorance of the country, against the prejudice of the country, and against the standing prejudices of both branches of the legislature, who were steeped from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot in the strictest doctrines of contract.

Then his passion for economy, his ceaseless war against public profusion, his insistence upon rigorous keeping of the national accounts—in this great department of affairs he led and did not follow. In no sphere of his activities was he more strenuous, and in no sphere, as he must well have known, was he less likely to win popularity. For democracy is spendthrift; if, to be sure, we may not say that most forms of government are apt to be the same (iii, 536-7).

On Gladstone's passion for economy we shall have something to say presently. Here we revert to the consideration of his more general characteristics. Apart altogether from politics, he

was a deeply-read theologian, albeit of a rather belated type; an ecclesiastical thinker of large outlook, though curiously out of touch with the movement of the modern world; a ripe scholar, though no scientific humanist; an ardent lover of letters, who had formed his taste on Homer and Dante, and who, though he read vastly, seldom read without purpose and profit. He was also a vigorous and versatile writer on many topics, as none know better than the conductors of this Review.¹ Though his occasional writings were of very unequal power and felicity, yet they occasionally rise almost to the level of his own consummate oratory. Withal he was a most painstaking, indefatigable, and intrepid man of business, as is shown by the story, hitherto known to few, which is told by Mr. Morley in his chapter on the Hawarden estate.

In connection with this subject, it must suffice to say that he found the estate deeply and almost hopelessly encumbered by hazardous and unsuccessful mining and manufacturing operations affecting an outlying portion of it in Staffordshire. The whole estate was in consequence burdened with a charge of 250,000*l.*, leaving its beneficial owner, Sir Stephen Glynne, with no margin to live upon. Mr. Gladstone was, by the terms of his marriage settlement, implicated in the catastrophe, and for five years at least he "threw himself with the whole weight of his untiring energy and force into this far-spreading entanglement." The Hawarden estate was cleared in the end, but not without great sacrifices, nor without his pledging his own fortune on it to the extent of no less than 267,000*l.* Yet of all this immense labor and sustained personal sacrifice the

world at large has scarcely heard a word. Let us add that his private charities and benefactions, known only to himself, amounted to upwards of 70,000*l.* between 1831 and 1890, and that before his death a sum of over 13,000*l.* more was added to the total; and, to complete the chapter of Mr. Gladstone's dealings with his own conscience out of the sight of men and even in defiance of all worldly opinion, let us quote Mr. Morley's account of the life-long mission of mercy which has so often been used to sully his personal repute in the loose and irresponsible gossip of the town.

On his first entry upon the field of responsible life, he had formed a serious and solemn engagement with a friend—I suppose it was Hope-Scott—that each would devote himself to active service in some branch of religious work. He could not, without treason to his gifts, go forth like Selwyn or Patteson to Melanesia to convert the savages. He sought a missionary field at home, and he found it among the unfortunate ministers to "the great sin of great cities." In these humane efforts at reclamation he persevered all through his life, fearless of misconception, fearless of the levity or baseness of men's tongues, regardless almost of the possible mischiefs to the public policies that depended on him. Greville tells the story how, in 1853, a man made an attempt one night to extort money from Mr. Gladstone, then in office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, by threats of exposure; and how he instantly gave the offender into custody, and met the case at the police office. Greville could not complete the story. The man was committed for trial. Mr. Gladstone directed his solicitors to see that the accused was properly defended. He was convicted and sent to prison. By and by Mr. Gladstone inquired from the governor of the prison how the delinquent was

¹ Mr. Morley refers to some of his political contributions to the *Quarterly Review* made at a time when his political views were in sympathy with ours; but he was a not infrequent contributor of articles, non-political in character,

at a later period in his career. Some of these were reprinted in his "*Gleanings*." They are not without biographical value as showing the bent of his mind and thought.

conducting himself. The report being satisfactory, he next wrote to Lord Palmerston, then at the Home Office, asking that the prisoner should be let out. There was no worldly wisdom in it, we all know. But then what are people Christians for? (iii, 419).

These are some leading features of Mr. Gladstone's personal character and private life, apart from his career as a public man. There are in this portrait, at any rate, no dark or doubtful lineaments, and, did space permit, we could quote passage after passage to heighten the picture of his laborious, high-minded, and conscientious persistence in the profitable use of rare and high gifts, and in the scrupulous discharge of all the duties imposed on him by life and its circumstances. Nevertheless, it was a pre-established harmony between his best gifts and the proper field for their employment that made him a politician. He might have been anything, as Huxley said. But unless he had followed his early and rather *schwärmerisch* impulse to take orders, it is certain that in any civil walk of life he must have gravitated sooner or later to politics. He was essentially a man of action, although he was a great deal more, and had several qualities, gifts, and even failings which are seldom found so highly developed in men of action of the class to which he belonged. Mr. Morley puts all this very well in his opening pages.

It is true that what interests the world in Mr. Gladstone is even more what he was than what he did; his brilliancy, charm, and power; the endless surprises; his dualism or more than dualism; his vicissitudes of opinion; his subtleties of mental progress; his strange union of qualities never elsewhere found together; his striking unlikeness to other men in whom great and free nations have for long periods placed their trust. . . . Some may think in this connection that I have

made the preponderance of politics excessive in the story of a genius of signal versatility, to whom politics were only one interest among many. . . . Yet, after all, it was to his thoughts, his purposes, his ideals, his performances as statesman, in all the widest significance of that lofty and honorable designation, that Mr. Gladstone owes the lasting substance of his fame. His life was ever "*greatly absorbed*," he said, "*in working the institutions of his country*." Here we mark a signal trait. Not for two centuries, since the historic strife of Anglican and Puritan, had our island produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was paramount in the like degree. He was not only a political force but a moral force. He strove to use all the powers of his own genius and the powers of the state for moral purposes and religious. Nevertheless, his mission in all its forms was action. He had none of that detachment, often found among superior minds, which we honor for its disinterestedness, even while we lament its impotence in result. The track in which he moved, the instruments that he employed, were the track and the instruments, the sword and the trowel, of political action; and what is called the Gladstonian era was distinctively a political era (1, 2, 3).

Moreover, he was a great orator; and oratory in these days is more potent in the senate and the market-place than it is even in the pulpit. As an orator he was, at least in some respects, unequalled by any contemporary. Bright had greater majesty, perhaps; his language was more nervous and concise; but his range was far narrower. His was the eloquence of the set speech, elaborately prepared and often for the most part carefully written down. The famous "angel of death" passage was a flight beyond the power even of Mr. Gladstone's wings. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was often at his best when most unprepared. He was often nervous (he told a friend) when opening a de-

bate, never in reply. His playful improvisations, when he drew upon the genial stores of his memory to enliven a passing issue or merely to show how charming he could be when he chose, were inimitable. Equally unrivalled was his command of all the resources of lucid exposition, of serious and purposeful pleading, of lofty and impassioned appeal.

But in truth the secret of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence is that it was essentially the oratory of the spoken word. Few, if any, of his speeches will ever be read by posterity as we still read the speeches of Demosthenes or of Cicero, of Burke or of Sheridan, of Macaulay or even of Bright. But if oratory be persuasion, the instant and incessant interchange of sympathy between a speaker and his audience, the magic swaying of a multitude or the irresistible enchantment of a senate, then assuredly was Mr. Gladstone one of the greatest of orators. No one who has not seen and heard the great chanter at work can now form the slightest idea how enthralling were his spells. It was a dangerous gift, and was often used, as many thought and think, to make the worse appear the better reason. But, even if we put aside altogether every question and occasion about which controversy still rages, there remains in the memory and the records of those who heard him, a large residue of truly noble rhetoric, of lucid and fascinating exposition, of stirring encouragement to the pursuit of great enterprises and high ideals, such as few orators have rivalled, and still fewer surpassed. But the orator, like the actor, lives only in the recollection of those who heard and saw him—for seeing in both cases is quite as important as hearing; nor is any man a great orator who has not many of the gifts of a great actor—his command of gesture, his variety and grace of elocution, his mobility of

feature, his instant sympathy with the ethical tone of this or that situation, his power of evoking that sympathy in every member of his audience; and this is surely what Demosthenes meant by making *ὑπόκρισις*—acting, not action—the secret of all oratory. In this sense Mr. Gladstone was every inch an actor. But all this is essentially evanescent. The living orator departs; nothing but a pale *simulacrum* survives in the written word. Yet the memory of those who saw and heard him in the flesh can still bring back to us something of the vanished soul and spirit. And since Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley both enjoyed that privilege, and both select Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Affirmation Bill as one of the most impressive of his later efforts, both describing it in very similar language, we will take Mr. Morley's account of it as a typical illustration of that kind of oratory in which Mr. Gladstone was supreme.

The speech proved one of his greatest. Imposing, lofty, persuasive, sage, it would have been, from whatever lips it might have fallen; it was signal indeed as coming from one so fervid, so definite, so unfaltering in a faith of his own, one who had started from the opposite pole to that great civil principle of which he now displayed a grasp invincible. . . . These high themes of faith, on the one hand, and freedom on the other, exactly fitted the range of the thoughts in which Mr. Gladstone habitually lived. . . . I wonder, too, if there has been a leader in Parliament since the seventeenth century, who could venture to address it in the strain of the memorable passage now to be transcribed:—

"You draw your line at the point where the abstract denial of God is severed from the abstract admission of the Deity. My proposition is that the line thus drawn is worthless, and that much on your side of the line is as objectionable as the atheism on the other. If you call upon us to make distinctions, let them at least be rational; I do not say let them be Christian dis-

inctions, but let them be rational. I can understand one rational distinction, that you should frame the oath in such a way as to recognize not only the existence of the Deity, but the providence of the Deity, and man's responsibility to the Deity; and in such a way as to indicate the knowledge in a man's own mind that he must answer to the Deity for what he does, and is able to do. . . . Many of the members of this House will recollect the majestic and noble lines—

Omnis enim per se divom natura necesse est

Immortali aevo summa cum pace fruatur,

Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.

Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,

Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostris,

Nee bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

"Divinity exists—according to these. I must say, magnificent lines—in remote and inaccessible recesses; but with us it has no dealing, of us it has no need, with us it has no relation! I do not hesitate to say that the specific evil, the specific form of irreligion, with which, in the educated society of this country, you have to contend, and with respect to which you ought to be on your guard, is not blank atheism. That is a rare opinion, very rarely met with; but what is frequently met with is that form of opinion which would teach us that, whatever may be beyond the visible things of this world, whatever there may be beyond this short span of life, you know and you can know nothing of it, and that it is a bootless undertaking to attempt to establish relations with it. That is the mischief of the age, and that mischief you do not attempt to touch."

The House, though but few perhaps recollected their Lucretius, or had ever even read him, sat, as I well remember, with reverential stillness, hearkening, from this born master of moving cadence and high sustained modulation, to "the rise and long roll of the hexameter"—to the plangent lines that have come down across the night of time to us from great Rome (iii, 18-20).

We cannot attempt to discuss all the elements of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary personality, nor can we consider all the debatable points in his long and extraordinary career. We are not concerned to raise controversial issues, except so far as they invite discussion of a strictly historical nature in the light of facts hitherto unknown or of circumstances hitherto unconsidered. Our own opinions on many of the questions raised by Mr. Gladstone's career are well known, and they remain unaltered. But candor requires us to do justice to Mr. Morley's defence of policies which are still odious to us, and of acts of Mr. Gladstone's which, however well intentioned, we still regard as misguided and impolitic.

Want of space forbids us to discuss those distracted wanderings of Mr. Gladstone in search of a party in the fifties, in the tracing of which Mr. Morley himself, with all his lucidity and candor, sometimes seems almost to lose the thread. That is a history in itself; and, like all histories of the breaking up and remaking of parties, it is a bewildering story of currents and counter-currents, of personal affinities and animosities, of conflicting impulses and aspirations, a very maze of political casuistry and confusion through which the supersensitive conscience of Mr. Gladstone and his supersubtle intellect were certain to take him by paths which seemed tortuous and were assuredly hard to follow. We know not whether Mr. Gladstone's own apology for his political changes, uttered in conversation with Mr. Morley in 1891, may be taken to cover this period of his career; but, if so, it is rather a scanty garment.

I think I can truly put all the change that has come into my politics into a sentence. I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty; I learned to believe in it. That is the key to all my changes.

To pass over this period of Mr. Gladstone's life also involves the exclusion of the Crimean War and Mr. Gladstone's share in it, though no one who seeks to understand Mr. Gladstone thoroughly can afford to neglect this episode in his career. But we must not attempt to enumerate all our exclusions, lest the fascination of the subject should beguile us into the discussion of the excluded topics one by one.

Most persons would say that Mr. Gladstone's triumphs, or, at any rate, the least questionable of them, were achieved in the domain of finance. We do not dispute this judgment, so far as constructive policy is concerned, nor yet in regard to the boldness of his measures and his unrivalled felicity in expounding them. Yet it is no paradox to say, as Mr. Morley says in speaking of his first budget, that he was a financier almost by accident. It was by no choice of his own that he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the government of Lord Aberdeen; and it was even against his own inclination that he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade when he joined Peel's government in 1841. When Peel offered him this post, he said: "It is right that I should say, as strongly as I can, that I am not fit for it. I have no general knowledge of trade." He regarded with an equal sense of his unfitness any post connected with the services; but he records later that "the idea of the Irish secretaryship had nestled in my mind." Peel had entertained that idea too, but he had rejected it in deference to "some considerations connected with the Presbyterians of Ireland"; and so Mr. Gladstone went, not very willingly, to the Board of Trade. "In a spirit of ignorant mortification, I said to myself at the moment, the science of politics deals with the government of men, but I am set to govern packages." But it was there that he learnt to govern men, or at

least to understand and handle some of the most potent springs of their activity; and the knowledge he acquired at the Board of Trade was perfected and sharpened by his five years' immersion in the affairs of the Hawarden estate. It is, by the way, an early illustration of administrative inefficiency in this country that, when Mr. Gladstone advanced his ignorance of trade as a disqualification, Peel replied: "I think you will find Lord Ripon a perfect master of these subjects." Lord Ripon, it will be remembered, was Disraeli's "transient and embarrassed phantom." What Mr. Gladstone actually did find was that "In a very short time I came to form a low estimate of the knowledge and information of Lord Ripon." He also found quickly enough that a knowledge of trade was no bad equipment for the government of men. Mr. Morley shall tell the story and point the moral.

It was upon Mr. Gladstone that the burden of the immense achievement of the new tariff fell; and the toil was huge. He used afterwards to say that he had been concerned in four revisions of the tariff, in 1842, 1845, 1853, and 1860, and that the first of them cost six times as much trouble as the other three put together. He spoke one hundred and twenty-nine times during the session. He had only once sat on a committee of trade, and had only once spoken on a purely trade question during the nine years of his parliamentary life. All his habits of thought and action had been cast in a different mould. It is ordinarily assumed that he was a born financier, endowed besides with a gift of idealism and the fine training of a scholar. As a matter of fact, it was the other way; he was a man of high practical and moral imagination, with an understanding made accurate by strength of grasp and incomparable power of rapid and concentrated apprehension, yoked to finance only by force of circumstance—a man who would have made a shining and effective figure in whatever path

of great public affairs, whether ecclesiastical or secular, duty might have called for his exertions (l, 255).

"In whatever path of great public affairs duty might call for his exertions." Another path of public affairs in which, for a short and troubled period, duty did call for his exertions, was the Colonial Office. Did he there show himself a "Little Englander"? His tenure of office was short, and he had no seat in Parliament at the time; but his views on colonial policy were recorded in 1855, at a time when he had not long ceased to be a colleague of Sir William Molesworth—that sturdy Imperialist before his time.

Govern them upon a principle of freedom. Defend them against aggression from without. Regulate their foreign relations. These things belong to the colonial connection. But of the duration of that connection let them be the judges, and I predict that, if you leave them the freedom of judgment, it is hard to say when the day will come when they will wish to separate from the great name of England. Depend upon it, they covet a share in that great name. You will find in that feeling of theirs the greatest security for the connection. Make the name of England yet more and more an object of desire to the Colonies. Their natural disposition is to love and revere the name of England, and this reverence is by far the best security you can have for their continuing, not only to be subjects of the Crown, not only to render it allegiance, but to render it that allegiance which is the most precious of all—the allegiance which proceeds from the depths of the heart of man. You have seen various colonies, some of them lying at the antipodes, offering to you their contributions to assist in supporting the wives and families of your soldiers, the heroes that have fallen in the war. This, I venture to say, may be said, without exaggeration, to be among the first fruits of that system upon which, within the last twelve or fifteen years, you have

founded a rational mode of administering the affairs of your Colonies without gratuitous interference (l, 363-4).

He was never at the Foreign Office; and perhaps most people would say that it was well for the country and the empire that he was not. We shall not gainsay the judgment, though it might well be argued that an early initiation into the *arcana* of continental politics, such as experience at the Foreign Office would have given a man of his commanding aptitude for affairs, might have saved him from some of the worst of those miscarriages of foreign policy which so often seemed to dog his governments like a spectre. Lord Granville was his Foreign Secretary until he was succeeded by Lord Rosebery; and Lord Granville was not a strong man, nor had he the untiring industry of his chief. But Mr. Gladstone held, as Peel had held, and as Grey had held before him, though Melbourne had weakened the salutary tradition, that the conduct of foreign affairs belongs almost as much to the Prime Minister as it does to the Foreign Secretary himself. For this reason the foreign policy of his several governments belongs to his biographical record, and must submit to be judged by the impartial tribunal of history. What verdict will it render?

We are still too near his time for a final judgment on all points, but this, perhaps, may even now be said, without provoking serious dispute, that, in spite of Majuba, on which we have said all that needs to be said here, and in spite of Khartoum, on which we shall have something to say presently, in spite of the vacillations and blunders of his policy in Egypt, in spite of the disrepute into which his general scheme of foreign policy has fallen, Mr. Gladstone must be credited with two notable achievements, of which the full and final consequences are not

even yet exhausted. He restored the European Concert, which had been shattered by the Cyprus Convention; and by its agency, in the teeth of innumerable difficulties and obstacles, without breach of the peace, and without open rupture of the Concert—though some of its performers only stayed in the orchestra on the understanding that they were not to play the tune—he brought the present Sultan to his knees. He is, perhaps, the only statesman in Europe who has ever done this; and at this juncture it is worth while to remember how he did it. Again, by means of the Washington Treaty and the Geneva Arbitration, he settled the Alabama dispute, and thereby removed the most serious obstacle to a close and cordial understanding between this country and the United States. It was a great thing to do; and it was not done without loss of credit at the time. No great things ever are done in this world unless men are prepared to make some politic surrender of pride, temper, it may be of dignity, though never of honor, for the sake of doing them.

"It is," as Mr. Morley says in another connection, "one of the commonest of all secrets of cheap misjudgment in human affairs, to start by assuming that there is always some good way out of a bad case."

It must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that Mr. Gladstone made one great mistake in his treatment of American affairs—a mistake seldom censured, however, by those who were hardest on his foreign policy in general—when he declared at Newcastle in 1862 that Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South had "made a nation." It was a gratuitous mistake and a grievous one—gratuitous, because it was no part of his business as a subordinate minister to touch upon questions of the utmost delicacy;

and grievous, because a single word uttered at that juncture, apparently with the authority of the government, might have caused the quivering balance of public opinion in this country to incline towards an awful catastrophe. "It is, however," as Mr. Morley says and shows, "superfluous for any of us at this day to pass judgment." Mr. Gladstone has passed judgment on himself. In a fragmentary note, written so late as 1896, he frankly acknowledges his error, and atones for it by the fulness of his acknowledgment.

I have yet to record an undoubted error, the most singular and palpable, I may add the least excusable of them all, especially since it was committed so late as in the year 1862, when I had outlived half a century. . . . I declared in the heat of the American struggle that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, that is to say, that the division of the American Republic by the establishment of a Southern or secession state was an accomplished fact. Strange to say, this declaration, most unwarrantable to be made by a Minister of the Crown, with no authority other than his own, was not due to any feeling of partisanship for the South or hostility to the North. The fortunes of the South were at their zenith. Many who wished well to the Northern cause despaired of its success. The friends of the North in England were beginning to advise that it should give way, for the avoidance of further bloodshed and greater calamity. I weakly supposed that the time had come when respectful suggestions of this kind, founded on the necessity of the case, were required by a spirit of that friendship which, in so many contingencies of life, has to offer sound recommendations with a knowledge that they will not be popular. Not only was this a misjudgment of the case, but, even if it had been otherwise, I was not the person to make the declaration. I really, though most strangely, believed that it was an act of friendliness to all America to recog-

nize that the struggle was virtually at an end. I was not one of those who, on the ground of British interests, desired a division of the American Union. My view was distinctly opposite. I thought that, while the Union continued, it never could exercise any dangerous pressure upon Canada to estrange it from the empire—our honor, as I thought, rather than our interest, forbidding its surrender. But were the Union split, the North, no longer checked by the jealousies of slave-power, would seek a partial compensation for its loss in annexing, or trying to annex, British North America. Lord Palmerston desired the severance as a diminution of a dangerous power, but prudently held his tongue.

That my opinion was founded on a false estimate of the facts was the very least part of my fault. I did not perceive the gross impropriety of such an utterance from a Cabinet Minister of a power allied in blood and language, and bound to loyal neutrality; the case being further exaggerated by the fact that we were already, so to speak, under indictment before the world for not (as was alleged) having strictly enforced the laws of neutrality in the matter of the cruisers. My offence was indeed only a mistake, but one of incredible grossness, and with such consequences of offence and alarm attached to it, that my failing to perceive them justly exposed me to very severe blame. It illustrates vividly that incapacity which my mind so long retained, and perhaps still exhibits, an incapacity of viewing subjects all round, in their extraneous as well as in their internal properties, and thereby of knowing when to be silent and when to speak (II, 81-2).

The really great blots on Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy have always been held to be the muddle in Egypt and the tragedy of Khartoum. How do they appear now in the light of what Mr. Morley has to say and to tell? "Extenuating circumstances" is probably the nearest approach to a verdict of acquittal that even Mr. Morley would claim; and it is more than

doubtful whether even that plea will be accepted now by any who did not adopt it at the time. It is true, no doubt, that the Egyptian question was one of the most difficult that an English ministry has ever had to handle; that there were many divergent views in the Cabinet—we know that Bright resigned when Alexandria was bombarded—and that vacillation of policy, distraction in counsel, and incoherence in action, were certain in that case to ensue. One thing is clear, however. The muddle in Egypt was assuredly no result, as was often alleged at the time, of Mr. Gladstone's imperious will, combined with what his critics held to be his native incapacity for the handling of foreign affairs. It is probable that there would have been far less muddle if Mr. Gladstone's will had been more imperious than it was.

"In common talk and in partisan speeches," says Mr. Morley, "the Prime Minister was regarded as dictatorial and imperious. The complaint of some, at least, among his colleagues in the Cabinet of 1880 was rather that he was not imperious enough. Almost from the first, he too frequently allowed himself to be overruled; often in secondary matters, it is true, but sometimes also in matters on the uncertain frontier between secondary and primary. Then he adopted a practice of taking votes and counting numbers, of which more than one old hand complained as an innovation. Lord Granville said to him in 1886, 'I think you too often counted noses in your last Cabinet'" (III, 5).

Sir William Harcourt told the House of Commons the same thing at the time of his death:—

I have heard men who knew him not at all, who have asserted that the supremacy of his genius and the weight of his authority oppressed and overbore those who lived with him and those who worked under him. Nothing could be more untrue. Of all chiefs he was the least exacting.

Nevertheless, a Prime Minister is, after all, a Prime Minister. If he chooses to count noses and to defer to the shifting opinions of colleagues less wise than himself, he must bear the blame of the distracted counsels that are sure to ensue.

Very much the same thing must be said of the tragedy of Khartoum. But here, by a curious irony of fate and circumstance, Mr. Gladstone was more than once disabled by indisposition at critical moments, and thereby debarred from making his will prevail, even if he had wished to do so. The expedition of Hicks Pasha should have been forbidden. This was the root of all the evil; and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Gladstone was not a fully consenting party to this "capital miscalculation," as Mr. Morley frankly calls it. The Cabinet ought to have seen that a door must be open or shut; and the flimsy plea that they could not shatter the Egyptian government will impose on no one now, though in Mr. Gladstone's dexterous hands it did good apologetic work at the time. The next step in the fatal business was the sending of troops to Suakin; and here Mr. Gladstone stood alone in his Cabinet in objecting to it. When this led to miscarriage and defeat, the cry arose that Gordon should be sent out. There were hesitations in many quarters, as well there might be; but the country was getting into what Mr. Morley calls "one of its high idealizing humors." Gordon was accordingly despatched in a highly dramatic, we had almost said in a melodramatic, fashion, Mr. Gladstone, who was at Hawarden, consenting, but taking no personal part in the hasty consultations which led to his mission. So it fell out that the most romantic adventure in modern English politics was directly initiated by Lord Hartington, the least romantic of modern English statesmen.

"Gordon's policies," says Mr. Morley,

"were many and very mutable." His original instructions were practically drafted by himself, and he repudiated them almost before the ink was dry upon them. Of this there is no doubt whatever, though Mr. Morley's generous apology is valid.

"Viewing the frightful embarrassments that enveloped him, we cannot wonder. Still," he adds, "the same consideration that is always so bounteously and so justly extended to the soldier in the field, is no less due in its measure to the councillor in the Cabinet. This is a bit of equity often much neglected both by contemporaries and by history" (iii, 155).

We need not enumerate all the several policies successively recommended by Gordon as alternatives to his original instructions. His recall was more than once debated by the Cabinet; and matters finally came to an issue over his proposal that Zobeir Pasha, a slave-dealer and partisan leader, whose son Gordon had caused to be shot, should be appointed his successor as Governor-General of the Soudan, and entrusted with the task of withdrawing the outlying Egyptian garrisons. It was a startling proposal, though Zobeir was known to be a man of great military capacity and great personal ascendancy. Mr. Gladstone was for accepting it; and so too was the Queen. But the Cabinet would have none of it, feeling convinced that the House of Commons would veto it. Mr. Gladstone was again confined to his room, though the Cabinet met in his house. "One of the ministers went to see him in his bed, and they conversed for two hours. The minister, on his return, reported, with some ironic amusement, that Mr. Gladstone considered it very likely that they could not bring Parliament to swallow Zobeir, but believed that he himself could." At one time it seemed as if Zobeir would be sent by the casting vote of the Prime Min-

ister. But two of his colleagues receded from their ground, and he gave way—nothing of the imperious will here at any rate. Thenceforward the catastrophe was inevitable. It was certain that Gordon would not carry out the purposes entrusted to him by the Cabinet if he could, and could not if he would. As he could no longer be recalled, public opinion, “now in one of its high idealizing humors,” would insist on his not being repudiated or abandoned. A relief expedition became necessary; and for the fatal delays which stamped “too late” on its enterprises the military authorities seem to have been not less responsible than the politicians. The tragedy was played out to its bitter end. Mr. Gladstone himself composed its sorry epilogue. In 1890 he wrote:—

Jan. 10, 1890.—In the Gordon case we all, and I rather prominently, must continue to suffer in silence. Gordon was a hero, and a hero of heroes; but we ought to have known that a hero of heroes is not the proper person to give effect at a distant point, and in most difficult circumstances, to the views of ordinary men. It was unfortunate that he should claim the hero's privilege by turning upside down and inside out every idea and intention with which he had left England, and for which he had obtained our approval. Had my views about Zobeir prevailed, it would not have removed our difficulties, as Forster would certainly have moved and, with the Tories and the Irish, have carried a condemnatory address. My own opinion is that it is harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him, than our not doing more. Had the party reached Khartoum in time, he would not have come away (as I suppose), and the dilemma would have arisen in another form (lil, 168-9).

Extenuating circumstances there were, no doubt; there always are. But statesmanship is a higher art than that of keeping the peace within a Cabinet;

and we cannot forget that evening visit to the theatre.

Mr. Gladstone never held a post in the department of either of the services. Here, again, we may say with confidence that it would have been better for his own fame, and for the welfare of his country, if he had. He never understood the problem of defence, least of all that of naval defence; and he seemed to think it quite natural that the Admiralty should be required to cut its coat according to the cloth served out to it by the Treasury. His passion for economy he had inherited from Peel. But Peel, though a rigid economist, was much more in touch with the services, and much more keen for their efficiency than Mr. Gladstone ever was. Peel had Wellington for colleague and mentor; he was vigilant in keeping the departments up to the mark; and in writing to Wellington in 1844 he laid down the unimpeachable principle that “whatever be the state of our finances, it will be true economy as well as true policy not to leave certain vital interests unprotected.” Very different was Mr. Gladstone's method. Economy with him was an end in itself. To security he never seems to have given a thought. He was accidentally right in resisting Palmerston's craze for fortifications, because that was founded on a radically vicious theory of defence. But he resisted it on abstract and quite irrelevant grounds of economy, not by opposing a sound theory of defence to an unsound one; and he would have done just the same had Palmerston proposed an equivalent expenditure on mobile naval force. He sent Mr. Childers to the Admiralty with a mandate to cut down the estimates, and he armed him with an Order in Council which dislodged the sea-lords from the position they occupied under the Admiralty patent, and made the First Lord supreme. This Order in Council

still survives side by side with the patent; but the incompatibility of the two instruments, the larger prescriptive authority of the older one, the spirit of Admiralty administration, the native capacity of naval officers to get the best work out of tools not of the best, and, above all, the wise policy pursued by successive First Lords, more especially by Lord Spencer, Lord Goschen, and Lord Selborne, have all combined to make it of little or no effect. It must be said too, in justice to Mr. Childers, that the reforms and reductions effected by him did not, as is clearly shown in his biography, impair the effective of the Fleet as measured by the standards of those days.

But if retrenchment could have been had in no other way, Mr. Gladstone's whole attitude towards the problem of defence must be taken as proof that he would have insisted on getting it in that way. Every one knows the story of Lord Palmerston's drawer full of Mr. Gladstone's resignations on the score of expenditure. In a letter written to his wife in 1865, he records how he has had "no effective or broad support" in the Cabinet in his opposition to the navy estimates, and how the estimates are "always settled at the dagger's point." It was a conflict over the estimates which brought about the dissolution of 1874. Again, Mr. Morley states plainly, what has long been suspected by many, that the time and occasion of his final resignation in 1894 were really determined, not by the considerations, sufficient in themselves but not imperative at the moment, which alone could be avowed at the time, but by his insuperable objection to the navy estimates proposed by Lord Spencer, and accepted by a majority of his colleagues. In this, at any rate, he was consistent—fatally consistent—to the last. "What would be said," he asked, "of my active participation in a policy that will be taken as plunging

England into the whirlpool of militarism." Nothing would be said, we suppose, of his life-long pursuit of a policy which might have plunged England unprepared into a naval conflict fraught with overwhelming ruin. The state of his eyesight was alleged at the time as the main cause of his resignation. It was not the cataract in his bodily eye, however, but the still darker obsession of his mental vision, which never allowed him to see that saving without security is the worst form of national extravagance. His life-long attitude towards this subject was a negation of Adam Smith's pregnant saying, "Defence is of much more importance than opulence."

It remains to consider some of the more questionable of Mr. Gladstone's political enterprises and actions in the light that Mr. Morley has to throw upon them. It is inevitable that, in dealing with still living and disputed issues, a biographer should be more or less of an advocate. All we can expect of him, if he shares the opinions and has followed the lead of his subject, is a presentation of historical and biographical fact as impartial and dispassionate as is consistent with those feelings of sympathy and respect which he naturally entertains for his former leader.

We have no space to waste on the two "stubborn and noisy scuffles," as Mr. Morley calls them, known at the time as the Collier and Ewelme scandals, which contributed materially to Mr. Gladstone's personal disrepute and the discredit of his government in the latter days of his first administration. Beyond dispute they were, both of them, ill-advised proceedings; and a more astute man of the world than Mr. Gladstone ever was would have known that they were certain to provoke criticism altogether out of proportion to the importance of the issues involved. It is never wise to do things

which require some casuistry to defend, even though the motives may be unimpeachable, and though the thing itself may, on its merits, and apart from technicalities, be the right thing to be done. The Collier appointment was, it appears, approved by the Cabinet and sanctioned by the high authority, legal and moral, of Lord Hatherley and Roundell Palmer. The Ewelme Rectory appointment was more exclusively Mr. Gladstone's own doing. We agree with Mr. Morley in thinking the thing had better not have been done. But it was a storm in a tea-cup at the worst; and what administration has ever existed, down to the present day, which can afford to throw stones on the score of jobs?

A more serious question arises as to the sudden dissolution of 1874. It has been alleged on high authority—that of two of Mr. Gladstone's own colleagues—that the time of this dissolution, which certainly took every one by surprise, was determined by no reasons of policy but mainly, if not solely, by the difficulty in which Mr. Gladstone found himself, owing to his having assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in addition to that of First Lord of the Treasury. It seemed impossible to ascertain whether this act had vacated his seat for Greenwich or not. The Speaker, the law officers of the Crown, and other high legal authorities, were consulted and gave either contradictory opinions or none at all. Lord Selborne, who thought that the seat had been vacated, also thought in after years—it seems doubtful whether he held the same opinion at the time—that there was no way out of the difficulty except through the door of a dissolution. It seems natural, therefore, that he should record in his "Memorials" that this difficulty was the determining cause of the dissolution when it came so suddenly. But Lord Halifax, a man of sound sense and great

experience in public affairs, had pointed out to Mr. Gladstone how the parliamentary difficulty ought to be met. Mr. Childers, who had been disappointed in not being made Chancellor of the Exchequer when Mr. Lowe resigned and Mr. Gladstone took his office, also held that the double office and its unsolved problems were the main cause of the dissolution. "But his surmise," as Mr. Morley says, "was not quite impartial." The opinion of Lord Selborne and Mr. Childers seems now to have been very commonly accepted.

"I can only say," Mr. Morley comments, "that in the mass of papers connected with the Greenwich seat and the dissolution, there is no single word in one of them associating in any way either topic with the other. Mr. Gladstone acted so promptly in the affair of the seat that both the Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Selborne himself said that no fault could be found with him. His position before the House was therefore entirely straightforward. Finally, Mr. Gladstone gave an obviously adequate and sufficient case for the dissolution both to the Queen and to the Cabinet, and stated to at least three of his colleagues what was 'the determining cause'; and this was not the Greenwich seat, but something wholly remote from it" (li, 471-2).

We have seen that the proposed repeal of the income-tax was alleged by many critics to have been a mere bribe to an estranged electorate, improvised to cover the Prime Minister's retreat. We have also seen that this charitable allegation is devoid of foundation. Mr. Gladstone began to think of measures for the repeal of the income-tax almost as soon as he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was indeed this plan, fully conceived in his own mind, but not yet sanctioned by his colleagues, that was the real cause of the dissolution, not its equivocal consequence.

The plan involved certain economies; and this brought the Prime Minister into direct conflict—a too frequent episode in his career—with his two colleagues at the head of what he was fond of calling “the great spending departments.” Both declined to give way, but both consented to review their position should a general election be found to approve the policy put before the country by Mr. Gladstone. This was known at the time only to Lord Granville, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Goschen—the three ministers mentioned above by Mr. Morley. The statement made to the Queen and to the Cabinet was couched in more general terms, and the difficulty about the estimates was not specifically mentioned. There may have been bad policy in all this, but there was no bad faith or base motive in it.

Lastly, we have to consider, very briefly, Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. We shall not be suspected of defending the policy in trying to ascertain Mr. Gladstone's real motives, and, where necessary, to do justice to them. Unless he was a hypocrite to his own diary and to his own familiar friends, it is quite certain that his desire gradually to withdraw from public life when he withdrew from the leadership of the Liberal party in 1874 was entirely sincere. It is equally certain that his public conscience, as he understood its promptings, and nothing else, compelled him to suppress that desire when the Eastern Question became acute between 1877 and 1880, and to do his utmost to restrain his country from committing what he regarded, rightly or wrongly, as a great act of treason to freedom, humanity, and Christianity. This brings us to 1880, and to the government of that year, which lasted until 1885. Again, Mr. Gladstone, unless he was a consummate hypocrite, would gladly have quitted public life if his sense of public duty had permit-

ted him to follow his own bent. But the Irish question had now become acute. The Irish peasant had been enfranchised; and a large access of strength to the Nationalist party in Parliament was known to be inevitable. The Conservative government had abandoned coercion; Lord Salisbury had permitted his Lord-Lieutenant to confer with the Nationalist leader—of course without prejudice—and had made a speech at Newport which was regarded by many as indicating, to say the least, a “coming-on disposition.” A general election followed, which gave the Conservatives no majority, even with the Irish vote, and the Liberals no majority without it. Did Mr. Gladstone then, for the first time, intimate that the Irish question must be faced in all its magnitude, and that even the demand for Home Rule, now constitutionally expressed, must be considered in all seriousness? Assuredly not. He had intimated so much in his election address, and he had allowed Mr. Childers at Pontefract to put similar ideas into much plainer language than he thought it politic to use himself—to propound, in fact, what Mr. Morley calls “a tolerably full-fledged scheme of Home Rule.” Moreover, before declaring himself definitely, he had made overtures to Lord Salisbury with a view to such a settlement of the Irish question, by consent of both parties, and under the auspices of the Conservative leader, as might be acceptable to the Imperial Parliament, without being wholly unacceptable to Parnell and his followers. These overtures were rejected. It was only then that, very slowly and reluctantly, and not without many conferences with his leading colleagues, he came to the conclusion that he must attempt to deal with the question himself, and deal with it by the way of party conflict instead of by the way of party co-operation, which had been

closed to him. However strongly we may condemn the policy which he then adopted, we cannot resist Mr. Morley's contention that, if wrong, he was not basely wrong. On this point, at any rate, there seems to be no appeal from the declaration made by Lord Hartington in March 1886:—

When I look back to the declarations that Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to these declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and that no one has, any right to complain of the declaration that Mr. Gladstone has recently made (iii, 293).

It must be added that Mr. Morley declares emphatically that the story of his being concerned in Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule is "pure moonshine." "I only glance at it," he says, "because in politics people are ready to believe anything."

We have exhausted our space, but not our subject. There is only one thing to be said in conclusion. Our own appreciation of so vast and complex a subject is of necessity superficial, discontinuous, and fragmentary. But no one can read Mr. Morley's survey of Mr. Gladstone's life as a whole without feeling that here was a man of commanding intellect, of exemplary conduct in all the relations of private life, of untiring devotion to public duty, of almost superhuman industry and application, of lightning rapidity of apprehension, insight, and grasp, of infinite variety of parts, of frequently erring policies, but of lofty aims, of questionable actions not a few, but never of base motives or unworthy ambitions—in a word, a man who set before himself a high standard in public and private life, and never willingly

deviated from it. Mr. Morley shall speak for the last time:—

The more you make of his errors the more is the need to explain his vast renown, the long reign of his authority, the substance and reality of his powers. We call men great for many reasons, apart from service wrought or eminence of intellect or even from force and depth of character. To have taken a leading part in transactions of decisive moment; to have proved himself able to meet demands on which high issues hung; to combine intellectual qualities, though moderate, yet adequate and sufficient, with the moral qualities needed for the given circumstance—with daring, circumspection, energy, intrepid initiative; to have fallen in with one of those occasions in the world that impart their own greatness even to a mediocre actor, and surround his name with a halo not radiating from within, but shed upon him from without—in all these and many other ways men come to be counted great. Mr. Gladstone belongs to the rarer class who acquire authority and fame by transcendent qualities of genius within, in half independence of any occasions beyond those they create for themselves (iii, 540-1).

It is idle to deny that Mr. Gladstone's name and character have lost much of their influence since his death. He represented and evoked a phase of national thought too high-flown and quixotic, it may be, certainly too much immersed in the sordid traffic of party politics, to be permanent. Have we lost nothing by its eclipse? He stood for one ideal—the rarer one by far—in political life and action, as Bismarck, his greatest contemporary, stood for the other—the commoner and the more acceptable to the natural man. On the one hand, the gospel of force, nakedly avowed, the policy of blood and iron ruthlessly pursued, the ethics of Machiavelli combined with the duplicity of our own Elizabeth; on the other, a sustained conviction that what

is wrong in private life cannot be right in public life, a large and expanding love of freedom, a life-long endeavor to raise politics to the ethical level of Christianity itself—in a word, the materialism of politics contrasted with their idealism. We know not whether the publication of Mr. Morley's biography will tend in any degree to re-establish Mr. Gladstone's moral ascendancy over the minds and consciences of his countrymen. But now that the dross of circumstance and the unseemly stains of party conflict and misunderstanding are being gradually disengaged by time from the fine gold of his true personality, it were surely not amiss that it should. For, after all, it was this that gave him his power, this that established his immense ascendancy; and no one has better divined the true secret of his greatness than

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the statesman whose loss we are now in turn deploring, the greatest and not the least generous of his later opponents.

"What he sought," said Lord Salisbury at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death, "was the achievement of great ideals; and, whether they were based on sound convictions or not, they could have issued from nothing but the greatest and the purest moral aspirations; and he is honored by his countrymen, because, through so many years, through so many vicissitudes and conflicts, they have recognized this one characteristic of his action, which has never left it, nor ceased to color it. He will leave behind him, especially to those who have followed with deep interest the history of his later years—I might almost say the later months of his life—he will leave behind him the memory of a great Christian statesman."

A PASTORAL.

"Us wants more of they black pigs, and less of they black parsons," is the motto said to be inscribed on the heart of the Berkshire agricultural laborer. It may be so. It is not given to that bird of passage, a *locum tenens*, to penetrate in one short month to the secret aspirations of his temporary flock. The only criticism upon which he may tremblingly venture is to the effect that the Berkshire laborer is singularly successful in dissembling his likes and dislikes, and bestows a remarkably excellent imitation of cordial welcome upon the clerical stranger.

The parish, the cure of whose souls was temporarily committed to the writer, is situated at the foot of the downs which bound the Vale of White Horse, and is therefore connected with the English antiquities. It is the abode of

two or three great racing stables, and therefore identified with English modernities. Indeed, when the writer mentioned in a working men's club in central London (in which much of his time is passed) the name of the village where he proposed to spend his holiday, no pundit fell into raptures over the glorious memory of Alfred, but a mocking chorus instantly arose, "Send us the latest wires from the stables."

These racing stables employ a large number of lads whose duty it is to attend to the needs, welfare, and training of the thoroughbreds which are placed under their care. Day by day long strings of horses pass through the village ridden by these lads, going for long walks through the country by way of training. When the wayfarer meets one of these proces-

sions he must place himself in an attitude of unconditional and utter submission to the leading rider. An imperious gesture bids the cyclist dismount, or the foot passenger go slow, or the coachman take the wrong side of the road, and no one dreams of anything but instant obedience, for race-horses are skittish and excitable creatures, and easily moved to dangerous restiveness. Four or five miles away on the downs is the great galloping ground where, if you are a friend of the trainer and receive information from him as to the appointed morning, you may witness, at sunrise, speed trials and miniature race-meetings. There, too, you may see the furtive tout making notes, which will appear later on in the evening papers—especially in those which cry aloud that they are the true prophets of social reform—as “So-and-so’s finals,” or “Somebody’s treble,” whereby the innocent van-boy and the confiding clerk will be encouraged to dispose of their scanty superfluous coin to the best advantage—that is to say, to the advantage of the thrifty book-maker.

Some of these stable-lads and apprentices are a source of keen interest to the vicar, and he took steps to impress this fact upon his *locum tenens*. A few days before the latter entered upon his duties, he wrote to the vicar suggesting that it might be well for the two to meet in London, so that the deputy shepherd might be instructed in the ways and methods of the parish. The vicar retorted that it would be far better for the deputy to come down to the country and be instructed there. Controversy ensued, and ended (the deputy being a peaceful man) in the vicar getting his way. The visitor arrived at the vicarage, and then learned the true significance of the vicar’s obstinacy. Behind the thin veil of excuses concerning inventories, service books, and the like there loomed the stable-lads.

“When I was on my honeymoon in the Lake district,” said the vicar, “I took the opportunity of having lessons in Cumberland wrestling, and I have been teaching the lads the art. I want you to come this afternoon and give them an exhibition of heavy-weight wrestling with me. You see they’re hardly up to my weight.” A glance at the vicar’s portly form, reposing in an armchair, contrasted with a mental vision of an embryo jockey, confirmed the last remark.

The exhibition was duly given, and the aching traveller hoped next day that the parochial results were worthy of the toil and pains bestowed upon them.

But ’twas ever thus. Years ago this thing had been foreshadowed. In those days the vicar was a South London curate, and his victim a heedless layman. The then curate was in love with work among boys, and had a company of the Boys’ Brigade mustering 150. Among other levers employed for the elevation of these youngsters was instruction in boxing. “Come,” said the cleric, with a pleasant heartiness, “and let us give these lads an exhibition in hard hitting.” He gave an excellent exhibition in hard hitting, and, while his opponent lay upon his back to stop the bleeding, explained lucidly to a circle of admiring youths how it was done.

The church stands in the centre of the pretty straggling village. From it radiate the roads, some trailing up the hills, some stretching away to the vale, and from the roads shoot off little paths through the cornfields and fat pasture-lands. In days affectionately remembered by elderly farmers land on the downs was worth having, and rent then stood at twenty-four shillings an acre. Now it fetches seven shillings an acre. Such figures convey to the ignorant Londoner a clearer impression of what is meant by agricultural de-

pression than many newspaper references to Blue-books will give him.

Round the church is the old churchyard, which lies several feet above the level of the roads. The oldest inhabitant is said to recall the time when churchyard and roads were level with each other, and it is believed that the burying-ground has been raised to its present height by many years of use. The promoters of this theory do not seem to have perceived the necessary corollary that the church must have floated up on the rising wave of ground.

A new cemetery has been secured and consecrated in recent years, and is beginning to lose the desolate look which an uninhabited burying-place presents. Far away from the other graves, in a lonely corner, in hope of resurrection to a happier life than this world offered, lie the mortal remains of one who in his lifetime lived most unhappily with his wife. Long time he endured, till he could endure no more. One anniversary of the wedding day the wife was from home. On returning she found an empty house and a brief letter: "If you want me, look in the well." The widow married again, and lives some considerable distance away; but from time to time she revisits the old home, and professes herself happy and comfortable.

The memory of another pitiful ending clings to the village. There is a stream which descends from the downs and meanders through the vale till it is lost in the great river. Near its bank runs the main road to and over the hills, and from this road may sometimes be seen in the gloaming the sorrowing ghost of the poor girl who drowned herself for the old sad reason.

The church is small, but pleasantly suggestive of quiet worship and peaceful, holy thoughts. Through the windows great green trees can be seen waving, and through the open doors

come the song of birds, sights and sounds which are to some more beautiful than modern stained glass and the florid anthems patiently endured by tolerant congregations. There is a large memorial tablet inscribed with the names of the members of a family which lived long in the parish, and with the dates of their births and deaths. Most of the writing is undecipherable through age, but a few of the more modern additions can still be read. The last survivor passed to his rest not long ago. Shortly before his death he revisited the home of his childhood, and went once more to the old church where he and his forefathers had worshipped. He was blind and unable to see the great tablet over the organ, but in answer to his request a ladder was fetched and he climbed up and traced the names with his finger. "Ah," he said at last, "there is room for me," and so went his way. A few months later the list was completed.

A stranger would, perhaps, remark that more perfect cleanliness and tidiness might possibly be achieved by a more liberal application of toil and soap. Inquiries on this point received a sufficiently silencing answer. The caretaker is a woman of business instincts. The pay in a poor village is necessarily small. When she is criticised, "I cleans according to my pay," she replies, and the argument is closed. One can only think with longing of a certain urban parish where a bachelor vicar reigned supreme. As sometimes happens under these circumstances, there was an enthusiastic band of lady helpers in the parish. Did the vicar quail as other vicars have quailed? No; he was a brave man and a wise one, and he utilized the devout enthusiasm by enrolling a corps of voluntary church-cleaners. His church was a model of shining cleanliness.

The Sunday services are in striking

contrast to those to which the clerical sojourner is accustomed in London. The parson stands facing the congregation, and he and they render the service heartily, with the clerk echoing deeply from the west end and the choir helping lustily in the chancel behind. The choir attracted the stranger's notice, and he made inquiries concerning some of the boys. "Oh, yes, that lad in gray whom you ask about can sing quite nicely, only he can't read; and the boy next to him can read but can't sing; and the one on the other side is deaf." Inquiries were prosecuted no further.

In the course of paying a pastoral visit to a dear old cottage-woman of eighty-three the *locum tenens* made a discovery which threw considerable light upon the vexed question why sermons do or do not please, as the case may be. The conversation turned on health, and incidentally the old lady remarked, "You're stouter than the vicar, are you not, sir?" The visitor disguised his real sentiments as well as he could, and she proceeded, "I was talking to a neighbor the other day, and she said, 'Mr. ——— does look nice in the pulpit; he seems to fill it so.'"

Tempora mutantur; her father—it must be nearly a century ago—used to pay rent for land at the rate of 4*l.* per acre. He was one of the pioneers who introduced agricultural machinery, and was the proud possessor of nineteen threshing-machines which were worked by horse power. The fate of reformers overtook him, and his machines were broken up by misguided laborers. The blow was a heavy one to the farmer, and he never got over the disaster. It was strange to sit and listen to his daughter telling of those days which one generally looks upon as almost mediæval, and yet were all but within her own memory.

In just such a cottage as hers, and not far off, lives the oldest inhabitant

of the village. A year ago he felt that the burden of age was becoming too heavy to be borne, and took to his bed in quiet expectation of the end. But Death chooses his own time, and the old man regained health. He kept thenceforward, however, almost entirely to his bed, varying the day only by an occasional hour at the window which looks into his garden and along the village street. The room which he occupies is spotlessly clean, is light and airy, and is kept cool in summer and warm in winter by the thick thatch which hangs like a shaggy eyebrow over the little window. Occasionally the clergyman visits him, and the old man will ask for passage after passage of the Bible, passages which he knows by heart and loves well, to be read to him. To him the sacred pages are an unspeakable comfort, and he waits and waits in calm confidence and sure faith.

The visitor, as he listens to him or lets his eyes wander round the room with its white walls relieved by homely texts, thinks of another sick-room which he used to visit in a London back street, endeavoring to carry help and comfort to a dying man. The street was mean and ugly and noisy, the house was filthy and offensive with the sickening, pungent smell of vermin and ill-health. The walls were alive; the sick man was tormented by the flies which crept over his face and into his eyes. He received the clergyman's ministrations without zeal and without resentment, indifferently. He awaited death without much hope and without fear. Well, God is the Judge and will know where to lay the blame for the dirt and ignorance of a forgotten corner of a densely populated parish, where an overworked vicar had tried in vain to minister to too many thousands of souls till one of the colleges established a church and mission in the most neglected district. Perhaps

"the system" is at fault in this case, as "the system" is at fault in several other matters where no individual is ever found to be blameworthy.

A stranger from London visiting the country is, of course, struck at every turn by the contrasts between the great city and the little village, between the boundless desert of buildings with its few oases and the scattered groups of houses set in the far-stretching lands and overshadowed by the mighty sky. Out of the multitude of differences a few impress themselves sharply on the mind; all the rest soon get taken for granted. In London one's sleep is broken by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rattle of wheels; in the country it is broken by dogs, poultry, and birds. In London it is the roads that outrage one's nose; in the country it is the pigsty. These things one accepts without surprise. It is a law of nature that perfect quiet and perfect sweetness should be unattainable outside a hermitage. Two things, however, are a continual source of surprise and interest to the present writer in his temporary exile—namely, the strength of parish feeling and the low rate of wages. Compared with these things the rest sink into insignificance.

What does it matter to the man of towns what parish he lives in—except when the rate-collector leaves a demand-note? How many Londoners could tell you at what point or in what street they crossed the parish boundary? But in the country how different! There the parish is a living and distinct unit. To be a parishioner is in itself an appeal to patriotism, to think of another parish or to mention it is to rouse latent hostility. This may be due to the mere elementary fact of distance, and to the necessity of walking a long way if you would reach another parish; but if so, the effects seem out of proportion to the cause. It is

conceivable that the laws relating to attendance at parish churches might be revived in this twentieth century with the approval of the country; it is a fact that church rates are actually made there still by vestry meetings—made? ay, *and paid*. Could parish feeling further go?

In London the solitary authentic relic of local patriotism is to be found among bands of youths who fight with belts for the honor of their district against other bands from other districts. Perhaps a trace of the same feeling may be discovered in the desire for marriage and christening in the parish church under whose shadow the family lived for years, or even generations, till improvement schemes broke up the colony. A student of sociology would be surprised were he to search the registers of such a church as St. Giles-in-the-Fields and note the abodes of those whose names appear in their columns.

And the wages. The lowest weekly sum earned by a full-grown man in regular employment in London within the experience of the present writer was nineteen shillings a week, earned by a railway porter at a great railway terminus in a position beyond the reach of the tipping passenger. He had a wife and two children to support and six shillings weekly rent to pay. As a rule, a pound a week was considered in that district to be the standard wage for unskilled labor. In Central London the rate of wages is fifty per cent. higher, but rents are higher too. In Berkshire an agricultural laborer earns eleven shillings a week. True, he pays little or no rent for his cottage, and he usually has a little garden from which he supplies himself with vegetables, but—eleven shillings! a wife, four or five children, boots, clothes, luxuries, tobacco, doctors, oil, fuel (with the summer price of coal standing at one and sevenpence the hundred-

weight) burials, and—eleven shillings! Years ago tea cost five shillings a pound, sugar cost eightpence, corn fetched fifty or sixty shillings a quarter, and the laborer's wage was then as now eleven shillings. Doubtless he thanks God that with the advent of Free Trade and owing to various causes beyond his knowledge prices have fallen, and that he now lives in luxury upon—eleven shillings.

It is said, by way of mitigation, that he gets Michaelmas money and harvest money. Perhaps the Berkshire laborer enjoys a different kind of human nature from the rest of us, never indulges in a harvest festival outside the church, but spreads out the money received at these special times over the rest of the year, like a little butter spread over a large slice of bread. It is also urged that he is fond of living on bread and bacon—in fact, that he likes his bacon fat and full flavored. Possibly "Spartan sauce" makes it palatable.

One thing at least shall be set down here to his credit. The writer, moving among the people for a short time, was begged from only once. The one beggar was a stranger from another parish. A month does not permit sufficient experience to justify generalizations, but what clergyman ever worked for a month in London without receiving endless tales of want and woe?

No sketch of the village would be complete without a passing reference to Don, who lies outside the study door waiting for any sound which can be construed into an intention to take a walk. Don is the vicarage dog. His head recalls mastiffs, his hind legs are associated with St. Bernards; it would require an expert to interpret the rest of him. Suffice it to say that whatever races are represented in his big body are represented only by their virtues. Don has but one weakness, an insatiable appetite for hard exercise. You

take him for a gentle stroll after breakfast, and all the rest of the morning he lies in wait for you. Is the door opened by the maid who brings in the letters? In comes Don, with a tail that clears the room, to fetch you out, departing reproachfully when you explain that next Sunday's sermon will not brook these interruptions. You come from your lunch intending to steal forty winks over the newspaper, but Don is too much for you. Whack! Whack! goes his great tail from side to side of the hall, and his big brown eyes, from which all their habitual sadness is for once banished, beam at you till you yield feebly. Don casts a hasty glance in passing at the cat enjoying her frugal meal; two long red licks—the plate is empty, and Don is half-way down the drive before pussy has completed her opening remarks. Down the village street he takes you, past thatched cottages, past cottages with red tiles, past cottages now beginning to appear with slate roofs, past cottages, *horribile visu*, which have their outlying portions covered with galvanized iron, past the inn from which two friends, a St. Bernard and a retriever, run out to play (but Don says coldly, "Go away, can't you see I've got a man to look after?"), and so far away over the downs or through the vale. Flop, flop, flop, go the great paws, eating up the miles; splash, splash, into every stream that we cross; longing eyes are fixed on the sheep in the meadow; who so happy in the three kingdoms as Don?

And he is shrewd, too. Get your bicycle half an hour before lunch and he will join you. He knows perfectly well that you are going only to the market town. Get your bicycle in the early afternoon, and Don looks at you wisely. If you get out both bicycles he will accompany you, for he knows that his mistress will accommodate her pace to that of a heavily built dog who

was never meant by nature to run very far or fast. But if you go alone he comes with you, with a great show of devotion, as far as the gate. There he vanishes. He knows quite well what a man's bicycling is when he is out for hard exercise.

The Cornhill Magazine.

"Down, Don! Down sir! Get away, you old nuisance, can't you see I'm busy writing? Get away—what on earth do you want? Ah well, I suppose I must—where are my hat and stick?"

H. G. D. Latham.

THE MAN WHO KNEW.

Bearded, bowed, with hard blue eyes that questioned always, so we knew David Uyo as children; an old, remotely quiet man, who was to be passed on the other side of the street and in silence. I have wondered sometimes if the old man ever noticed the hush that ran before him and the clamor that grew up behind, the games that held breath while he went by, and the children that judged him with wide eyes. He alone, of all the people in the little dorp, made his own world and possessed it in solitude; about him, the folk held all interest in community and measured life by a trivial common standard. At his doorstep, though, lay the frontier of little things; he was something beyond us all, and therefore greater or less than we. The mere pictorial value of his tall figure, the dignity of his long, forked beard, and the expectancy of his patient eye, must have settled it that he was greater. I was a child when he died, and remember only what I saw, but the rest was talk, and so, perhaps, grew the more upon me.

One day he died. For years he had walked forth in the morning and back to his house at noon, a purple spot on the raw color of the town. He had always been still and somewhat ominous and conveyed to all who saw him a sense of looking for something. But on this day he went back briskly,

walking well and striding long, with the gait of one that has good news, and he smiled at those he passed and nodded to them, unheeding or not seeing their strong surprise nor the alarm he wrought to the children. He went straight to his little house, that overlooks a crowded garden and a pool of the dorp spruit, entered, and was seen no more alive. His servant, a sullen Kaffir, found him in his bed when supper-time came, called him, looked, made sure, and ran off to spread the news that David Uyo was dead. He was lying, I have learned, as one would lie who wished to die formally, with a smile on his face and his arms duly crossed. This is copiously confirmed by many women who crowded, after the manner of Boers, to see the corpse; and of all connected with him, I think, his end and the studied manner of it, implying an ultimate deference to the conventions, have most to do with the awe in which his memory is preserved.

Now, a death so well conceived, so aptly preluded, must, in the nature of things, crown and complete a life of singular and strong quality. A murder without a good motive is merely folly; properly actuated, it is tragedy, and therefore of worth. So with a death: one seldom dies well, in the technical sense, without having lived well, in the artistic sense; and a man who will

furnish forth a good deathbed scene seldom goes naked of an excellent tradition. I have been at some pains to discover the story of David Uyo; and though some or the greater part of it may throw no further back than to the vrouws of the dorp, it seems to me that they have done their part at least as well as David Uyo did his, and this is the tale I gleaned.

When David was a young man the Boers were not yet scattered abroad all over the veldt, and the farms lay in to the dorps, and men saw one another every day. There was still trouble with the Kaffirs at times, little risings and occasional murders, with the sacking and burning of homesteads, and it was well to have the men within a couple of days' ride of the field-cornet, for purposes of defence and retaliation. But when David married all this weighed little with him.

"What need of neighbors?" he said to his young wife. "We have more need of land—good land and much of it. We will trek."

"It shall be as you will, David," answered Christina. "I have no wish but yours, and neighbors are nothing to me."

There was a pair of them, you see—both Boers of the best, caring more for a good fire of their own than to see the smoke from another's chimney soiling the sky. Within a week of their agreement the wagons were creaking towards the rising sun, and the whips were saluting the morning. David and Christina fronted a new world together, and sought virgin soil. For a full month they journeyed out, and out-spanned at last, on a mellow evening, on their home.

"Could you live here, do you think, Christina?" asked David, smiling, and she smiled back at him and made no other answer.

There was need for none, indeed, for no Boer could pass such a place. It

was a rise, a little rand, flowing out from a tall kopje, grass and bush to its crown, and at its skirts ran a wide spruit of clear water. The veldt waved like a sea,—not nakedly and forlorn, but dotted with gray mimosa and big green dropsical aloes, that here and there showed a scarlet plume like a flame. The country was thigh-deep in grass and spoke of game; as they looked a springbok got up and fled. So here they stayed.

David and his Kaffirs built the house, such a house as you see only when the man who is to make his home in it puts his hand to the building. David knew but one architecture, that of the great hills and the sky, and when all was done, the house and its back-ground clove together like a picture in a fit frame, the one enhancing the other, the two being one in perfection. It was thatched, with deep eaves, and these made a cool stoep and cast shadows on the windows; while the door was red, and took the eye at once, as do the plumes of the aloes. It was not well devised,—to say so would be to lend David a credit not due to him; but it occurred excellently.

The next thing that occurred was a child, a son, and this set the pinnacle on their happiness. His arrival was the one great event in many years, for the multiplication of David's flocks and herds was so well graduated, the growth of his prosperity so steady and of so even a process, that it tended rather to content than to joy. It was like having money rather than like getting it. In the same barefoot quiet their youth left them, and the constant passing of days marked them, tenderly at first, and then more deeply. Their boy, Trikkie, was a man and thinking of marrying, when the consciousness of the leak in their lives stood up before them.

They were sitting of an evening on the stoep, watching the sun go down

and pull his ribbons after him, when Christina spoke.

"David," she said, "yesterday was twenty-five years since our marriage. We—we are growing old, David."

She spoke with a falter, believing what she said. For though the blood is running strong and warm, and the eye is as clear as the heart is loyal, twenty-five years is a weary while to count back to one's youth.

David turned and looked at her. He saw for a moment with her eyes—saw that the tenseness of her girlhood had vanished, and he was astonished. But he knew he was strong and hale, well set-up and a good man to be friends with, and as he gripped his knees, he felt the tough muscle under his fingers, and it restored him.

"Christina," he said, seeing she was troubled, "it is the same with both of us. You are not afraid to grow old with me, little cousin?"

She came closer to him, but said nothing. It was soon after that, and a wonderful thing in its way, such as David had never heard of before, that there came to them another boy, a wee rascal that shattered all the cobwebs of twenty-five years, and gave Christina something better to think of than the footsteps of time.

Trikkie had been glorious enough in his time, and was glorious enough still, for the matter of that; but this was a creature with exceptional points, which neither David nor Christina—nor, to do him justice, Trikkie—could possibly overlook. Trikkie had a voice like a bell, and whiskers like the father of a family, and stood six foot two in his naked feet, and lacked no excellence that a sturdy bachelor should possess. But the other, who was born to the name of Paul, lamented his arrival with a vociferous note of disappointment in the world that was indescribably endearing; had a head clothed in down like the intimate garments of an

ostrich chick, and was small enough for David to put in his pocket. He brought a new horizon with him and imposed it on his parents; he was, in brief, a thing to make a deacon of a Jew peddler.

Thereafter, life for David and Christina was no longer a single phenomenon, but a series of developments. It was like sailing in agreeably rough water. No pensive mood could survive the sight of mighty Trikkie gambling like a young bull in the company of Paul; nor could quiet hours impart a melancholy while the welkin rang with the voice of the *kleintje* bullying the adoring Kaffirs. Where before life had glided, now it steeple-chased, taking its days bull-headed, and Paul grew to the age of four as a bamboo grows, in leaps.

Then Trikkie, the huge, the hairy, the heavy-footed, the man who prided himself on his ability to make circumstances, discovered, in a revealing flash, that he was, after all, a poor creature, and that the brightest being on earth was Katje Voss, whose people had settled about thirty miles off—next door, as it were. Katje held views not entirely dissimilar, but she consented to marry him, and the big youth walked on air. Katje was a dumpy Boer girl, with a face all cream and roses, and a figure that gave promise of much fat hereafter. Christina had imagined other things, but the idea is a rickety structure and she yielded; while David had never considered such an emergency, and consented heartily. Behind Trikkie's back he talked of grandchildren, and was exceedingly happy.

Then his dream-fabric tumbled about his ears.

Trikkie had ridden off to worship his beloved, and David and Christina, as was their wont, sat on the stoep. They watched the figure of their son out of sight, and talked a while, and then lapsed into the silence of perfect com-

panionship. The veldt was all about them, as silent and friendly as they, and the distance was mellow with a haze of heat. From the kraals came at intervals the voice of little Paul in fluent Kaffir; David smiled over his pipe and nodded to his wife once when the boy's voice was raised in a shout. Christina was sewing; her thoughts were on Katje and were still vaguely hostile.

Of a sudden she heard David's pipe clatter on the ground, and looked sharply round at him. He was staring intently into void sky; his brows were knitted and his face was drawn; even as she turned he gave a hoarse cry.

She rose quickly, but he rose too, and spoke to her in an unfamiliar voice.

"Go in," he said. "Have all ready, for our son has met with a mishap. He has fallen from his horse."

She gasped and stared at him, but could not speak.

"Go and do it," he said again, looking at her with hard eyes, and suddenly she saw, as by an inward light, that here was not madness, but truth. It spurred her.

"I will do it," she said swiftly. "But you will go and bring him in?"

"At once," he replied, and was away to the shed for the cart. The Kaffirs came running to inspan the horses, and shrank from him as they worked. He was white through his tan, and he breathed loud. Little Paul saw him, and sat down on the ground and cried quietly.

Before David went his wife touched him on the arm, and he turned. She was white to the lips.

"David," she said, and struggled with her speech—"David."

"Well?" he answered with a pregnant calm.

"David, he is not—not dead?"

"Not yet," he answered; "but I cannot say how it will be when I get

there." A tenderness overwhelmed him, and he caught a great sob and put his arm about her. "All must be ready, little cousin. Time enough to grieve afterwards—all our lives, Christina, all our lives!"

She put her hand on his breast.

"All shall be ready, David," she answered. "Trust me, David."

He drove off, and she watched him lash the horses down the hill and force them at the drift—he, the man who loved horses and knew them as he knew his children. His children! She fled into the house to do her office and to drink to the bottom of the cup the bitterness of motherhood. A cool bed, linen, cold water and hot water, brandy and milk, all the insignia of the valley of the shadow did she put to hand, and con over and adjust and think upon, and then there was the waiting. She waited on the stoep, burning and tortured, boring at the horizon with dry eyes, and praying and hoping. A lifetime went in those hours, and the sun was slanting down before the road yielded, far and far away, a speck that grew into a cart going slowly. By-and-by she was able to see her husband driving, but nobody with him,—only a rag or a garment that fluttered from the side. Her mind snatched at it; was it—God! what was it?

David drove into the yard soberly; she was at the stoep.

"All is ready," she said in a low voice. "Will you bring him in?"

"Yes," he said; and she went inside with her heart thrashing like a kicking horse.

David carried in his son in his arms; he was not yet past that. On the white bed inside they laid him, and where his fair head touched the pillow it dyed it red. Trikkie's face was white and blue, and his jaw hung oddly; but once he was within the door, some reinforcement of association came to Christina, and she went about

her ministry purposefully and swiftly, a little comforted. At the back of her brain dwelt some idea such as this: here was her house, her home, there David, there Trikkie, here she, and where these were together Death could never make the fourth. The same thought sends a stricken child to its mother. David leant on the foot of the bed, his burning eyes on the face of his son, and his brows tortured with anxiety. Christina brought some drink in a cup and held it to the still lips of the young man.

"Drink, Trikkie," she pleaded softly. "Drink, my *kleintje*. Only a drop, Trikkie, and the pain will fly away."

She spoke as though he were yet a child, for a mother knows nothing of manhood when her son lies helpless. The arts that made him a man shall keep him a man; so she coaxed the closed eyes and the dumb mouth.

But Trikkie would not drink, heard nothing, gave no sign. Christina laid drenched cloths to his forehead, deftly cleansed and bandaged the gaping rent in the base of the skull whence the life whistled forth, and talked to her boy all the while in the low crooning mother-voice. David never moved from the foot of the bed, and never loosed his drawn brows. In came little Paul silently and took his hand, but he never looked down, and the father and the child remained there throughout the languid afternoon.

Evening cool was growing up when Trikkie opened his eyes. Christina was wetting towels for bandages, and her back was towards him, but she knew instantly and came swiftly to his side. David leaned forward breathlessly, and little Paul cried out with the grip of his hand. They saw a waver of recognition in Trikkie's eyes, a fond light, and it seemed that his lips moved. Christina laid her ear to them.

"And—a—shod—horse!" murmured

Trikkie. Nothing more. An hour after he was cold, and David was alone on the stoep, questioning pitiless skies and groping for God, while Christina knelt beside the bed within and wept blood from her soul.

They buried Trikkie in a little kraal on the hillside, and David made the coffin. When he nailed down the lid he was an old man; when the first red clod rung on it, he felt that life had emptied itself. When they were back in the house again, Christina turned to him.

"You knew," she said, in a strange voice—"You knew, but you could not save him." And she laughed aloud. David covered his face with his hands and groaned, but the next instant Christina's arms were about him.

Yet of their old life, before the deluge of grief, too much was happy to be all swamped. Time softened the ruggedness of their wound somewhat, and a day came when all the world was no longer black. Little Paul helped them much, for what had once been Trikkie's was now his, and as he grew before their eyes, his young strength and beauty were a balm to them. David was much abroad in the lands now, for he was growing meales and rapidly becoming a rich man; and as he rode off in the morning, and rode in at sundown, his new gravity of mind and mien broke up to the youngster who jumped at the stirrup with shouts and laughter and demanded to ride on the saddle-bow. At intervals, also, Paul laid claim to a gun, to spurs, to a watch, to all the things that go in procession across a child's horizon, and Christina was not proof against the impulse to smile at him.

It is not to be thought, of course, that the shock of foreknowledge, of omnipotent vision, had left David scathless. Though the other details of the tragedy shared his memory, and elbowed the terrifying sense of revela-

tion, he would find himself now and again peering at the future, straining to foresee, as a sailor bores at a fog-bank. Then he would catch himself, and start back shuddering to the instant matters about him. eventualities he could meet, but in their season and hand to hand, afar off they mastered him. Christina, too, dwelt on it at seasons; but, by some process of her woman's mind, it was less dreadful to her than to David: she, too, could dream at times.

One day she was at work within the house, and Paul ran in and out. She spoke to him once about introducing an evil-smelling water-tortoise; he went forth to exploit it in the yard. From time to time his shrill voice reached her; then the frayed edges of David's black trousers of ceremony engaged her, to the exclusion of all else. Between the scissors and the needle, at last, there stole on her ear a faint tap—tap—such a sound as water dropping on to a board makes. It left her unconscious for a while, and then grew a little louder, with a note of vehemence. At last she looked up and listened. Tap, tap, it went, and she sprang from her chair and went to the stoep and looked out along the road. Far off on the hillside was a horse, ridden furiously on the downward road, and though dwarfed by the miles, she could see the rider flogging and his urgent crouch over the horse's withers. It was a picture of mad speed, of terror and violence, and struck her with a chill. Were the Kaffirs risen? she queried. Was there war abroad? Was this mad rider her husband?

The last question struck her sharply, and she glanced about. Little Paul was sitting on a stone, plaguing the water-tortoise with a stick, and speaking to himself and it. The sight reassured her, and she viewed the rider again with equanimity. But now she was able to place him: it was David,

and the horse was his big roan. The pace at which he rode was winding up the distance, and the hoofs no longer tap-tapped, but rung insistently. There was war, then; it could be nothing else. Her category of calamities was brief, and war and the death of her dear ones nearly exhausted it.

David galloped the last furlongs with a tightened rein, and froth snowed from the bit. He pulled up in the yard and slipped from the saddle. Christina saw again on his face the white stricken look and the furrowed frown that had stared on Trikkie's death. David stood with the bridle in his hand and the horse's muzzle against his arm and looked around. He saw Christina coming towards him with quick steps, and little Paul, abandoning the *skellpot*, running to greet him. He staggered and drew his hand across his forehead.

Christina had trouble to make him speak.

"A dream," he kept saying, "an evil dream."

"A lying dream," suggested Christina anxiously.

"Yes," he hastened to add, "a lying dream."

"About—about little Paul?" was her timid question.

David was silent for a while, and then answered. "I saw him dead," he replied with a shudder. "God! I saw it as plain as I saw him a moment ago in the kraal."

They heard the child's gleeful shout the same instant. "I've got you! I've got you!" he cried from without.

"He has a water-tortoise," explained Christina with a smile. "Paul," she called aloud, "come indoors."

"Ja," shouted the child, and they heard him run up the steps of the stoep.

"Look," he said, standing at the door, "I found this in the grass. What sort is it, father?"

David saw something lithe and sinuous in the child's hands, and stiffened in every limb. Paul had a *skaapstikker* in his grip, the green-and-yellow death-snake that abounds in the veldt. Its head lay on his arm, its pin-point eyes maliciously agleam, and the child gripped it by the middle. Christina stood petrified, but the boy laughed and dandled the reptile in glee.

"Be still, Paul," said David, in a voice that was new to him—"be still; do not move."

The child looked up at him in astonishment. "Why?" he began.

"Be still," commanded David, and went over to him cautiously. The serpent's evil head was raised as he approached, and it hissed at him. Paul stood quite quiet, and David advanced his naked hand to his certain death and the delivery of his child. The reptile poised, and as David snatched at it, it struck—but on his sleeve. The next instant was a delirious vision of writhing green and yellow; there was a cry from Paul, and the snake was on the floor. David crushed it furiously with his boot.

Christina snatched the child. "Did it bite you, Paul?" she screamed. "Did it bite you?"

The boy shook his head, but David interposed in a voice of thunder.

"Of course it did!" he vociferated with blazing eyes; "what else did my dream point to? But we'll fight with God yet. Bring me the child, Christina."

On the plump forearm of Paul they found two minute punctures and two tiny points of blood. David drew his knife, and the child shrieked and struggled.

"Get a hot iron, Christina," cried David, and gripped Paul with his knees.

* * * * *

In the morning the room was wild and grisly with blood and the smell of

burnt flesh, and David lay face downwards on the floor, writhing as the echoes of Paul's shrieks tortured his ears. But in the next room little Paul was still for ever, and all the ghastly labor was to no purpose.

I suppose there is some provision in the make of humanity for overflow grief, some limit impregnable to affliction; for when little Paul was laid beside his brother, there were still David and Christina to walk aimlessly in their empty world. Their scars were deep and they were crippled with woe, and it seemed to them they lived as paralytics live, dead in all save in their susceptibility to torture. Moreover, there was a barrier between them in David's disastrous foreknowledge, for Christina could not throw off the thought that it contained the causal elements which had robbed her of her sons. Pain had fogged her; she could not probe the matter, and sensations tyrannized over her mind. David, too, was bowed with a sense of guilt that he could not rise to throw off. All motive was buried in the kraal; and he and his wife sat apart and spent days and nights without the traffic of speech.

But Christina was seized with an idea. She woke David in the night and spoke to him tensely.

"David," she cried, gripping him by the arm—"David! We cannot live for ever. Do you hear me? Look, David, look hard! Look where you looked before. Can you see nothing for me—for us, David?"

He was sitting up, and the spell of her inspiration claimed him. He opened his eyes wide and searched the barren darkness for a sign. He groped with his mind, tore at the bonds of the present.

"Do you see nothing?" whispered Christina. "Oh, David, there must be something. Look—look hard!"

For the space of a hundred seconds

they huddled on the bed, David fumbling with the trusts of destiny, Christina waiting, breathless.

"Lie down," said David at last. "You are going to die, little cousin. It is all well."

His voice was the calmest in the world.

"And you?" cried Christina; "David, and you?"

"I see nothing," he said.

"Poor David!" murmured his wife, clinging to him. "But I am sure all will yet be well, David. Have no fear, my husband."

She murmured on in the dark, with his arm about her, and promised his death, entreated him to believe with her, and coaxed him with the bait of the grave. They were bride and groom again, they two, and slept at last in one another's arms.

In the morning all was well with Christina, and she bustled about as of old. David was still, and hoped ever, with a tired content in what should happen, a languor that forbade him from railing on fate. Together they prepared matters as for a journey.

"If the black trousers come frayed again," said Christina, "try to remember that the scissors are better than a knife. And the seeds are all in the box under our bed."

"In the box under our bed," repeated David carefully. "Yes, under the bed. I will remember."

"And this, David," holding up piles of white linen, "this is for me. You will not forget?"

"For you?" he queried, not understanding.

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"Yes," she answered softly. "I will be buried in this."

He started, but recovered himself with a quivering lip.

"Of course," he answered. "I will see to it. I must be very old, Christina."

She came over and kissed him on the forehead.

In the middle of the afternoon she went to bed, and he came in and sat beside her. She held his hand, and smiled at him.

"Are you dying now?" he asked at length.

"Yes," she said. "What shall I tell Trikkie and the *kleintje* from you?"

"Tell them nothing," he said, after a pause. "It cannot be that I shall be apart from you all long. No; I am very sure of that."

She pressed his hand, and soon afterwards felt some pain. It was little, and she made no outcry. Her death was calm and not strongly distressing, and the next day David put her into the ground where her sons lay.

But, as I have made clear, he did not die till long afterwards, when he had sold his farm and come to live in the little white house in the dorp, where colors jostled each other in the garden, and fascinated children watched him go in and come out. I think the story explains that perpetual search of which his vacant eyes gave news, and the joyous alacrity of his last homecoming, and the perfect technique of his death. It all points to the conclusion, that however brave the figures, however aspiring their capers, they but respond to strings which are pulled and loosened elsewhere.

Perceval Gibbon.

THE NEAR EAST.

The Eastern Question—that interminable Eastern Question—which has vexed Europe and threatened its peace for nearly a century—is again upon us. In one sense it has never been absent, for wherever the Turk rules the elements of danger are present. But from time to time the fires that are always smouldering break out into fierce flame, spread over one province after another, and seem on the point of involving Europe in a general conflagration.

Though it had become plain, even in the eighteenth century, that the decay of the Turkish Empire would make the territories embraced within it a scene of internal discord, and ultimately a prey to be fought for by neighboring Powers, the Eastern Question, as we know it, may be said to have begun with the insurrection of the Greeks in the second decade of last century. The battle of Navarino in 1827 decided the issue of that struggle; and the creation of an independent Greek kingdom, shortly afterwards, gave to the Christian populations in other parts of the Sultan's dominions hopes of emancipation, which have never since deserted them. The process then begun has gone on steadily. First, the Danubian Principalities, practically independent already, became legally independent; then Serbia won her freedom by a long struggle, and had it formally recognized in 1829 and guaranteed in 1856. Bulgaria was erected into an autonomous State at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Bosnia was in the same year occupied by Austria. Montenegro was enlarged, and Thessaly was added to Greece. Eastern Roumelia, also established as a principality in 1878, achieved her union with

Bulgaria in 1885. Crete, after repeated risings, virtually ceased to be Turkish in 1897. Thus the dominions of the Sultan in Europe, which, in the seventeenth century, had stretched as far north as Budapest, have now become reduced to a comparatively narrow strip of territory, running from the Adriatic to the coast of the Black Sea at Capt. Iniada, north of Constantinople.

The process whereby the regions just enumerated have been delivered has for a hundred years past been always the same; and the same causes have been everywhere at work. Misrule has provoked discontent, discontent has broken out in rebellion, rebellion has either held its ground until the Sultan's power proved unable to overcome it, or has been suppressed with massacres so horrible, that intervention by one or more of the European Powers became inevitable. Some interfered because public opinion compelled them; and the two nearest Powers have had a further motive, for the disorders gave them an excuse, which humanity approved, for extending their own borders. The process would have been more rapid—would indeed have been completed before now—but for the jealousies of the four great States which thought themselves chiefly concerned. England deemed it her interest to maintain the Turkish Empire as a safeguard for herself against Russia. France, as the protector of Roman Catholic interests in the East, was suspicious both of England and (till within the last twenty years) of Russia. Still more pronounced has been, in recent days, the rivalry of Russia and Austria. But for these jealousies, the Turk would have little, if anything, to call his own

upon European soil. In 1878 the Treaty of San Stefano, dictated by Russia after the war which the Bulgarian massacres of 1876 had provoked, took from the Sultan, and gave to Bulgaria, nearly the whole of what we call Macedonia; and it was the action of England which then substituted for that instrument the Treaty of Berlin, whereby these regions were handed back to the Turk. By the twenty-third article of that Treaty the Sultan undertook to introduce administrative reforms: and an International Commission was appointed to draw up a scheme embodying them. The scheme was duly prepared, but no effect was ever given to it. Things remained just as bad as they had been before. Indeed, things were in one sense worse, for the miserable peasantry of Macedonia now saw on their borders a new State, inhabited by men of their own tongue and faith, but delivered from the oppressions under which they were left to groan.

One may speak of the peasantry as a whole, because all the Christians suffer, all are alike anxious to rid themselves of Turkish misgovernment. But there are differences among them, and it is partly in these differences that the special difficulty of the problem lies. In most parts of Greece, almost the whole population was Christian, and whether it spoke Greek or Albanian, it was equally anxious to be free. In Crete, the Christians were, and are, in a large majority. In Serbia, there were hardly any Musulmans. In Bosnia, as in Bulgaria, the Musulmans were a minority, and in Bosnia the hand of Austria was strong enough to impose order and repress the strife of faiths. In Macedonia (omitting Albania) the Christians vastly outnumber the Musulmans. But the Christians themselves are divided into four races and three religious communions. The Bulgarian

race prevails over three-fourths of the country, from the Black Sea to the mountains west of the Vardar valley, and extends southward nearly to the Aegean and northward to the frontiers of the principality of Bulgaria. The northwestern districts round Pristina and Novi Bazar belong to the Servian branch of the Slavonic family. These Serbs speak a language near akin to the Bulgarian, but the two races are dissimilar in character, for the Bulgarians are of Finnish origin; and, though they have been commingled with the Slavs among whom they settled in the seventh century A. D., and have learnt from them their Slavonic speech, they remain different in mind and temper. The Greeks—that is to say a population speaking Greek (whatever its racial source)—dwell in the southwest corner, around and west of Salonika, and along the coasts of the Aegean. They keep themselves quite apart from the Bulgarians of the interior, to whom they are generally superior in education. There are no data for estimating their number (for statistics do not exist in Turkey, unless when invented to throw dust in Western eyes); but they are more numerous than the Servians of the North-West, though fewer than the Bulgarians. Scattered here and there through the country, especially in the South and South-West, there are villages of a people called Vlachs, speaking the same tongue as the Roumans of Roumania, and apparently of the same race. Some are pastoral in their habits, and mingle but little with the other populations. Some speak Greek as well as Vlach, and may practically be reckoned as part of the Greek element. Finally, on the West side of the peninsula, between the Adriatic and the great valley which runs North-West from Salonika to Pristina, one finds the Albanians, fierce mountaineers, mostly Musulmans, but pretty

much the same in habits whether they are Musulmans or Christians, finding their chief pleasure in fighting, and diverted from their battles of clan against clan, only by the prospect of raiding the Christian peasantry of the lower country. Between them and districts chiefly peopled by their Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian neighbors, there is no boundary, either natural or legal; so that practically Albania must be considered as a part of Macedonia, just as the Scottish Highlands, though peopled by a different race and little controlled by the Stuart kings, were a part of Scotland and a potent factor of disorder in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. So the conditions of the Macedonian problem cannot be understood without realizing the restless activity and ferocious rapacity of these wild hillmen, a race of fine natural gifts and some primitive virtues, but at present a scourge to the country.

Each of these elements, to which one might add the Turkish, that is, the Mohammedan part of the population (small in the rural districts) is hostile to each of the others. The Vlachs are indeed too few and too backward to be of much account. But the Bulgarian is hated by the Servian, and still more bitterly hated by the Greek. The Servian and the Greek are less in contact, but love each other no better. The Albanian is impartial in his desire to rob and murder all three sets of Christians. Between the three Christian races there is no difference of creed, and practically none of ritual; for, though they belong to different ecclesiastical organizations, they are all members of the Orthodox Church of the East. Their antagonism is due to political rivalry. Each looks back to an Empire of the Middle Ages, the Bulgarians to the Tsar Simeon and the two Asëns, the Servians to the great days of Stephen

Dushan, the Greeks to the East Roman Empire, which had its seat at Constantinople. Each aspires to make itself the ruling race, and renew the long-faded glories of its remote past. The Greeks are less sanguine than they were thirty years ago of creating an Empire, which shall rule Thrace as well as Greece from the Bosphorus. But they still dread the rise of the Slav power, which would take from them lands they deem debatable, and in which they form the most cultivated element.

Each of these nationalities uses its churches and its schools as means of a racial and political propaganda. Each finds in an existing State that nucleus for an extended kingdom which Italy found in Piedmont, and Germany found in Prussia. The Servians in Macedonia have the sympathy and may have the armed help, of their brethren in Servia, in seeking to expand the Servian kingdom. The Bulgarians of Macedonia have a similar and more energetic support from the Bulgarians of the Principality; and the Greeks of the Greek kingdom would, it is to be feared, rather see Macedonia Turkish, than see it either Servian or Bulgarian, because in the latter case the chances of the northward extension of Greece would be greatly reduced. It might seem natural to reconcile these conflicting claims by a partition of Macedonian territory between the three Christian elements. But, unluckily, none of these three elements is in the occupation of a well-defined or definable region. Over considerable districts Servians are mixed with Bulgarians, over other districts Bulgarians are mixed with Greeks, nor is any race disposed to make a friendly compromise with any of the others.

These ethnological data need to be stated, in order that the conditions of the problem to be ultimately solved

may be understood. But they do not constitute the immediate problem. They are not the cause of the present miseries and the present dangers. It suits the cynical politicians who would leave the Turks to carry out their programme of massacre and rapine, to put the discords of the Christian races in the foreground of the picture. But the real evil, the horrible reality which overshadows everything else, is the incurable misgovernment of the country, a misgovernment which is the result, not of stupidity or carelessness, but of a deliberate purpose to plunder the tillers of the soil for the benefit of a handful of landlords, tax-gatherers, and officials, coupled with the contempt of the armed Musulman for the defenceless Christian. There is no need to describe the forms which this misrule takes. They have been described over and over again during the last thirty years. They are substantially the same wherever in the Turkish empire there is a Christian population. They have been well sketched, as respects Macedonia, by Dr. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*, and by Mr. H. N. Brailsford in the *Fortnightly Review* for September. From the latter writer I take a sentence or two, which supplement the accounts that may be found in the British Consular Reports, not but what those Reports (which hardly any one reads) contain more than enough to show how shocking the situation is.

The Consuls hear nothing of these little village tragedies,—the stolen sheep-skin coat, the hamstring ox, the shady tree cut down, the watercourse diverted, the wife insulted and, it may be, violated, while the husband is in the field. They go on unmarked from day to day, and it is only when one sits down at leisure in a peasant hut, and overcomes

the shyness and suspicions of the owner, that one hears of them at all. They are neither interesting nor sensational, but it is this daily domestic oppression, much more than the startling and wholesale outrages, that has ground down the peasantry of Macedonia, crushed its spirit, its intelligence, its humanity, and made it what it is to-day—a maddened race of slaves, which is ready at length to commit any crime, to suffer any torture, if only it may be rid of the little tyrants of its fields, who eat its bread, consume its labor, and destroy its soul. No one of the Christian races which threw off the Turkish yoke in the course of the nineteenth century, has had quite so ample a justification for revolt as this Macedonian peasantry.

Justification, indeed! All the subject populations of Turkey have, for centuries past, had ample justification for revolt. Half of what is contained in the narratives of travellers, and in the Consular Reports, is enough to prove that; and the races which have suffered most are those which have remained longest under the yoke, because the completeness of their misery has left them least able to free themselves by arms. Yet the Prime Minister of England was ignorant enough, or thoughtless enough, to go out of his way, a few weeks ago, to declare in Parliament that, in the rebellion that has broken out, "the balance of criminality was on the side of the insurgents."¹ True it is that some of the insurgent bands have done shocking things. But the cruelties perpetrated by the Turkish troops and officials, and that not only now, but during the many years of oppression that have provoked rebellion, have been far vaster in scale, as well as more wanton and atrocious, than can be laid at the doors of the insurrec-

¹ This unhappy phrase soon found its punishment, for the British Ambassador at Constantinople was presently directed to explain that it had not been intended to exonerate the Turks, but had been used solely for the purposes of

"esoteric parliamentary debate." In point of fact, it was needless for the purposes of debate, since no speaker had either attacked the Ministry, or attempted to adjust the balance of criminality.

tionary bands. Difficult as it has been to obtain trustworthy information of what has been passing since June last, there can be little doubt that, under Turkish orders, many thousands of innocent peasants, women and children as well as men, Greeks and Vlachs as well as Bulgarians, have, within the last few weeks, been slaughtered, hundreds of villages inhabited by non-combatants wilfully burned. The evidence given by the correspondents of the English papers, and particularly by the very capable correspondents of the *Times*, is conclusive. Should things go on during the next few months as they have during the last three, large part of Macedonia will be turned into a desert.

To all present appearances, things will go on as they have been going on. The revolutionaries are numerous and desperate, and the Bulgarian Principality will probably be drawn into the conflict by the feelings of a people who see their kinsfolk perishing. But the Turks have an enormous preponderance of force, and, being entirely reckless of consequences, may succeed in stamping out the insurrection, and with it great part of the population.

Can nothing then be done? Is the civilized West to look on as an indifferent spectator from week to week, and month to month, while atrocities continue, not less hideous than those the mere recital of which, long after they had happened, roused England to indignation in 1876?

Let us distinguish two questions, the second of which, though far more difficult than the first, is far less urgent. The first is, How can the slaughter be stopped, and a scheme devised which may secure the country some respite from its miseries? The second is, What shall be the ultimate political settlement of the conflicting claims

of the several races that occupy Macedonia, and of the two Great Powers that stand behind?

I. The one thing which is perfectly clear is, that the direct rule of the Turk must cease. The "bag and baggage" policy which Mr. Gladstone urged (and which he was attacked for urging), in 1876, the policy of getting the Turks out of the country altogether, was adopted for Bulgaria in 1878. It saved Bulgaria, whose peasantry have since then lived in peace and order. It was adopted for Eastern Rumelia, and it saved Eastern Rumelia. It has been adopted for Crete, and under it Crete is quiet. Nothing less will serve now. No paper reforms, no scheme, like that which the Turks, with suspicious readiness, accepted last Spring—for the appointment of an Ottoman official, taking his orders from Constantinople, to improve the local administration with the aid of a few European officers,—will be of the slightest use. All Turkish intervention, whether military or civil, must be ended, and control be placed in the hands of an European Governor, neither appointed by nor responsible to the Turks, who shall have command of an efficient gendarmerie, and of revenue sufficient to maintain it. The nominal suzerainty of the Sultan may remain. Any balance of revenue, over and above that which the needs of Macedonia require, may be remitted to him as tribute. If these concessions facilitate a settlement, let them be made. But the vital thing is to secure a complete deliverance from the *zaptieh*, from the tithe-farmer, from the rapacious official, from the troops who will not or cannot be restrained from outrage and murder.

It is not a question of Christian *versus* Musulman, for the Musulman will benefit, scarcely less than the Christian, from the substitution of

some civilized government for organized robbery.

If the Powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, or the two Powers in particular which, being nearest, are deemed to be chiefly concerned, desire to preserve the territorial *status quo* so far as titular sovereignty is concerned, and to reserve for the future the ultimate disposition of these regions, this is the quickest and simplest course to adopt. The Turk could not dream of resisting what the Powers, or even any two of the Powers, agreed in demanding; and no one will allege at this time of day that he has any rights that deserve to be regarded. He always has submitted when two or three Powers have conveyed their decision to him. He submitted in the Lebanon, in Eastern Rumelia, in Crete, and more than once where Greece was concerned.

Such an emancipation of Macedonia from the government to which her wretchedness is due, is all that need be pressed for at the present. It would stop murder and pillage. It would enable the villagers to return to their desolated homes, and resume the cultivation of their fields. It would, if the ruling hand were firm, impose a restraint on the rival racial propagandas, and it would remove, or at least postpone, the danger of a collision between the Great Powers who think their own interests involved.

Every one knows—none better than the Turks themselves—that Turkish rule in these provinces must before long come to its end. Why protract their agony now, when the cup of their misery has been filled to overflowing?

II. As for the more distant future of the country, that depends in the first instance upon the policies of Russia and of Austria. Assuming that those Powers would refrain from partitioning Macedonia between them—

and neither seems at present to contemplate such a step—there are two obvious courses open. One is, to allot to Bulgaria those districts which have a preponderatingly Bulgarian population; to Servia, those parts which are practically Servian by race; to Greece, a part of the south-west where the Greek element is influential, either entrusting Italy with a protectorate over Albania, or leaving it to itself, while establishing a strong line of frontier posts along its border to protect the villagers of the plains. The difficulties of delimitation (as has been indicated a few pages back) would be great, yet not insuperable; and although a Musulman minority would remain, especially in the towns, it must be remembered that Musulmans do not suffer under Christian rule, as the experience of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, and Crete, not to speak of Bosnia, has sufficiently proved.

The other course is, to turn Macedonia into an autonomous Principality, under a ruler approved by the Powers, who may, if so desired, own the Sultan as suzerain (as Bulgaria does now), establishing, when the fitting moment arrives, a constitution, similar to those which Roumania and Bulgaria have found it possible to work with a fair measure of success. Something may be said for each of these plans, but it is not necessary at present to decide between them, for the urgent and the indispensable task of the moment is to arrest the strife that is now proceeding, not, as some foreign cynics have suggested, by letting the Turk complete the work of extermination—for this is what "the suppression of rebellion" means—but by removing the causes which have made rebellion the only remedy for intolerable sufferings.

What is the duty of England? What help can she render? Her duty is undeniable, for it is chiefly through her

action in 1878 that these horrors exist in 1903. Painful as this fact is, it must be dwelt upon again and again; for it is the fact which makes the call of duty peremptory. But for the demand made by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and conceded at the Congress of Berlin, nearly all Macedonia would for the last quarter of a century have been a part of the Bulgarian Principality. Her people would have dwelt in peace; and the many thousands of innocent peasants, men, women and children, who have perished during the last six months, would now be living. Was there ever a blunder that had more dismal consequences, or that more clearly imposed on the nation answerable for it the duty of trying, so far as is still possible, to retrieve it?

Unhappily, it is harder to do good in 1903 than it was to do evil in 1878. The influence of England in the Near East has waned; and the predominant voice in the determination of the course of events in European Turkey now belongs to the two great military Powers whose dominions lie near that region. Whether isolated naval action by England would avail to save the Macedonians, is a question which need not at this moment be discussed. Such forcible action can hardly be expected from a Ministry which lacked the nerve to employ it in the autumn of 1895, when (as those who have the best right to know have stated) it would have succeeded in stopping the Armenian massacres. But the path of diplomatic action at least is open. What part the British Ministry have taken up to now in the dealings of the Powers with this matter, remains dark; for they have refused to tell Parliament anything.² It may be feared—it is indeed commonly believed—that they

have merely declared their acquiescence in whatever Russia and Austria have proposed, or have failed to propose. The time has surely come for taking a bolder line; and, believing that English opinion will support the Ministry that takes it, one may venture to hope that it will speedily be taken. There is reason to think that both France (however closely connected with Russia she feels herself to be) and Italy, in both of which countries public sentiment has been deeply stirred, would join England in urging the other Powers that signed the Treaty of Berlin to require the Turks at once to withdraw from Macedonia, and leave it to be administered under a scheme such as has been already sketched out. The peril is imminent, for Bulgaria may be at any moment drawn into the conflict; and every day sees hundreds of non-combatants slaughtered, women violated, villages destroyed, and the area of ruin extended. No one is entitled to suppose that Austria and Russia, callous as their policy has seemed to be during the last few months, will refuse to accede to such a proposal, coming from a Power which has the fullest right to make it, and has no selfish interest to serve. If they do refuse, on them let the guilt rest.

Be the result of her efforts what it may, England at least is bound to do her best to serve the interests of humanity—interests which seem to be so much less regarded in our days than they were forty years ago. Let England at least clear herself from the disgrace of having stood coldly or timorously by, while horrors, unexampled even in the East, are being perpetrated, a country devastated, a people blotted out.

James Bryce.

The Independent Review.

² When I thrice interrogated them on the subject, no information was given in reply.

MR. KIPLING AS POET AND PROPHET.*

The author of "The Islander," "The Lesson," "The Absent-Minded Beggar," "The Old Issue," and similar compositions, comes before the world principally as a prophet. These works may be taken as successful examples (like the laureate's "Jameson's Ride") of the art of giving concentrated voice to a popular sentiment, in a form which adapts itself readily to recitation in the music halls and other local centres of emotion. But behind the prophet still lurks the poet who wrote "Danny Deever," "Kabul River," "Mandalay," the "Ballad of East and West," and "The Flag of England"; and in a literary review one may be pardoned for dealing first with Mr. Kipling in his less obvious capacity. It is sad to record that the volume before us opens with a disappointment.

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous surges?
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve
as the star-stabbing bowsprit
emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and
the ridged, roaring sapphire there-
under—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaw and the
headsail's low-volleying thunder—

His Sea in each wonder the same—his
Sea and the same through each
wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?
So and no otherwise—so and no other-
wise hillmen desire their Hills.

There are four of these stanzas, each similar in form, and the whole is called "The Sea and the Hills." But, although the poem does well for the heading to a chapter in "Kim," where the context supplies a link, taken in itself the refrain is simply an irrelevance. If a man is going to write a

* The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. Methuen. 6s.

poem about the sea, he has no business to intrude upon us at the end of each verse a thought in no way related or led up to. The fault is simply damning, and if the refrain were as good in form as it is slovenly, the verses would still have to be ruled out. Moreover, in the third verse what is meant by this?—

White water half guessed overside, and
the moon breaking timely to bear
it.

It is hard to have patience with a man who will spoil work so fine as that in the first four lines of our quotation. But Mr. Kipling, who has trodden the easy ways of prophecy, knows that in an "Absent-Minded Beggar" ode anything will do, and does not hesitate at the conclusion that, even when he writes poetry, the public will not inquire too curiously into his grammar or sense. It is a deal easier to write offhand—

And our bullies close in *for to make*
him good prize

or—

The bitter salt spin-drift; the sun glare
likewise

than laboriously to find the word which will fill the space in metre or the gap in rhyme and yet keep the desired tone. Nevertheless, the prophet does not always usurp. "The Bell Buoy" and "White Horses" seem to me worthy of a place with Mr. Kipling's best work; and there is fine writing in the commemorative lines on Joubert (though a Boer would probably say that Joubert's "name will pass from sire to son" with that of Buller), in "The Settler," and in the "Young

Queen," an ode on the Federation of Australia. In a different and higher class rank "The Burial" (lines on the tomb of Cecil Rhodes), and, of course, "Recessional," which comes at the close of the volume. That was written in 1897. It is melancholy to think that the man who wrote it should be capable now of publishing, not merely such doggerel as "The Lesson" (doggerel has a justification in its appeal to those who will read nothing else), but such wordy and ungrammatical bombast as "The Reformers." Here is how Mr. Kipling says that it is well for a rich young man to volunteer for military service—

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sheer sufficing circumstance—
Whose gospel was the apparelled
thought,
Whose gods were Luxury and
Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul.

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen or unseen, that touch our peace.

Remark in passing the last rhyme, which, bad as it is, is made worse by the unspeakable bathos of the words "that touch our peace." If we are to have rhetoric, let us at least get it good.

To turn to the prophet. Mr. Kipling starts with the faith that war is not only necessary but desirable as a factor in national existence. That is perhaps a questionable faith, but it is one which the writer of this review happens to share. Yet to hold this doctrine is one thing, to gloat over

the mere business of destruction is another. Mr. Kipling's poem "The Destroyers" (one of the best written things in the volume), which describes how an English torpedo-boat attacks and shatters a hostile convoy, recalls disagreeably the jubilant forecasts in the English press of what lyddite was going to do, or of the work which cavalry would make among the Boers. Verses in this tone come ill from the author of "Recessional." Mr. Kipling, however, would doubtless urge that this poem is a mere piece of byplay—a concession to that impulse which makes the small street boy delight to carry a pistol—and sets us imagining what we as a nation *could* do with the weapons we have in our pocket. (*Qui nolunt occidere quemquam posse volunt*). He would probably say that the poems by which he should be judged are those which glorify the martial spirit and inculcate the soldierly qualities. Let us consider how he does it. He is very angry with his countrymen because they "grudge a year of service to the lordliest life on earth." Now, does Mr. Kipling seriously mean to assert that the year which any soldier has to spend "in learning his trade, parade," is a lordly life? If he does, any conscript in any European army, or (nearer home) any gentleman ranker of his acquaintance will contradict him flatly. A soldier's life is lordly, if ever, only when he gets his chance to put training to the proof—and that doubtless is what Mr. Kipling means. He resents the slowness of his countrymen to fit themselves for this privilege, and the slackness of their response when the opportunity of real fighting offered. In the pinch, as he says, they "fawned on the younger nations for men who could shoot and ride." If a pro-Boer had written this, what names he would have been called! And even a pro-Boer may be allowed to hint that Mr. Kipling is less than fair to the English.

If invasion of England actually threatened there would be no want, I think, of volunteers. It is easy to say that this would be late, but General Grant in the American War was asked how long at a pinch it took to make an infantryman, and he answered, "About a week." And at present the average Englishman does not contemplate invasion as a serious possibility. Mr. Kipling would urge that an invasion of Natal was the same thing, morally speaking, as a landing in Kent; but it is obvious that his countrymen did not feel it to be so. And further, there was a very marked difference in men's willingness to come forward between the days when the war had a defensive character and the later time, when it became undisguisedly a war of conquest and annexation. This is a distinction which Mr. Kipling does not seem to understand, but nevertheless it lies deep. Englishmen may reasonably hope that they would fight to defend their liberty, as the Boers did, to a man. They do not all learn the use of arms as Frenchmen or Germans do, because they do not, like Frenchmen and Germans, feel it necessary for the defence of their country. But Mr. Kipling wants Englishmen to show self-sacrifice, not for the maintenance of liberty but for the aggrandizement of empire. Now I confess that my zeal for the soldierly qualities depends a good deal on the cause in which they are displayed.

But there is one thing quite obvious. Mr. Kipling may be entitled to blame his countrymen for not turning out in full strength as did that "little people, few but apt in the field." He has, however, no right to find fault, if under South African conditions one Boer was worth several Englishmen. You cannot breed cowboys in Kent or mounted infantry in Manchester. And frankly, if I were a modern Englishman—that is to say congenitally and

by preference a town dweller—I should rather resent Mr. Kipling's contempt for the "street bred people." Is, after all, the man of the veldt—whether Boer or Colonist—superior, say, to the Sunderland artisan? The assumption that he is underlies the writings not only of Mr. Kipling, but of a host of lesser prophets. Yet it does not follow that a man who lives in a big space is bound to have a big soul—or even a big body.

Speaking as an outsider, I find it easier to admire the patriotism of Tennyson, which delighted to glorify the traditional qualities of Englishmen—a great love of personal independence, a prepossession in favor of liberty for others—than to sympathize with Mr. Kipling's imperialist sentiment, which desires apparently to see every good Englishman engaged in the business of governing some one who is not English, and thereby liberated from the stunting circumstances of English life. The Englishman whom he holds up to glory is the Englishman anywhere out of England. Such Englishmen as are misguided enough to remain are in duty bound to shake off that stolid composure and self-satisfaction (which many of us have thought to be England's best asset) and live so far as possible in a perpetual panic. The whole thing seems to me part of a disposition to substitute bigness for greatness.

In the meantime, actual war seems (as usual) a poor inspiration (Æschylus was the only man who ever wrote real poetry about contemporary war) and the "Service Songs" in this volume are none of them so good as, for instance, the ballad of "The Grand Trunk Road." "The Dirge of Dead Sisters" is better than these laborious exercises in a dialect where cockney slang is overlaid with purple patches; and much better is "Bridge Guard in the Karroo." But what madness in-

duced Mr. Kipling to include the verses which he calls (most inaptly, by the way) "*Et Dona Ferentes?*" They would do well enough in an undergraduates' journal at Oxford or Cambridge, or for that matter in any not too literary newspaper. However, as they are there, one may observe that the refrain, "But oh! beware, my country when my country grows polite," suggests a

The Pilot.

reason why England's authority does not stand to-day, perhaps, at its highest point. One thinks of all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches and the English press before the war, or, indeed, of Mr. Kipling's own much applauded line "Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled," which described those who were not yet the enemy.

Stephen Gwynn.

AN EDUCATIONAL CONCORDAT.

The history of education in this England of ours is an extraordinary one, and, like *Paradise Lost*, proves nothing, though it illustrates, admirably enough, man's fallen state. The old common law, which is still our best inheritance, and (what is left of it) our noblest contribution to the civilization of the West, was sound as a bell on the subject of education—sound, that is to say, so far as it went. By the common law every free person had an unlimited right to education, though children born in villeinage could not be educated without the consent of their feudal lords. It has been suggested to me, in private conversation, by a conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, that, inasmuch as servile tenures have never been abolished by statute, the child of a copyholder even to this day has no right to receive education without the consent of the Lord of the Manor. But as this point was not taken in the House of Commons it is not likely there is anything in it.

By 7 Henry IV. c. 17 (1406), it was expressly enacted that "every man or woman of what state or condition that he be" (this language would by itself be enough to destroy the contention of

the conveyancer, but for the fact that the statute now being cited was repealed in 1863) "shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any school that pleaseth them within the realm." This bold statute, though it did not apply to Lollards, the only then known form of Dissent, displeased the clergy, always prone to consider education as their *annexe*, and many efforts were made to obtain its repeal or modification, but unsuccessfully. Four years later, in 1410, it was held, in the *Gloucester Grammar School* case (Year Book Henry IV., p. 4), "to be contrary to reason that a master could be disturbed from holding school where he pleased, save in the case of a University, Corporation, or a school of ancient foundation." Mr. Justice Hill declared that "to teach youth is a virtuous and charitable thing to do, helpful to the people, for which a master cannot be punished by our law."

This was the state of the law until we reach the disquieting and uncomfortable times of

the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.

Henry VIII. was the most highly edu-

cated man (unless indeed Mr. Lowe could dispute the title with him) who has ever played the part of President of the Board of Education, and he, instead of a Code, set forth a Grammar, to be used by all schoolmasters and teachers throughout the land; thus for the first time forging a link between the Crown and the elementary schools of the country.

Tests for teachers began in Elizabethan days, when the oaths, both of supremacy and allegiance, were required to be taken by all schoolmasters and public and private teachers of children. Nor did they stop here—nor could they have done, for we have now reached the time of a "Religion" (Church of Englandism) *by law established*. Acts of Parliament now required that every schoolmaster employed by any person or persons, body politic or corporation, should attend the Church services with regularity, and teach "the established religion." The Privy Council instituted a searching inquiry as to the "backwardness" of schoolmasters in teaching the "religion now established by the laws of the realm." No case, however, arose for "passive resistance" on the part of the public, since no rate or tax was raised for the cost of education.

The bishop first appears on this scene in the reign of James I., when it was provided by statute that no person should keep a school or be a schoolmaster, "except he were licensed by the bishop."

This is the high-water mark of Anglicanism.

It would be unfair not to add, that the toleration of the common law which we have seen destroyed by statute, was more apparent than real. As soon as the Lollards, our first Dissenters, appeared, toleration disappeared. To have expected Queen Elizabeth to allow a Popish recusant to keep a school would have been unreasonable.

Her age was not an age of religion, but of religious differences. It is an atmosphere familiar to all of us, and still congenial to many.

Archbishop Laud had things his own way in education for a while (and it would be wicked to deny his genuine love of letters), and then came the swing of the pendulum. The Puritans carried the country, not by leaflets and public meetings, but by hard fighting on many a stricken field.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:

Hark! Hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys—

Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Neither "Brave Oliver" nor his Parliaments were minded to leave the education of the young in the hands of "scandalous" schoolmasters; and commissioners were appointed personally to examine both ministers and schoolmasters as to "ignorance or insufficiency," and to eject those who failed to pass this examination, allowing the ejected ones, if they went peacefully away, a fifth of their year's income. No ejected schoolmaster was allowed to set up a school in the place from whence he had been ejected. Parliament did not hesitate to define what it meant by "scandalous." A scandalous schoolmaster was not only the holder of "blasphemous and atheistical opinions," a curser and swearer, a Papist, an adulterer, a drunkard, a dicer, a breaker of the Sabbath-day, but also "such as have publicly and frequently read or used the Common Prayer Book," or reviled "the strict profession or professors of Religion, or Godliness," or "have declared or shall declare by writing, preaching, or otherwise publishing, their disaffection to the present Government." The same Act of Parliament (1654, ch. 45) pro-

vided that ministers and schoolmasters should keep the chancels, churchyards, and schools in as "good and sufficient repair" as the same buildings were "at the time of their being placed therein."

The schools referred to in this Cromwellian legislation were the endowed schools, but it may safely be assumed that, during the Puritan supremacy, as during the Anglican supremacy, severe tests of "conformity" were exacted from all schoolmasters and teachers. But no taxes were levied to maintain schools or to provide education for the poor.

When King Charles came back to his own, his Church "as by law established" returned with him, and, in the teeth of the monarch's pledged word, the Act of Uniformity was passed which (among other things) required every schoolmaster and tutor to subscribe the declaration of conformity to the Litany as by law established; and in 1665 the *Five Mile Act* expressly forbade any Nonconformist to teach in any public or private school.

The pendulum has swung back again; but a new spirit, or at any rate a new way of looking at things, is now beginning to be noticeable. A series of judicial decisions restricted ecclesiastical jurisdiction over education to grammar schools, and the bishop's license was declared unnecessary when the schoolmaster was the nominee of the founder or of a lay feoffee. Between the Bench and the Church there used always to be a healthy jealousy.

By a statute of Anne (13 Anne, c. 7, 1714), the teaching of reading, writing, arithmetic, and so much of mathematical learning as related to navigation, was freed from all restraints.

Protestant Dissenters, under the grudging provisions of the Toleration

Act, gradually became respectable and wealthy bodies. Some of their academies in different parts of the country were famous places. The greatest of all Anglican bishops, the celebrated Butler, was educated in a Dissenting College. From time to time, Acts of Parliament were passed in favor both of Dissenting and Catholic teachers, and by the middle of George the Third's reign it may fairly be said that, although excluded from the Universities and the old Endowed Schools, and still required to go to Church to be married, Protestant Dissenters were left alone to worship God as they chose, and to teach and to be taught (at their own charges) as best they might be.

There is matter for thought even in this brief retrospect, but I must leave it to take up another line.¹

Our old common law made for freedom rather than for what is now called culture. Whilst allowing anybody to teach, it did not require anybody to be taught. There was no duty on a parent, at common law, to educate his offspring in either sacred or profane learning. You had to feed your child, and clothe him according to your station; but more was not demanded of you. In the eye of the law, education was a charity; in the eye of the Church it was a religious duty. Every mass-priest was required, even in Anglo-Saxon times, to have a school in his house; whilst to found a grammar school has always been an act of charity, protected by the law, and supported by public opinion.

Contrast for a moment the different fortunes that have befallen these two central propositions of the common law on education—the freedom to teach and the freedom from being taught. The first had always to struggle for

¹ I take leave to refer to the admirable History of my friend Mr. Montmorency "State Intervention in English Education,

published at the Cambridge University Press. 1902.

existence; for long years it was in total abeyance; and eventually it was but grudgingly restored. But the second, the freedom from being taught, lifted unabashed its ignorant head right down the centuries until 1876, when for the first time education became compulsory. This duty was not, however, allowed long to weigh upon the light-hearted British parent, for, after twenty-five years, in 1901, education was made free, contrary to the opinion of the Prime Minister of the day, but in obedience to the advice of the party wire-puller, and in order to catch the agricultural laborer's vote at an impending General Election. The vote was not caught, but the children's pence remained abolished.

Had it not been for the enormous growth of the population, education would probably to this day have remained a matter of charity, or an affair of religion, and in no way have become a national obligation to be paid for out of the pockets of the tax and rate payer.

The eighteenth century is commonly abused, and yet it saw our Empire founded, whilst within its limit were written books which we are compelled to believe must outlive even that Empire. Mother-wit abounded on all sides. The great pioneer inventions which have altered the face of the earth, and revolutionized our trade and commerce, were made in the eighteenth century by imperfectly educated men. There were also eager students of the old learning in all classes of society. Poor scholars found their way to the Universities as sizars and servitors, and not infrequently rose to the highest places in the Church. Enthusiasms and sentimentalisms grew and flourished. Humanitarianism, a movement second only to Christianity in power and the subtlety of its personal influence, had its rise in the eighteenth century, and was powerfully aided and

abetted by a baser motive—that fear which has dwelt in the hearts of all Western rulers of men since the French Revolution. Our population was too big to be neglected any longer. Men's minds were moved by pity and by dread. Some loved the poor, others were beginning to be afraid of them. By the end of the eighteenth century the education of the people had become a problem.

It would be brutal to retell the weary tale of Bell and Lancaster, and of the monitorial system which was not even original, and half survives in our poor little pupil teachers. A word must, however, be allowed me of the British or Undenominational Schools, and the National or Church of England Schools. Both Societies were founded by religiously minded men—the British Schools taught elementary secular learning, and did their best to teach their pupils to fear God by keeping His Commandments as made known in the Bible; the National Schools taught the same profane things, and strove their hardest, to use their own words, "to educate the children of the poor in the principles of the Church of England." In the estimable writings of Miss Hannah More you can breathe afresh the atmosphere that created the National School, whilst in the not less estimable *Diaries and Correspondence of the Quaker savant* William Allen you can (if you will) breathe the atmosphere that created the British School. Both schools came very late in the day. As individual efforts they deserve praise; as national enterprises they were pitifully inadequate. The old dames' schools still live in literature and art, but after waging an unequal war with their new rivals, they gradually died out. In not a few of them the three R's were admirably taught.

All this time the population was increasing in geometrical progression.

The ignorance and heathendom of both the field-laborer and the factory hand were being made known to the idle classes through the agencies of novels, sermons and public meetings. Even Prime Ministers grew interested, and the Chancellors of the Exchequer, then unaccustomed to deal with hundreds of millions, partially relaxed their grip upon the public purse. Small, but ever-increasing grants for building and equipping schools were made out of the taxpayers' money to the two Societies; and every now and again some energetic bishop would secure for the Church of England a really fat contribution from public funds, to build Churches and Church schools in neglected districts.

Unhappily—but inevitably in a country like ours, in the matter of public elementary education—there was, almost from the first, rivalry between the Established Church and the Dissenting Bodies. If only there had been a State strong enough and wise enough, and sufficiently bent upon education as a great State aim, to bid both combatants "drop their swords and daggers," and to cease their brawling over the children of totally indifferent parents, until such time as secular education had been organized, endowed, and established, when their brawling might have begun again, all might have gone well. But no such State existed or exists. Educated men know a little about religious differences, and can at a pinch be persuaded that they really care about such differences; but about education apart from religious differences few either know or care. What makes the dispute all the more unreal is, that those who ought to be the chief (if not the only) disputants—the parents of the children who actually attend or ought to attend elementary schools—have never taken any part in the fray, either because they do not care, or because they are, perhaps,

wisely sceptical as to the value of that kind of religious teaching which is likely to be imparted in the secularized atmosphere of a Protestant school-house; whilst the actual antagonists have never been educational experts, but rival religionists, each striving to prevent the other from getting any ecclesiastical advantage.

This most unholy war condemned generations of English boys and girls to grow up in ignorance. For long years before 1870 it was known that the school accommodation in the country, urban and rural, was insufficient to provide sitting room for half the children who ought to have been in daily attendance. Ignorance grew apace. The voluntary system had broken down. Travellers from Switzerland and Germany, those distant lands, came home with strange tales of national education and crowded schoolrooms. Something had to be done, and at once, to purge a great nation of a national scandal. England must be educated. The cry becoming general, Churchmen and Dissenters alike cocked their ears suspiciously, and prepared for a big fight.

The fight came off in 1870, and resulted in a compromise, famous in its day, though not so lasting as the most famous of all compromises in English history—Archbishop Cranmer's. There are men still living who honestly regret the compromise of 1870. I am not one of them, for out of it sprang those Board schools, the best things that have happened to this country since the Reformation.

The Act of 1870 was frankly supplementary; its chief object being to make up the deficiency of school accommodation, by enacting that, wherever such deficiency was found to exist and to continue after notice, School Boards were to be elected which should proceed to establish a Board school or schools, to be built and maintained out

of a public rate to be levied expressly for that purpose.

The question whether this deficiency in fact existed was a Whitehall question, which was decided without any reference to religious differences. If in a particular neighborhood there was a Church of England school with sufficient room for the children of the neighborhood, there was then, in the opinion of Whitehall, no need for a Board school, and the fact, where it was a fact, that the parents of a majority of the children were Nonconformists, went for nothing. The conscience clause was supposed to be a sufficient protection. This clause provided that "any child may be withdrawn by his parent from any religious observance or instruction in religious subjects without forfeiting any of the other benefits of the school." Conscience clauses are now generally recognized to be wholly futile things. No child will endure being "withdrawn," and condemned to stand aside during any period of the day's instruction. Let him off attendance altogether during this period, and he will become an object of envy; but compel him to attend, and to stand apart, and straightway he becomes an object of derision to his school-fellows, and the helpless victim of the stupid sarcasms of his teachers. I speak with experience of both lots.

When the deficiency of accommodation was admitted and not made good, the School Board came into existence, and proceeded to provide, out of what envious Churchmen then called the "bottomless purse of the ratepayer," the Board school, to which the notorious Cowper-Temple clause applied: "No religious catechism or religious formula which is characteristic of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school."

The compromise of 1870 consisted in this. In the teeth of fierce Noncon-

formist opposition, the denominational schools, already in receipt of Government grants of public money, were allowed to become "public elementary schools within the meaning of the Act," and consequently were taken into account when the question of the deficiency of school accommodation was being considered. Nonconformist parents were, therefore, under the terms of this compromise, required to send their children to Church schools wherever it was unnecessary to establish Board schools, and to be satisfied with the protection of the conscience clause. But, as against this, the Nonconformists succeeded in keeping out of the rate-maintained schools all catechisms and denominational formulae.

On these terms England was allowed to be educated.

It was a fierce fight whilst it lasted, and its history, if recalled, will serve to measure the crushing character of the defeat which the Church of England was able to inflict upon Nonconformity last year. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and all stalwart Dissenters throughout the country, thought it a grievous thing that they should have been compelled to recognize sectarian schools, managed by sectarian managers, as part and parcel of a national system of education, so that the children of Nonconformist parents should in thousands of places be required to attend them. It was of course pointed out, that these schools belonged, both land and buildings, to the particular denomination that provided them, and that all the expense of keeping them open, over and above the Parliamentary grants earned by efficiency, and the children's pence (whilst that source of income existed), was made good by voluntary subscriptions. (Hence the inapt phrase, "voluntary schools.") But Dr. Dale and his friends refused to be comforted. Could that distin-

guished and pious man have been told in a vision of the night that his political ally Mr. Chamberlain would live to be a leading member of a Cabinet which would not only abolish the Birmingham School Board, but dump down all the voluntary schools upon the rates without altering their constitution, it is better only guessing the nature of his reflections.

One has only to take up and read Mr. Morley's fiery tractate, *National Education* (1873), to perceive, what apparently the Prime Minister and the bishops cannot do, that the Act of 1902 is the biggest slap in the face Dissent has received since the Restoration. The Act of 1870 was supposed to be the worst that could happen to Non-conformity! Little did Dissenters realize the force of the Tractarian movement at which they were then content to poke ministerial fun. Little did they dream of the success that awaited the "Counter-Reformation." The scales have now been torn from their eyes.

Looking back, it is easy to see how it happened.

Some enthusiasts, simple folk who cared about education, imagined that the Board schools would devour the Church schools. Board schools, so the argument ran, mean good buildings, ample playgrounds, proper class-rooms, all well equipped, competent and well-paid teachers glad to be quit of clerical espionage and the patronage of the parson's lady. Board schools meant all this, true enough—but they also meant school rates. Nobody likes rates, though even Lord Goschen does not know who pays them. Landlords, farmers, railway directors, shopkeepers, private residents, all hate rates just as much as if they all paid them. How much better to be generous, and subscribe two or even three guineas a year to the Voluntary school where the children are taught to be respectful to their betters, than to be obliged to pay

ten guineas a year for a nasty Board school.

Nor will it now be denied that Whitehall favored the Voluntary schools. It was almost impossible to get a Church of England inspector to condemn a Church of England school. Many a dirty, overcrowded, ill-equipped, insanitary building, was allowed to preserve its status as "a public elementary school within the meaning of the Act."

In addition to these considerations, it must always be admitted that, for the most part, the actual flesh-and-blood parents of the little Toms and Janes who attended school with greater or less regularity, were blankly indifferent whether their offspring went to a Board school or to a Voluntary school; and as for Tom and Jane, a school treat could always buy their innocent little votes.

But although the Voluntary schools were able, with these influences and backing behind them, to hold their own, they did so with great and increasing difficulty. They had to face a very real competition in the large towns. This competition was called by the good Churchman "the intolerable strain"; and the more he thought about it the more unfair did it seem to be. He had to pay for the Board school, when there was one, as a ratepayer, and at the same time to help to keep up the Voluntary school, as a Churchman. It was, so he declared, quite monstrous. He forgot that this was the compromise, under cover of which "his" school was allowed to become "a public elementary school within the meaning of the Act," and to be counted when the question of proper school accommodation was under consideration at Whitehall.

But the Church has powerful friends, and year by year greater demands were made upon the taxpayer; until at last, so successful were these raids upon the public purse, four-fifths at

least of the entire cost of teaching the children in the Voluntary schools came from Parliamentary grants.

What, it may well be asked, was Nonconformity about all these years? Why was this policy of "Nibble" allowed to proceed unchecked?

On this, two things may be said. *First*, Nonconformists are rarely in office, and it is never easy for men not in office successfully to resist a policy of "Nibble," pursued by an Established Church to which most influential persons and all "personages" belong. To resist such a constant pressure demands "eternal vigilance." *Second*, the split of 1886 took the fight out of Nonconformity for many a year. Home Rule for Ireland divided Dissent, as it did all other groups, into two hostile camps. Mr. Gladstone was grievously misinformed when told that the Nonconformists were all on his side. Too many people who have left off "Nonconforming" think they are still entitled to speak for Nonconformity, nor is it possible to gauge the spirit of a population scattered up and down the whole country by occasionally inviting half-a-dozen London ministers to breakfast, to admire your surroundings and listen to your table-talk. The dangers of Home Rule, real or imaginary, drove all other dangers out of thousands of Dissenting heads, and bit by bit the policy of "Nibble" made such a hole in the principle of "paying for your own religion," that it is not to be wondered at that the policy of "Grab" at last presented itself to the clerical party as quite feasible. The late Archbishop of Canterbury frankly admitted that he was amazed at the "progress" made in this direction. What is the difference, it was not impertinently asked, between ratepayers' money and taxpayers' money? If we can take the one and yet remain in control of our schools, why should we not take the other? The compromise of 1870 was

forgotten. The struggle which at last resulted in the recognition of the Voluntary schools as public elementary schools on certain terms became "ancient history," and Churchmen went about in entire good faith protesting that it was a gross injustice that one public elementary school should be on the rates, whilst another had to raise from volunteers a small sum every year to keep itself going. If reminded that this state of things resulted from a compromise by the terms of which in thousands of country places the children of Nonconformists are compelled to go to Church schools, either to receive instruction in "Church principles" or to be "withdrawn" from religious instruction altogether, the only answer usually forthcoming was, that this was an injustice, most regrettable, but apparently incurable.

Notwithstanding the enormous growth of Church power of late years, nothing but the Boer War and the shameless election of 1900 could have made the Act of 1902 possible. However, there it is, on the Statute-book; there also is its companion, the London Act of 1903. What is to be done with them?

"Leave them alone," say the bishops. "They do nobody any real harm. The opposition to them is but Dissenting sound and fury, signifying nothing. Our admirable magistrates are dealing with charming *brusquerie* with silly Passive Resisters, and our learned judges will know how to deal with recalcitrant county councils. After all, though Dissent is tolerated, we are the National Church, and the ratepayers ought to be, and probably are, greatly obliged to us, for allowing our schools, worth millions of money, to be used for the secular education of countless young schismatics, whose parents are guilty of the sin from which we pray to be delivered every day. Are the ratepayers prepared to buy us out? They will find our figure a high one."

Nor are the bishops, in speaking thus, speaking only for themselves. They have forces behind them. It is not easy to repeal Acts of Parliament in this country.

Nevertheless, the Nonconformists are a power no less than the Church, though not so influential in high places. They have got rid of their apathy, and are more numerous and better organized than ever. "Church principles," even when asserted in friendly terms, grow more and more repulsive to them every day. They cannot assent to these Acts, and, though *never* is a word seldom to be used, I am convinced they never will. As the Acts stand, they condemn Nonconformists for all time, to be content with a national arrangement that compels them to send their children to a Church of England school wherever there is no other, and requires them to contribute to the support of Church schools where no Nonconformist can be a head teacher, and where "Church principles" are taught, which Nonconformists believe to be false and harmful. It may be true that of late years the policy of "Nibble" had gone far; but between "Nibble" and "Grab" there is a difference, if it is only this—that whilst "Nibble" may lure you to sleep, "Grab" secures that you are aroused from your slumbers. Nor can it be disputed, that public control should usually accompany the grant of public money.

It is hopeless to expect peace if the *status quo* is to be preserved. Liberals must attempt something. But what?

In the first place, the present Government must be turned out. All will agree that if they are they will not be mourned. Suppose them gone. A Liberal Government, of a stalwart hue, must take up the seals of office. Suppose that done. A Bill must then be introduced and carried through the House of Commons, if not repealing, so far modifying the Acts of 1902 and 1903

as to place all public elementary schools in England and Wales under the control of some public authority, with the natural consequence, that all teacherships will be thrown open without any sectarian qualification. To do less than this would be to do nothing.

To do this would require a Parliamentary majority big enough to make the Government independent of the Irish vote, and of the votes coming from parts of the North of England. A majority big enough to do this might possibly be big enough to sterilize the House of Lords, and reduce to impotence the bench of bishops.

Let this majority be supposed. Up will crop the eternal question—what about religious teaching? Is education to be secular throughout? Is the English Bible to be excluded? Is nothing ever to be said again in any English elementary school of a Life hereafter or of Judgment to come? I should not care to fight an election on that issue.

Is the teaching to be "undenominational"? In practice this could be done, despite the impossibility of a definition. Were there no Roman Catholics and Neo-Catholics in the land, the thing could be done in the twinkling of a pig's whisker. Whenever I am asked what I mean by "Board-school Christianity," I have one reply: "Dr. Temple's Rugby sermons." Dogmas may be splendid things, but an ordinary British child between the ages of 6 and 14 has no mind for many of them. They are an after-acquired taste. A pious teacher in love with Christianity can implant in the youthful mind the seeds of that religion without travelling outside Board-school Christianity; for, though Board-school Christianity contains tremendous dogmas, they are not dogmas which Englishmen, as yet, have learnt to quarrel about. But it is no good! Catholics and Neo-Catholics won't hear about it. They too have consciences. When you

sympathize with the law, lawlessness is offensive. When you hate the law, you cannot hate the law-breaker.

The bishops are amazed that leading Liberals do not denounce the Passive Resisters, but will their lordships swear to observe reciprocity, and to reprimand any Churchman or woman who may hereafter decline to pay a school rate, levied under an Act of Parliament which applies a "Cowper-Temple" clause to all the public elementary schools? I doubt whether the bishops would promise to do more than pay their own rates, and it may be that some of them would refuse even to do that. There were once seven bishops sent to the Tower for disobeying the Lord's Anointed, to whom they owed the religious duty of "passive obedience." How did they excuse themselves? By the argument that, whilst they were bound by their faith never actively to resist the King, they were not bound to *do* everything he commanded, if they thought it wrong. Modern Nonconformists are not usually well read in non-juring literature; but if they were, they would find in the writings of the excellent Kettlewell their case admirably expounded.

It is a most dangerous position, full of strife and discord, and the loosening of the laws. Neither Church nor Dissent is strong enough to snub the other.

There is one safe way out, and one only. By compromise between the rival parties—who, be it always remembered, are neither of them the parties really concerned. How can a compromise be effected? We are told, on high authority, that it is idle to negotiate with anybody unless you have something to offer him in exchange for what you want from him. *Do ut des*, quotes our Birmingham-Bismarck. It is a wise maxim, borrowed from the Canonists, and therefore appropriate to our present needs.

What has Nonconformity got to offer the Church of England? But one thing—the "Cowper-Temple" clause. It will be hard to part with. It has cost Dissent dearly enough. It is all that is left of the compromise of 1870. The Church has gobbled up everything else. Still, there it remains to truck with. There are more than a million children of Church of England parentage under the operation of this clause, and so prevented from being instructed in "Church principles" in their day schools. It cannot be denied that a million children are worth considering. *Do ut des*. A few high-fliers may believe that some day the "Cowper-Temple" clause may be expunged without any price being paid. But that is hardly likely. The Act of 1902 is the high-water mark of Anglican influence in our generation.

What ought, or might, the Church party be willing to give in exchange for a right of entry into the old Board school—now the "provided" school? In order to teach "Church principles" to a million of children, they will surely give something. On the other hand, how little is Nonconformity prepared to take in exchange for its beloved "Cowper-Temple" clause.

Answering the last question first, I do not think there is a chance of persuading Nonconformists to part with the clause, unless their admitted grievance as to their children being compelled to attend Church of England and Roman Catholic schools is *completely* remedied, and this can only be by all elementary schools being placed under the control of the public local authority. Were this done, the other (and admitted) grievance of the Nonconformist would disappear, viz., the inability of teachers of his way of thinking to become head-teachers in one-half of the rate-maintained schools of the country. For many a long day to come it will be a disadvantage to

be a Nonconformist, if you want to get anything; but disadvantage is one thing, disability another.

Were any such compromise as this possible, the result would be, that religion could be taught in all the public elementary schools of the country.

The property question arises. It always does. The denominational schools are private property. If they are taken over by the country, they must be paid for. If the local authority can come to terms, either to rent or buy, well and good! If it cannot, it must either buy the old schools from their proprietors at a fair valuation to be fixed by some third party, or build new schools of its own. This will cost money—there is no way out of it.

There still remains the question as to the nature of the religion to be taught in all the schools. Here the parents really must, whether they like it or not, conquer their shyness, and, making their first appearance in this ancient and horrid controversy, tell us, when they send Tom and Jane to school, whether they wish them to receive any, and if any, what, religious instruction. There is no chance of the multiplication of strange parental religions. We are not an imaginative people. Jews, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Dissenters (in a lump), will usually exhaust the list. The great body of Dissenters will be found ready to accept the same broad, simple Bible-teaching which, for the most part, characterized Board School Christianity.

Unorthodox Dissenters and Agnostics seldom object to their children receiving ordinary religious school teaching, since they know they can always make their own opinions known to their children in private intercourse; but any parent who feels alarm can set his fears at rest, by letting his child run home at the end of the secular work.

In schools where the great majority of the children are all of the same way of parental thinking, things will go on just as they do now in denominational schools. At the close of the secular work, a small minority may either clatter off home, or into another place to receive their religious instruction. In a very short time, we should have heard the last of the religious difficulty in schools. The extra expense occasioned by religious teaching must be paid for by voluntary effort. Would it be absurd to expect the parents to subscribe? At all events, if they did not, other people would.

Compromises are never popular. We love to get the better of our opponent. The Churchman likes to think he has got "his" school upon the rates, and the Dissenter clings to his "Cowper-Temple" clause. It will be hard to persuade either to compromise. The ardent Dissenter "passively resists" in his hour of affliction. If the pendulum swings, the ardent Churchman will do his bit. The honors are easy.

The friends of compromise must appeal to the commonsense and sobriety of the English people. Why should we not provide a good sound secular education for the children of everybody who cares or is obliged to send his children to a public elementary school, and at the close of each day's secular work, for which alone the tax and rate payer will be responsible, allow the children to receive in the schoolhouse the religious instruction their parents desire them to have? Who then can complain? There will be no room for passive resistance on either side. Whoever is opposed to such a state of things must, as it seems to me, be prepared to admit, that he looks upon our national system of secular education as a means of propagating his own religious faith among a class of children he could not otherwise hope to reach.

If no such compromise is possible, the fight must continue, with consequences to the cause of religion which

some day will startle both Churchman and Dissenter.

Augustine Birrell.

The Independent Review.

RURAL TECHNIQUES.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished.

Sometimes, when one reads of technical education, or sees what is being done in provincial night schools by County Council Technical Education Committees, one begins to wonder whether our technical educators have ever given a thought to technique; or whether at least they can be aware how much technique the English have long practiced without their aid.

Over all the countryside, wherever one goes, indications of technique are visible to the seeing eye. By technique is meant an exercise of skill acquired by practice and directed to a well foreseen end. It is the name for the action of any of our powers after they have been so improved by training as to perform that action with certainty and success. This is the nature of technique; and, go where one will about the country, one can hardly escape the evidences of its abundant practice.

The metalled roads tell of it well. The deep-rutted by-roads, too, and the winding lanes, preserve through years of neglect the traces of technique in their hedgerows, however tangled; in their ditches, however choked. On the old ruinous field gate, with its lightly arched, tapering top-bar rudely carved on the under side against the tenon, the grey lichen cannot hide the signs

of a vitality more marvellous than its own—the intensified vitality of those skilled hands that shaped the timbers. The fields, newly ploughed in straight furrows, or with stubble in long rows, or green lines of wheat just appearing after snow; and the meadows, well rolled and level, or perhaps still wavy from long-forgotten ploughings; and the river banks; and the copses growing up on old “stamms”; and the woods, thinned out, and full of decayed stumps of felled trees, are all witnesses to the exercise of technical powers, just as are the tools, the farm implements, the wagons and carts, the very horses, and cattle, and sheep. Each detail of country life offers its convincing proof of skill to anyone who cares to look.

But it is in the nature of a technique (as every artist well knows) to be indescribable. No one who practices it can ever explain its essential mystery to one who is not acquainted with it by similar practice. An attentive student from the outside may track it very far, but not home. If he sees the fine results, and discriminates between them and the next finest, he is still unaware, except by inference, of the subtle vitality in the workman's hands which produced the especial fineness. The expert cricketer alone can truly appreciate the inner delicacies of cricket: the admiring onlooker who is not an expert misses what is most to be admired. And since there is this cryptic element in technique, imperceptible

to the uninitiated, the work of a true craftsman often looks so easy as to persuade an outsider that there is nothing in it. How should I know whether I can play the flute or not? I have never tried. How should we guess that a peasant's work is less simple than it appears? We have not given it a thought: we have been talking about technical education.

Yet the matter is one that would reward attention, and from several points of view. Besides the immediate interest that attaches to any form of dexterity, there are bound up with the skill of country laborers secondary interests enough to make it worth investigation. To begin with, an insight into it may enrich our own pleasure. The world has had a good deal of fun out of "Hodge," and a good deal of sweet food for spiritual pride in the comparison of its own learning with his "ignorance"; but a better pleasure than the old fun may be had from recognizing the peasant's accomplished efficiency, and a sweeter gratification than that of spiritual pride from the discovery of more merit in our race than our book-learning had led us to suspect. For our own immediate profit, therefore, it is well to know a little of what it is that peasants can do. Then, too, in the fact that commerce threatens to dispense with the skill of the English peasantry (so that it may actually be not worth the notice of technical educators) there is ground for taking another kind of interest—the antiquarian kind—in that skill. The traditional, and now vanishing, techniques of the country must some of them be inconceivably old. They must have been known to the Saxon pirates (not to mention the builders of Stonehenge and the men of the long-barrows—good at spade-work), and have been practiced diligently by those gentlemen when they settled down seriously to begin making the country what it is

now. The woodman's axe is implied in the Yule log, and the reaper's hook has its place in some of those harvest customs that fascinate the folk-lore student. And as the first English (from whom so much has come) must have been skilled country folk, so one cannot but feel at least an antiquary's regret at seeing their old and well-proved techniques at last going out of use. The vigor of the men who practiced them has been a stand-by, a kind of last national resource, for a very long time.

And this suggests a more vital interest attaching to the skill of country people. What influence the practice of technical gifts may have upon character is perhaps an open question, but farmers are everywhere asserting that the younger generation of laborers are as untrustworthy as they are unskilful. It is true that the farmer is a prejudiced witness, who finds fault as it were by tradition, and was lamenting even in Shakespeare's day "the ancient time, when service sweat for duty, not for meed," yet now it does really seem as though his accusations may have some ground in fact. Allied with this, there is that much regretted discontent with rural life which is emptying our villages and filling our towns. And though, of course, the causes of this discontent are originally and chiefly economic, yet a factor in the problem may very possibly be discovered in this: that to the villager the advantages of elementary education are not even a tolerable substitute for the old lost skill that made the days pleasant and won the approbation of all the neighbors.

That the old-fashioned men found an interest in one another's ability is beyond a doubt. One or two short fragments of conversation with laboring men, to be presently quoted, should be enough to establish that fact. As to the nicety of skill involved in the work

of laboring folk, that too might be inferred from their occasional talk; but after all, opportunities of hearing such things are not many, for the men are commonly too modest about their work, and too unconscious that it can interest an outsider, to dream of discussing it. What they have to say would not therefore by itself go far in demonstration of their acquirements in technique. Fortunately, for proof of that we are not dependent on talk. Besides talk there exists another kind of evidence open to every one's examination, and the technical skill exercised in country labors may be surely deduced from the aptness and singular beauty of sundry country tools.

The beauty of tools is not accidental but inherent and essential. The contours of a ship's sail bellying in the wind are not more inevitable, nor more graceful, than the curves of an adze-head or of a plough-share. Cast in iron or steel, the gracefulness of a plough-share is more indestructible than the metal, yet pliant (within the limits of its type) as a line of English blank verse. It changes for different soils; it is widened out or narrowed; it is deep-grooved or shallow; not because of caprice at the foundry or to satisfy an artistic fad, but to meet the technical demands of the expert ploughman. The most familiar example for beauty indicating subtle technique is supplied by the admired shape of boats, which however is so variable (the statement is made on the authority of an old coast-guardsmen) that the boat best adapted for one stretch of shore may be dangerous if not entirely useless at another stretch ten miles away. And as technique determines the design of a boat, or of a wagon, or of a plough-share, so it controls absolutely the fashioning of tools, and is responsible for any beauty of form they may possess. Of all tools, none of course is more exquisite than a fiddle-bow.

But the fiddle-bow never could have been perfected, because there would have been no call for its tapering delicacy, its calculated balance of lightness and strength, had not the violinist's technique reached such marvellous fineness of power. For it is the accomplished artist who is fastidious as to his tools; the bungling beginner can bungle with anything. The fiddle-bow, however, affords only one example of a rule which is equally well exemplified by many humbler tools. Quarryman's peck, coachman's whip, cricket-bat, fishing-rod, trowel, all have their intimate relation to the skill of those who use them; and like animals and plants adapting themselves each to its own place in the universal order, they attain to beauty by force of being fit. That law of adaptation which shapes the wings of a swallow and prescribes the poise and elegance of the branches of trees, is the same that demands symmetry in the corn-rick and convexity in the beer-barrel; and that, exerting itself with matchless precision through the trained senses of haymakers and woodmen, gives the final curve to the handles of their scythes and the shafts of their axes. Hence the beauty of a tool is an unfailing sign that in the proper handling of it technique is present.

Coming, then, from the tools in general to those more strictly associated with rural work, we find as it were midway between general and special use one which, connected as it with a perfectly well recognized form of skill, affords a convenient standard for estimating the degree of skill incidental to the use of other tools. The axe, as Walt Whitman says, has been the servant "of all great works on land and all great works on the sea"; and in our country-places it still serves, amongst others, woodmen in the forest, sawyers in the timber-yard, wheelwrights in their village workshops. For though

elsewhere axe-work may be giving place to machine-sawing and apprentices grow up unskilful in it, in villages far from machinery your wheelwright is helpless without his axe, and preserves faithfully the traditional technique of its use. Perhaps also he cherishes the traditional belief (which may be recommended to the attention of technical educators) that a wheelwright must first chop his knee at least five or six times before he can hope to become a master of his craft.

Be that as it may, in the manipulation of an axe—whether it is the mighty two-handed weapon of woodmen and sawyers or the lighter one of wheelwrights—there is one circumstance which makes the tool a pre-eminent example of the law by which beauty waits on technique. In the case of most other tools, from fiddle-bow to dung-prong, the part to be handled is adapted for a stationary grip, but the handle of an axe is required for a grip that may loosen for the swinging gesture, and sliding back swiftly down the shaft, tighten suddenly at the moment of impact into a clutch that is at once firm to check rebound and yet elastic to disperse the jar of the concussion. Consequently there is no part of an axe-shaft, from the wide end where it is wedged into the head to the other end which swells to prevent slipping, but has its necessary contour; and the whole handle, thus fitted so to speak to the clever motion of a man's trained hands, has taken the mould of that motion and exhibits it to our sight. In earlier days, not so long ago but that they can be remembered, but before commerce had dispensed so much as now with the technique of chopping, every worker in hard wood was wont to fit his own shaft into his own axe. The village wheelwright still does so, because there is no other than himself who knows so accurately what his individ-

ual needs are. And seeing that his needs are roughly those of all other men, the established type of the tool is never departed from. It is as indispensable as the sole to a shoe, or as the teeth to a comb. It began to acquire organic shape in the hands of the first primeval savage who lashed a stick to his chipped flint; and through all the thousands of years since then the skill of all woodmen has been moulding the form of the tool until it is impossible to conceive any real alteration in it. But the type is as plastic as it is immutable. The present writer once knew an old wheelwright who, being left-handed, gave such a "set" to his axe-shafts that no other skilled workman could work with them; yet their refinement on the type was so nice that apprentice boys never perceived anything unusual in the tools, until the peculiarity of them was pointed out.

In singular contrast with the axe, which ever suggests the cunning of the individual workman, as the scythe, in whose comely lines the cleverness of the whole race of mowers, rather than supreme individual skill, is recorded. The reader is not to imagine here that there is no technique in mowing, or that a scythe would be a safe plaything for students in night-schools; but only that the scythe, before it began to be discarded, had reached such perfection as to minimize the extent of skill demanded for its proper use. It had almost ceased to be a tool pure and simple; it had all but become an "implement," fit to produce its results even in the hands of men who scarce understood it. True it is that farmers nowadays, when occasionally they want mowers to make up for the deficiencies of machines, have some difficulty in finding men who can handle a scythe. Yet, while this proves that there is a technique to be acquired, on the other hand it must be remembered that no individ-

ual mower can ever have spent more than a few weeks in each year at work with a scythe, and that a few weeks in a year are not enough to allow of the acquisition of any elaborate technique. Consequently in the mower's action, which, so far as appears, is but one action repeated interminably, we must not expect to find all the technique for which the scythe has attained its wonderful shape. There is the undeniable beauty, but the explanation of it refers only a little to the men of our own time: It belongs much more to their unknown ancestors, far back through the generations. To understand the fitness of the tool one has first to realize the intention of it—how its curved shaft is a sort of hypotenuse to the right-angle formed by man and meadow, and then one must imagine (unless antiquaries can restore for us) the slow evolution of it from the first blade (of bronze it may have been) fastened to the end of a pole, up through all the improved forms to its perfected form, which was just reached when the mowing-machine arrived, and the experience of the centuries could be discarded. Realizing so the difficulties of mowing, and imagining so how they were gradually overcome, one pictures no individual, but generation after generation supplementing the imperfections of a tool by dogged traditional dexterity; and one sees how the task may have grown simpler to individual men, as the improved implement compensated for the shortness of time available for practicing the use of it. A very slight examination of a modern scythe is enough to convince one that much history is crystallized in its rare beauty. The original handle is no longer a handle; the handles now are two turned pegs, set in iron ring-sockets which are themselves suggestive of long evolution. Moreover, the sinuous shaft is not now what it was fifty years ago—

the nearest pole that the copse-cutter could find for the purpose—a sort of makeshift, in fact; it is now a shaft rounded and smoothed in a machine lathe, and bent by steam and pressure in a factory to the ideal curve desired by mowers for ages. Perfect scythe-handles might be had now by the thousand, for the type is found, and manufacturers could reproduce it for ever: but at this stage even the easier technique that would suffice for working the perfected tool seems likely to be quite superseded by machinery. Thus the scythe is less the minister to a modern technique than the embodied evidence of a technique soon to be forgotten. Before it is too late specimens should be collected for preservation in museums, where future generations, technically educated, might go on bank holidays and wonder why men ever devised such awkward looking tools.

The axe and the scythe tell their story of technique too plainly to be disbelieved; but evidence of practiced skill in the efficient handling of spades, and shovels, and hoes is not so easily to be deduced from the shape of those tools. They do not take the eye. Compared with the others they seem a despised race, as it were the ill-conditioned jackasses among tools, meriting and receiving scant consideration. Any treatment seems good enough for them: with sufficient stubbornness and brute force anybody might expect to make them go. No fascinating and romantic association of woodland or of meadow attracts affection to them: one looks upon them without sentiment; calls a spade a spade—if an epithet is added it is no endearing one—and discovers in them at best some rough fitness, but little or no beauty.

There may none the less be a beauty in these things that the book-learned have not learnt to see. A laborer, an old and experienced man, might be named here, who still treasures up a

hoe, long since worn out, because in its time it was "such a nice little hoe." The same man speaks with affectionate regret of a shovel he once owned: "The purtiest little shovel I ever had. Wore so nice and thin he was. I wouldn't have lost 'n for a crown. Many's wanted me to lend 'n to 'm, but I never would; but one day my brother-in-law got hold of 'n, and chinked out the edge of 'n, usin' him in some big stones." From this it would appear that an amateur's failure to discern beauty in such tools may prove little more than his own lack of discernment. Because its fitness is not truly understood, the shape of a spade or of a shovel goes unappreciated. In the action of a man digging—when he is following up his trench, and making of thrust and heave and renewed thrust one superb circulatory gesture, still progressing—the fine accomplishment is lost upon the onlooker. Given equal muscular strength, the onlooker does not see why he should be unable to do equally well. But there is more in it than a mere exertion of muscle: more than may be learnt from books or acquired by theorizing. The greatest intellect can furnish no substitute for the practised skill, the "knack," required even in an art so humble as that of digging. It is somewhere related of Emerson that, working in his garden, he was so clumsy that his son called out in dismay, "Take care, papa, you'll dig your foot!" One seems to see the awkward, all but impossible, frontal attack the philosopher must have been making on his soil. Another amateur—not to be named after Emerson, but very intimately known to the present writer—long harbored a delusion that he knew all about digging. His experience had been gained upon narrow garden borders. When he tried his hand upon a straightforward piece of a few rods, trenching deep and burying manure as

he went, the very soil proclaimed his incompetence. Here a ridge showed where he had worked too deeply; there a hollow bore witness to the opposite fault; for, from first to last his unpracticed senses had not perfectly apprehended either the length of his spade, or the resistance of the earth, or the weight of the successive spadefuls of it as he heaved them over. Worse still, there was something wrong—something elusive and incomprehensible—in the texture of the ground as he left it. It did not lie loose and friable as an expert would have made it do, inviting the chemistry of the air: it had a niggling look, and, in short, it explained with undisguised candor to this amateur that there were mysteries in the craft of digging only to be fathomed after much longer training than his had been. His acquaintance with books had not availed to supplement his ignorance of other things; for his senses had never been vitalized to that higher power whose action is called technique.

To the laborer already mentioned—that connoisseur of tools to whom spadefuls of earth are as words to the author, though unlike the author he never counts them—we are indebted for further evidence of the nice perceptive powers that a man must acquire for effective digging. The evidence, too, brings us a little nearer to the "points" in which the fitness, and perhaps the beauty, of spades and shovels should be looked for. The old man was talking of a spade that had been provided for him in somebody's garden: "*'Tis a spade!*" he jeered. "I expect they just sent to a shop for 'a spade,' and they got one! no mistake. Long, and straight, and heavy. . . . Now this little spade here," and he lifted the nearly new one he was using, "it's a very nice little spade. I chose 'n myself, out o' twenty or more they showed me at the shop. But he's

too thick. He wants usin' in sharp sand for a week or two, to make 'n thinner; and that 'd wear off his sharp corners, too, so's he'd enter the ground better. A spade's never no good till his corners is wore off. Same with a shovel. These navvies, when they buys a new shovel, very often they'll take 'n to the blacksmith's straight away, to have the corners chipped off. A blacksmith 'll do that for ye for nothin'—well, with his hard chisels it don't take 'n no time. And then just rub the corners smooth with a file. . . "

A more mysterious defect in this otherwise "nice little spade" seemed to be beyond correction, as it was also beyond the power of an inexperienced eye to discern. "It hadn't got quite a nice lift to it." Observing how the tree or handle, where it curved down taperingly into the iron socket, was much straighter than that of a shovel which stood near, the amateur supposed that it was there that the fault lay. But he was quite wrong. In that respect the tool was all that a spade should be. "'Tis here in the blade. 'Ten't quite hollow enough for liftin' the earth. Still, 'tis a purty little spade."

Groping thus to the truth of the matter, we may get further light on it by another consideration. We have seen how a scythe is fashioned to facilitate one definite movement, always in the same direction from right to left. (The work of a gang of mowers is like drill, every man's part fitting in with his neighbor's, so that it would be impossible for any one of them to be left-handed.) And we have seen that an axe, by slightest alteration of the shaft, may be fitted to either hand, but once fitted to that, cannot be changed to the other. And now in spades and shovels we reach the other extreme: from the symmetry of these tools the possibility is manifest of shifting them

from hand to hand, indifferently. It is a possibility which suggests that "right-handedness," dexterity, may be dispensed with, or that the untrained *gaucherie* of an amateur may suffice. Instead of the strict handling that has shaped the scythe, we have with tools of this family a semblance of freedom, too haphazard to have warped their balance into a specialized beauty.

Fortunately, there are other symmetrical tools, more familiar to the book-learned, to warn us against a false conclusion here. The skill necessary for using a steel pen or a dinner-knife with one hand is commonly too exigent to allow of its being acquired by the other, and the same truth holds good of shovels and spades and "spuds." If strength were all there is in it, one hand should be as ready for digging as the other; but the much-quoted laborer confesses, "With a shovel I can only use it one way—with my left hand down towards the ground. But that's the left-handed way. If you puts me on to t' t'other way, all I can do is to move a little sand or anything like that, what's on the level. I en't no good that way." "No good," because in this man's estimation the little he can do does not amount to shovelling. To see what shovelling may be, one should watch navvies excavating for a sewer. As the narrow trench deepens, you lose sight of the men, but the shovelfuls of earth come flying up orderly as ever on to the growing heaps at the side, two feet, three, four, five feet above the men's heads, never missing, never falling back nor thrown too far. This is the sort of shovelling that the old laboring man means he can only do in "the left-handed way."

Put side by side, a spade and a shovel exhibit differences as significant as is their family likeness. They are as cousins. Sprung obviously from the same ancestry, each has diverged from the original in its own way, and with

a reason for every modification. The reason, moreover, is the same as that which has fixed the shape of scythes, namely, to facilitate a difficult technical action. Nor is the type of shovel or spade any longer uncertain, albeit there are varieties of it. In the hands of generations of skilful laborers either tool has found its necessary definite form: the tree tapering not without grace into the appointed curve of the iron; the blade wide and thin and shapely. And the type is so nearly perfect that the predilections of individual workmen may be ignored. They are too insignificant to be worth the manufacturer's attention. If our old laborer's spade had not quite a nice lift, yet it was a pretty little spade. And it had been made in America—at Chicago—stamped out with thousands more which were all fit and saleable, because all conformed to the unchangeable type towards which skill was striving before America had been heard of. It is hard to conceive a stronger proof of the existence of technique in shovelling and digging.

Of the technique which goes with hoeing the evidence is delightfully different. Spades may be best made at Chicago or at Birmingham, because the unwieldy iron and steel of them can be more finely forged by steam-hammers than by the village smith. But a hoe, being smaller, lighter, altogether more manageable, may be made by any blacksmith worth his salt. Consequently, although machine-made hoes are to be had cheap at any ironmonger's shop, the hand-made article holds its own in the market. For it would appear that a hoe is a more delicate instrument than a casual observer might suppose. For instance, the tool with which one man may do excellent work does not always suit another equally capable man, even on the same soil, until the adjustment of the handle in the socket has been al-

tered. The soil, again, may necessitate a more radical change in the tool, beyond the hoer's power to effect; and this is where the local smith comes in, providing the hoe generally found most serviceable in his district. Not many years ago, the West Surrey laborer in want of a good hoe preferred one made by a certain blacksmith in Farnham, who knew better than can be known at Birmingham what was likely to be useful in his district. For wearing thin and true, and for convenient "set" at the neck, this man's hoes in his best days could not be surpassed; but at the present time the really desirable hoes for the same country come from a smithy at Milford, near Godalming. And these are so generally approved that farmers for miles round lay in a stock of them to sell to their men, who, veritable connoisseurs, will sooner pay their employer for a Milford hoe than go to a shop for a less useful though perhaps a cheaper tool. Yet near Aldershot, and therefore practically in the same neighborhood, there are places where the Milford hoe is found unsuitable to certain peculiarities of the soil, and in these places the preferred pattern is one obtained at Guildford. In view of all this, it cannot be necessary to insist further upon the fineness of the technique of hoeing. The fact that businesses thrive by supplying its demands places its existence beyond a doubt. Actually there is money in the recognition of it.

Indeed, in these local reputations for the make of certain tools we tap another source of evidence, if more evidence were needed, of the great technical accomplishments of our laboring folk. Though less often now than of old, yet still in sequestered villages, in workshops never heard of by technical educators, good workmen win, not to publicity perhaps, but to a curious fame amongst other working-men,

for their known ability in making beautiful or fit tools. The present writer remembers a blacksmith in a village too small to afford the man more than half a living, who earned the other half by "lining" or repointing with steel the pickaxes and digging-forks brought to him by outside appreciators. And we may recall the noted Pyecombe crooks, mentioned by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in "Rodney Stone." At one time, no South-Down shepherd felt himself properly equipped for his work without a crook from the Pyecombe smithy. Of course no one needs convincing that a shepherd's work is full of minute technicalities—we have read about them in Mr. Hardy's amongst other books: but the tale of human struggle and human skill suggested by a Pyecombe crook, polished bright as silver for a good reason, is one that would surpass all the art of fiction to tell. The temptation is great to go on and speak of a family of smiths, in a village no one ever heard of out of Surrey, whose edged-tools—axes, chisels, planes—were coveted thirty years ago by all wheelwrights and carpenters for miles round: or of a wheelwright not so very far from the same village, whose wagons to-day are in demand from Woking to the Isle of Wight.

Without, however, wandering so far from the peasant laborer, mention may yet be made of other essentially rustic occupations that have their full measure of mystery. Not to speak of sawyers who have almost disappeared before the steam saw—for their exhausting labor in couples impelled them to get drunk singly, and too often on alternate days, to the unbearable annoyance of their employers; or of threshers, whose winter employment has made way for the charms of the steam threshing-machine; or of thatchers, or harvesters, or brick-makers, or quarrymen, there are the "hedgers and

ditchers," whose work is not quite so simple as might be thought. Only the other day a farmer was complaining that, though he could find three months' work for a man at hedging and ditching, he could not find a man able to do the work, which, therefore, would have to be left undone. Again, there are the copse-cutters, too interesting to be quite passed over. According to an old farm-hand, "There's a great deal of art in copsin'. You gets so much a hundred for everything you can save; so a man got to keep his eye on what he got in his hand, to see what he can make of it. There's poles, and bow-shores, and shackles" (listen to the technical words—they relate to hurdle-making and sheep-folding), "and rods, and pea-sticks—everything before the bavin comes; and bavin is the last. You gets so much a hundred for 'em all, and if a man don't make the most of 'em, he may soon throw away a day's earnin'."

To finish, there is the ancient craft of charcoal-burning, carried on mysteriously in remote forest dells, and probably little changed in any of its details since the time of those men who once emerged so strangely from the depths of the New Forest into English history, to pick up the body of a king. In what follows—it is the substance of a conversation on the subject with an old laboring man—two points are worth observing: first, the laborer's interest in a technique admittedly outside his own province; and second, the curious way in which these more recedite traditional crafts grouped families together, linked the generations, and gave characteristics to whole villages. We had been speaking of a man who was "gone down Horsham way, burnin'," and soon it came out that this man's native place was a near village, where, a generation ago, half the people had the same surname as his, and all of that name were char-

coal-burners. "A rare payin' job," the laborer called it. He had "knowed old Jack say at the end of a season that he'd saved a tea-pot full o' sovereigns" from charcoal-burning. "One o' these brown tea-pots—you knows. 'Twas piece-work—so much a settin'. I remember once old So-and-So got me to go burnin' with 'n down at Culverley for a week. And we burnt six settin's that week. He got six or seven—seven or eight pound for it. He paid me thirty shillin's—me, a mere unskilled helper.

"It's night an' day work. You got to keep goin' round the fires at night, 'r else p'r'aps they'd blow or something go wrong." So, lest a wind should rise in the night—the softest breeze through the woods—and set the fire "blowing" or flaring, there must be watch kept, and a shovel handy for throwing up earth.

But it is not a job to be undertaken without training. The laborer continued, "I never knowed anybody but them of that name do it about here. Now and again one 'd go 'long with 'em, same as me that time; but that was only laborin'. There was old Rubber, we used to call 'n, what had a little hop-ground . . . he said one year he'd burn his charcoal hisself. He didn't see why he should pay they so much for doin' of it." Accordingly he started,

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but "Sonny —'s wife was goin' along by, and she says, 'There's something wrong with that pit. I en't a charcoal-burner,' she says, 'but I sleeps with one, and I knows enough to know there's something wrong.'" And sure enough, the unlucky Rubber's pit "blowed. Flames went up as high as your head," converting a good charcoal setting into a mere wasteful bonfire.

It is interesting to note the ignorance which "Sonny's wife" owned to, in spite of her exceptional opportunities for learning; but more interesting still is her partial initiation into the mysteries of the craft, obtained doubtless by practical experience "I've seen the wives out with their husbands," the laborer said, "wheelin' the timber to the pits;" and perhaps Sonny's wife had done a laborer's part in that way. At any rate, the burning pit, that gave no warning to the inexpert, had a message for her more practised senses, in whose increased vitality one perceives the beginnings of a technique.

Commenting on the hapless Rubber's misfortune, the laborer had one remark too sensible to be forgotten: indeed, it may be commended to technical educators as a maxim worthy of their consideration: "If you don't know what you be up to, you'll get wrong with it."

George Bourne.

LORD SALISBURY.

The late Marquess of Salisbury has been called, not very happily, the Last of the Tories. It might be nearer to truth to say that he was the Last of the Whigs. As we look back upon his career, we are reminded of those dignified aristocrats who ruled England

under the ægis of the "great houses," and from the vantage ground of a family "connection." He belongs to the line of the Savilles, the Pelhams, the Temples, the Rockinghams, the Greys, the Lansdownes, and the Russells, who were the members, as it seemed, by right

of birth and station, of a lofty governing oligarchy, which did much to justify its position by high talent, conscientious integrity, and an earnest sense of public responsibility. And it may be that this dynasty of *grands seigneurs*, who under one party name or the other have so often guided the destinies of the Empire, has come to its close with the first Prime Minister of King Edward's reign. It does not seem likely that the Premiership, unless the political complications of the immediate future should drift into that office the Duke of Devonshire or Earl Spencer, will ever again be held by a man without a great popular following, and without a genuine hold upon the imagination, or at any rate, the prejudices of the electorate.

Lord Salisbury did not attain to high office in virtue of such qualifications, any more than Melbourne, Aberdeen, and the fourteenth Earl of Derby; and like these earlier Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria's reign, he cannot be said to have been called to the supreme post by the verdict of "the People." The voice of the constituencies had not marked him out for election, when the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the activity of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the eclipse of Sir Stafford Northcote placed him in command of the Conservative camp. He had risen in the same way as the great aristocratic politicians, with whom in this respect he is compared. Introduced at an early age to the House of Commons, he gained a reputation in that assembly for capacity and knowledge of affairs. There are men—and it would be easy to point to examples in the present Legislature—who inspire the House with confidence and respect, though on the larger public outside they make very little impression. Lord Cranbourne, in the 'sixties, was one of these. To the shrewd observers of the London *salons* and political *coteries*,

it seemed natural enough that, at six-and-thirty, a still untried administrator, he should be asked to join the Derby Cabinet, with the portfolio of the India Office. The nation, the world outside this managing circle, acquiesced, as it always does, in the appointment of Cabinet Ministers, with which, after all, it has nothing to do. It acquiesced also in Lord Salisbury's advancement, in the course of the next few years, to still higher rank in the executive hierarchy, and watched him become in turn Special Envoy to Constantinople in 1876, Foreign Secretary in 1878, Plenipotentiary to the Berlin Congress, and eventually Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. But one may doubt whether the public at large really began to know him till he was pretty far down into his second Premiership. Perhaps even then they did not know him very well, though in his closing years he was the centre of such reverence and ungrudging regard as is given to few among our statesmen. The Lord of Hatfield, sitting aloof from the turmoil of parties, serene and massive, leaving the House of Commons to jangle, and the platforms to reverberate, while he swayed the balance of Britain's fate with a firm, unerring hand, he was an impressive figure; perhaps the most impressive in Europe since Bismarck. But he had never become interesting, as Mr. Gladstone was, and Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Chamberlain is, as Lord Rosebery might be, if he chose.

His last illness, his death, attracted singularly little attention, even in these journalistic days. The newspapers paid their perfunctory "tributes"; the public remained, I fear, indifferent. A few years ago a young poet and novelist, the writer of some stirring verses, some striking stories, fell ill at a New York hotel. The Anglo-Saxon world watched by his bedside. The cables throbbed with the latest news of his

sickness. Men asked each other in railway-carriages and tramcars how "he" was, and discussed the medical bulletins with unaffected concern. One did not detect any sign of this popular interest when Lord Salisbury was lying on his death-bed. They held a service in honor of Lord Salisbury on the last day of last month, and it passed almost unnoticed. There was no crowding, no throng of eager sight-seers, outside Westminster Abbey; a few policemen were dotted about the precincts, but they were scarcely needed. Indifferently the passers-by on foot, or on the roofs of omnibuses, turned their heads as the solemn note of the bell crossed the rattle of Victoria Street, and now and again some faint strain of Schubert or Chopin was wafted through the windows of the great Minster. But men and women went by upon their own occasions, casual, inattentive, not pausing to remember that here was a solemn ceremony in memory of one who had been a Prince among his peers, who had sat in council with Emperors and Kings, who had swayed the destinies of a quarter of the human race, and had gone to his rest after being three times Prime Minister of England. *Sic transit gloria.* The text is an old one; but it is not quite the moral of this case. It was clear that in our age of gossip, so eager for the concrete, so keen after the "personal note," the individuality of the dead statesman had never stamped itself upon the public consciousness. He was a great abstraction, an embodiment of power, of dignity, of political virtue; not a man to be talked about and known.

To a large extent this feeling, or absence of feeling, on the part of the public, was of his own creation. He did not seek popularity, and may even be said to have taken some pains to

avoid it. A reserved man, very proud, shy, sensitive, and self-contained, he shrank from that blaze of vulgar illumination, under which it is now the fashion for anybody, who is at all eminent or distinguished, to pass his life. He did none of the things which commend a statesman to the attention of a discriminating democracy and those who minister to its tastes. He must have been the despair of the paragraphists, who, in the end, were compelled to leave him alone for sheer lack of matter. He did not own race-horses, like one eminent contemporary, or grow orchids like another, or cut down trees, or play golf, or ride the bicycle, or, so far as was known, indulge in any kind of active sport, amusement, or recreation whatsoever; nor did he write novels, or Essays on Philosophic Doubt, or magazine articles on the classics and theology, or agreeable monographs on English statesmen, and "readable" accounts of the Last Phase of Napoleon. He spent many hours in his library and his laboratory; but he never published a book. It was characteristic of him that even in his earlier days of literary activity, he wrote nothing under his own name. His forcible, closely-reasoned essays were buried anonymously in the pages of the *Quarterly*, or the "leader" columns of daily and weekly newspapers. He is understood to have pondered deeply over some problems in chemistry and physics; but the public knew nothing of his researches, for he kept the results to himself.¹ Nor had he any taste or desire for miscellaneous social intercourse. He cared neither for the club nor the *salon*, and the "smart society" of London knew nothing of him. He had none of Mr. Gladstone's versatile interest in men and things, and his viridescent delight in the passing show of life, his short-

¹ The exception to this general statement is his Presidential Address at the British Associa-

tion, which was republished under the title of "Evolution, a Retrospect," in 1894.

lived, changing, enthusiasms. One could not conceive of him sitting down to write a letter of compliment to the last new lady novelist, or plunging into public controversy with a Professor of Biology.

His circle of friends was limited and select, and he did not seek to enlarge it; and even from the men who might have been regarded as his political associates he held himself apart. It was said that he did not know all the members of his own Ministry by sight, and sometimes had to ask their names when they saluted him in any public place. In all these traits, and habits, and inclinations, he was strangely out of touch with an age which has a most valet-like inquisitiveness over all the minor doings of "great people," and looks upon its heroes chiefly as material for attractive gossip. But nobody could gossip about Salisbury. You might as well have tried to joke over the Binomial Theorem. This reserve made him respected, and gave him a reputation, perhaps even beyond his deserts, for self-contained force and silent resolution. One was sometimes reminded of Sheridan's irreverent treatment of Lord Salisbury's most famous ancestor. With Mr. Puff in *The Critic*, the public may have felt that "a minister in his situation with the whole affairs of the nation on his head," could not be expected to find time to mix much with other people. "Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit." Impressive, undoubtedly, was the occasional emergence of the shrouded figure, to "shake his head," with a trenchant speech on the platform, or in the Senate, only to retire to his State-papers, or behind the guarded gates of Hatfield, where even the society journalist could not follow him. A great Whig noble, in short, who had brought down the reticent eighteenth century traditions to the age of the

German Emperor, of President Roosevelt, of Mr. Chamberlain.

The truth is that Lord Salisbury was essentially an aristocratic statesman. By this it is not meant that he had any undue preference for his own order, or was imbued with the vulgar pride of rank or birth. From the kind of snobbishness, which is not limited to social aspirants and *nouveaux riches*, but often goes with the oldest lineage, he was absolutely without a trace. His habits were simple, his dress was careless, his manner, in private life, was unassuming. He showed no consciousness, and very likely he had none, of those differences in "position," which count for so much in our English society, and which were always rather acutely present to the minds of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. He treated a marquess in the same fashion as he treated a curate or a clerk in the Treasury, with the same modest reserve, the same absence of *hauteur*. His aristocracy was that of the intellect and the temper. His mind was constitutionally incapable of understanding the prejudices, the passions, the loose opinions, of the common run of men and women. When he approached a great question it was in the spirit with which he encountered some problem of chemical electricity in his laboratory. He made his appeal to instructed reasoning, and to the finished mental processes of penetrating logicians like himself. To the sentiments, the impulses, which sway the masses, he was curiously blind. He came near to being a great orator: at least, he had many of the qualities which belong to that character. He had wit, and readiness, and fluency, a commanding presence, an imposing delivery, a keen sense of style, an apt mastery of epigram, argument and retort. But he lacked the sympathetic instincts which, for the public speaker, are greater than these. With all his

gifts he was less effective on the platform than many a smaller man. Except on some rare occasions, as at the famous Opera House meeting in 1886, when he was roused beyond himself, he seemed out of touch with his audience. He was destitute of the histrionic elasticity which made Mr. Gladstone as much at home with a mob of dockyard laborers on Blackheath as he was with the *blasé* critics of the House of Commons. The popular orator is "near akin" to the actor; but the temperament of the stage was not given to Lord Salisbury. He lectured a crowd of workmen or small shopkeepers with a professional aloofness and a dignified unconsciousness of their special characteristics. The admirable analysis, the cutting phrases, delighted the judicious reader of the next day's newspapers. But at the moment of delivery they too often fell flat, or were received with a murmur of half-bewildered appreciation.

He had an odd habit of thinking aloud in his speeches. With his facts well arranged in his mind beforehand, he could speak without references or notes. The words came to him as he went on, and often the ideas. And if a sudden thought struck him, he would sometimes pursue it to the conclusion which suggested itself to his trenchant, satirical intellect, as he might have done—and in that case with impunity—in conversation with intimate friends round his dining-table at Hatfield. I think that this trait, much more than any natural impulsiveness of temperament, accounts for those occasional "blazing indiscretions," those "gibes, and flouts, and jeers," of which so much was made. His emotions did not run away with him; but sometimes his sense of logic did, and his artistic enjoyment of remorseless paradox and pungent epigram phrase. It is a perilous talent, and has led men, with more popular

instincts than Lord Salisbury, to dangerous blunders; as when Lord Beaconsfield, in the midst of the Bulgarian atrocities agitation of 1876, allowed himself to slide into that celebrated sentence, which did him as much harm as anything he ever said:—

The Turks do not often resort to torture, but generally terminate their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner.

It was the ill-timed flippancy of a caustic man of the world—the affectation of treating serious topics lightly, that is current in "Society." If it had been said in the right *milieu* and at the right time, it would not have occurred to any one to accuse the speaker of undue levity or a callous disregard of suffering. But Disraeli had forgotten that the audience he addressed was only a fragment of the great British public, which at the moment was passing through an emotional crisis, and was pulsing with religious indignation. To a good half of the nation, to tens of thousands of earnest church-going and chapel-going men and women, the jest so lightly uttered was an unforgivable offence, a vivid proof that its author was a heartless cynic, wanting the common feelings of humanity.

Lord Salisbury, at any rate, was no cynic, if by that term is meant a soured materialist, who believes that human conduct is directed mainly by motives of self-interest and self-indulgence. He was neither misanthropic nor morose, but on the contrary a deeply devout man, who had faith, not only in the moral ordering of the universe, but in the instincts and character of his countrymen. But he surveyed public affairs without illusions. In private life kindly, affectionate, genial, even cheerful, Lord Salisbury was in politics a contented and philosophical pessimist. He acquiesced with a large tolerance in the imperfections of an

imperfect world. He took the view, which is not easily disputed, that the scheme of things is very badly arranged and exhibits numerous inexplicable deficiencies. As most of these cannot be amended, it is best to accept them, and make due allowance for their operation in the management of affairs. If you ignore them, you will certainly go wrong; if you endeavor to remove them altogether, you will probably do more harm than good. In this he was at the opposite pole of feeling from the Radicals and Liberals of his earlier days. The old-fashioned reformers of the great progressive era had before them an ideal of perfection, which could be realized by political and economic changes. The world was out of joint it is true, though chiefly through the errors of sovereigns, ministers, and aristocratic rulers, in the past; but Parliament and a free Press, aided by popular enlightenment and Mechanics' Institutes, could put it right. These sanguine mellorists held that there was no abuse which would not be rooted out, no public evil which might not be abolished. Lord Salisbury, whose hobby was science, had no sympathy with this romance of the future. He thought there were many things that were not susceptible of improvement, and was satisfied with the fabric of institutions, and the balance of powers and interests, which had been arranged by Nature, or slowly evolved through the ages. Society, as constituted in nineteenth-century England had undoubtedly its defects; but it also had its advantages, and a wise man would put up with the one for the sake of the other, instead of worrying himself over the unattainable. It may be that circumstances, as much as temperament, were responsible for this intelligent Toryism in the case of the late Prime Minister. If a man has been born in the innermost circle of a privileged caste, if for the greater part

of his life he has all that the millions of other men hopelessly desire, if he has wealth, high station, splendid estates, a palace to live in, the best of society to choose from, books, pictures, leisure and the other delectable things that money can purchase, and in addition a superior intellect, personal dignity, domestic comfort, and the enjoyment of the family affections—if all these are given unto him, he may be excused for finding the world a very tolerable place in despite of its obvious blemishes. Insensibly a man is conditioned by his "environment." It would be strange indeed if a Cecil or a Cavendish should find himself ravaged by consuming passion for radical change.

With this view of things, Lord Salisbury could hardly be a constructive statesman. He was less a reformer than a critic. The latter rôle suited his analytical tastes, his caustic and penetrating style, and the bent of his intellect, which in its essence was judicial and argumentative, rather than practical and direct. If he had been on the Bench, he would have made a great judge, though it may be that his expositions and his *obiter dicta* would have gained him more admiration than his decisions. In the old days of the unreformed Court of Chancery there were famous Chancellors, like Eldon, who grew so fond of a tangled case, that they pondered and refined over it for years before they could deliver their judgments. Lord Salisbury had a good deal of this analyzing and casuistical temper, which, when carried to excess, is a disadvantage in the conduct of affairs. He saw both sides of a question, and preferred to brood over their weak points, instead of cutting through them with some roughly effective solution. There are many keen and searching passages in his speeches in which defects of existing institutions and practices are ex-

posed. Such, for instance, are his occasional references to our fiscal system. Lord Salisbury always professed to be a Free Trader, but he declined to accept the Peelite legislation as a religion, and maintained that "the Holy Doctrine of Free Trade" had no claim to an infallible orthodoxy. His satire was at its best when he was bantering the economical pontificate, especially when it was regarded as the special heritage of the Liberal Party:—

Political economy is an oracle whose utterances we profoundly respect; but which, like a certain oracle of old, is apt to suit its utterances to the wishes of those who have the guardianship of it for the time being. On a certain occasion, when the Delphic oracle was in the power of the Macedonian Army, its utterances were said to be "Philippized," and I am afraid that the utterances of political economy nowadays are only too apt to be "Gladstonized." When I first entered Parliament, it used to be regarded as an axiom that commercial treaties were founded on erroneous and unsound principles, and could not be for the benefit of the countries entering into them. Circumstances, however, have changed; political economy has reviewed its doctrines, and commercial treaties are regarded as the most orthodox things imaginable. Spain, let us say, treats our manufactures very badly, and excludes them, while she admits the manufactures of other countries. If we were able to say to her, "If you continue in that course we shall be obliged to raise the duty on your wines," it is very possible that after a little time a new light might break in upon her reflections. But we cannot do it because retaliation is a mortal sin under this doctrine of Free Trade.

He evidently enjoyed the task of disconcerting unthinking enthusiasts by showing that Free Trade at home had given us no power to secure open markets abroad. He could always supply an "hypothetical illustration" of the manner in which our commercial diplomacy was filtered by the liberality of

our tariff arrangements. "Away with Free Trade," then, might be the hasty deduction of some more impatient statesman. It was an inference Lord Salisbury never drew. He remained a Free Trader to the end, and I have no doubt the common report is correct, which represents him, in the last months of his life, as deeply concerned and alarmed by Mr. Chamberlain's sudden counter-march. Nor, though he sometimes talked Retaliation, did he ever make an attempt to carry that policy into effect. Theoretically, and as a matter of argument, he could see the weak places of our fiscal method. But to remedy it by a kind of economic revolution was the last thing that could commend itself to his cautious and conservative temperament. He knew that there are many things, in the abstract far from perfect, which yet cannot be altered without injury. A wise man amuses himself by explaining their deficiencies; and puts up with them.

He had much the same conception of the British constitution. Here his attitude was essentially Whiggish. I do not think he could ever have held Burke's touching belief in the beauty and symmetry of the odd compromise, which evolved itself out of the historical accidents and the party struggles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The English Parliamentary system did not excite his reverence. He was conscious that it often worked badly, that it was an extremely cumbersome instrument of administration; and he found a gloomy satisfaction in explaining that under it a Ministry could hardly be expected to maintain our defensive armaments in a condition of genuine efficiency. But such as it was, we had it, and must contrive to manage our business by its agency—not perhaps as well as we should like, but better than we should do if we embarked on violent changes. The

party system was of course quite irrational in substance and logically indefensible. But there it is, and we are so situated that the Cabinet machine will not work without it. So the prudent statesman accepts it, with a clear understanding of the "swing of the pendulum," and a frank recognition of the fact that whatever he does, or leaves undone, the fickle democracy is sure to turn him out of office in due course and put his rivals in. If you take that view, there is undoubtedly a certain temptation to which it seemed sometimes as if Lord Salisbury had succumbed, to pass to the further deduction that real success, either personal or political, is scarcely worth striving for. You are doing necessarily imperfect work, with inadequate tools, and you are bound, sooner or later, to suffer defeat. Under such conditions, a strictly moderate level of achievement is all you can hope to attain. It is a philosophical, and perhaps in essence a scientific, doctrine which protects those who hold it from illusion and disappointment. But it is not so inspiring as that more artistic, and possibly therefore more erroneous, formula, which declares that "not failure but low aim is crime," in the life of men and nations.

To these characteristics and predispositions must, no doubt, be attributed a certain carelessness on Lord Salisbury's part in the selection of his political associates and subordinates, to which the ugly name of nepotism was sometimes given. It cannot be denied that he exhibited an undue indulgence for respectable mediocrity, and that he was far from diligent in his search for talent, nor did he always appear to regard merit and force of character as necessary qualifications for high office, or for public honors. He officered his Ministries much too largely with well-born place-men, veteran party hacks, and his own relatives. There were

several conspicuously weak places in his Administrations of 1886 and 1895; and matters were not mended when he threw away the opportunity, afforded by the last general election, to give promotion to a further contingent from the "Hotel Cecil." To a country which was beginning to clamor for efficiency, and was indeed badly feeling the need of that quality, this was disappointing. Yet one can hardly suppose that Lord Salisbury's appointments were due to the unworthy motive of providing his family and friends with good posts at the public expense. Nor must it be forgotten that an English Premier must always find it extremely difficult to confine his ministerial appointments to men of exceptional ability. He does not know where to look for those capable men of business, those born administrators whose services would be so valuable. In practice his choice is limited to a very restricted circle, composed as it is of the members of his own party, in the two Houses, who have gained a certain reputation in those assemblies. Eliminate a few commanding figures, whose "claims" to office cannot be repudiated, and most of these aspirants are much on a level. As A. is neither much better nor much worse than B., and either would do reasonably well, the harassed Cabinet-maker naturally selects the one who is personally known to himself, or to his sons or brothers, or to the little court of intimate acquaintances who have his private ear. In the case of Lord Salisbury, there was a special temptation to adopt this easy solution of the difficulty, since he lived so much apart from general society, and gave himself few opportunities of gauging the calibre of the younger rising men. Nor, again, must it be overlooked that there is a tradition—a very bad tradition—according to which a politician who has once held "Cabinet rank" has a

kind of prescriptive title to a portfolio, whenever his side comes into power. Lord Palmerston said that nothing is harder than getting a new man into the Cabinet except keeping out a man who has once been there. Lord Salisbury's sense of party loyalty did not permit him to overlook these considerations. Perhaps he might have made some effort to do so, if he had been possessed with a more fervent belief in the efficacy of political and administrative action. But a conviction of the mediocrity of things is easily reconciled with an acquiescence in the mediocrity of men. So he enlarged the size of his Cabinets, and contentedly tolerated the continuance in office of various second-rate Ministers, who could have had no great influence on the conduct of affairs. They were left to manage or mismanage their departments, while the direction of policy was kept in the hands of an Inner Cabinet, consisting of Lord Salisbury himself, and the four or five confidential and important colleagues by whose opinions he was really guided.

It would, however, be very unjust to represent Lord Salisbury's attitude in domestic politics as that of mere negation. He objected to "heroic legislation," and constant tampering with the mechanism of Government,² but he held that to frame well-devised measures of social reform was the proper object of Parliamentary action. He held, also, that while the Liberals were occupied with ambitious and hazardous, political changes, the Conservatives should specially devote them-

selves to improving the condition of the people. Hence his interest in the Housing Acts, in sanitation, and in industrial regulation. He urged his party to return to the excellent tradition of the time when Lord Ashley was able to carry the Factory Acts in the teeth of the opposition of Radical "reformers." In 1887 he asked whether the question of the unemployed was not worth a good deal more attention than politicians had been inclined to bestow upon it. "You know how the difficulty of the unemployed is rising; in the south there are vast masses of men who have no evil will, against whom no harm can be stated, who have only this one wish, this one demand—that the labor which they are prepared to give should be accepted, and bare sustenance given them in place of it. Is that no subject for the consideration of Parliament? Is it not more important than these organic questions on which we have spent so much time? Is it not more important that we should save men, well-to-do men from ruin, and working men from starvation, instead of bringing forward measures whose only effect can be to hound class against class and creed against creed?" He was even assailed with the imputation of "Socialism," which is commonly flung at anybody who endeavors to deal with social wrongs in earnest. It was an absurd charge in Lord Salisbury's case, but he met it frankly. "Do not tell me," he said, "that these are Socialistic sentiments. Nothing would induce me to adopt the Socialistic remedies, but the socialistic cries

² "The last forty years have brought us such an evil habit of believing that organic change is a necessary function of Parliament, that if the year has gone by, and nobody is despoiled and no institution is smashed, we say the Session has been wasted. Unless I mis-read the signs of the times, the feeling of the country is that this heroic legislation must now cease. . . . My lords and gentlemen, the processes of destruction are in their nature irrevocable. You can no more set on foot an institution which has been cast down, than you can raise the dead. The continuity of existence is

broken, and the conditions that cling round it are dissipated. Its power for good is gone. It may be in the power of future Parliaments in some degree to repair the evil, but they never can recall the past. This, at least, they can do. They can put a stop to the further progress of assaulting interests for the purpose of showing the industry of Parliament. They may—and I believe that is the policy they ought to pursue—they may return to the paths of conciliatory legislation."—Speech at Hertford, October 17, 1875.

convince me that there is an evil, and that Parliament is deeply responsible for not giving its whole time to it." His attitude towards the "masses" was manly as well as humane. He refused to flatter the working-men, or even to consider them as a class apart from the rest of the population. In one of the brilliant speeches by which he established his reputation, in the debates on Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1866, he deprecated the adulation of "the future sovereign," who was expected to be "the great power in the State against which no other power will be able to stand":—

My own feeling with respect to the working men is simply this, that we have heard a great deal too much of them, as if they were different from other Englishmen. I do not understand why the nature of the poor or working men in this country should be different from that of other Englishmen. They spring from the same race; they live under the same climate; they are brought up under the same laws; they aspire after the same historical model which we admire ourselves; and I cannot understand why this nature is to be thought better or worse than that of other classes.

This sane and straightforward remonstrance is worth quoting to-day, when "Labor" is more than ever inclined to regard itself as a distinct caste, and to separate itself, for political purposes at any rate, from the rest of the community.

So far nothing has been said of Lord Salisbury as Foreign Minister; and it is difficult to say much since the detailed history of the fruitful years he passed in Downing Street can hardly be known to the world till the records of the European Chancelleries and Foreign Offices are laid open. Yet this was by far the most useful and distinguished period of his career, the part that was most congenial to himself, and that gave him his true rank among the

statesmen of Europe. It was a happy turn of fortune which caused Lord Derby to resign the seals in the crisis of the Eastern Question in 1878, and allowed Lord Salisbury to find his true *métier*. At the Foreign Office he was happier and more successful than anywhere else. "It is not fanciful," said the late Mr. H. D. Traill, in his excellent sketch of Lord Salisbury, "to suppose that one of the attractions of the Foreign Office for him is that, of all the departments of the State, it is that to which popular criticism and popular demands have obtained least access, and the Minister in charge of which is least frequently called upon to explain and justify his proceedings before popular audiences. It is possible, even in these democratic days, for a successful and trusted Foreign Secretary to feel something of that proudly inspiriting consciousness of power, and that elevating sense of responsibility which nerved the will, while it steadied the judgment, of the great ministers who have represented this country before the world in historic periods of the past; and one may suspect that it needs some such stimulus to Lord Salisbury's imagination to raise his interest in contemporary politics to the requisite pitch." At any rate, he was distinctly in his element in this office. The quiet, laborious work suited him, and gave full play to his judicial faculty, and his capacity for balancing arguments and alternatives. His calmly scientific outlook on men and things enabled him to keep clear of the sentimental impulses and the sentimental alarms which deflect the course of national policy. The momentary panics and transient enthusiasms passed him by, and no one was more impervious to the sensations of the platform and the newspapers. When one set of Imperialists had worked themselves into a panic over French acquisitions in the Sahara, he

reminded them that the new territory included a good deal of "rather light soil"; when others were taunted with a vision of the Cossacks on the Indus, he advised them to consult some "large maps"; when, more recently, there was much sensitiveness about Chinese railway concessions, he observed that it would take some time before the railways could be built.

In the great critical situations in which he found himself, he retained his deliberate self-possession, and refused to be hurried either into surrender or menace. He was accused of being unduly prone to a bargaining agreement with a foreign Government, and sometimes, as in East Central Africa, in Siam, and perhaps in the Far East, it was said that he had yielded more than the occasion required. That is an imputation which it is really impossible to deal with, in the present state of our knowledge of contemporary diplomacy; for we cannot tell what difficulties he had to encounter from the movements and combinations of the great-European Powers, and how often concessions, which seemed on the surface doubtful, were more than justified by the necessities of the hour. What we do know is that in certain threatening emergencies he showed no doubt of either judgment or firmness. He steered calmly through the Venezuela storm of 1895-96, and so handled it that the foundation was laid of a better understanding between Great Britain and the United States than had subsisted since the American Revolution. That alone was an achievement by which the whole Anglo-Saxon world was placed under an enduring obligation to him. He took the measure of Teutonic assumption at the time of the Jameson Raid, and of Gallic excitement over Fashoda, and brought both quietly to their bearings. But the highest of his services was to regain for English foreign policy, in a

time of peculiar stress and difficulty, its reputation for steady consistency, which had been almost lost during the unfortunate period of Gladstonian rule. It was a consistency which found its basis in an equitable regard for British interests. His conception of the motives which should animate an English Minister was laid down in a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1876, at a moment when the country was agitated by reports of Turkish cruelty in the Balkans. "Those who are in office," he said, "have their feelings like other men, but they hold the resources of England not as owners, but as trustees. An owner may do what he likes, looking to his sympathies, his anxieties, and his wishes; but a trustee must act according to the strict rights and interests committed to his charge. These are the sentiments which must guide the Government in dealing with the difficult and painful task before them. We do not believe that in the long run the sentiments which are natural to the people of this country will be found at variance with the duties which policy imposes upon us. We believe that if we uphold the rights and interests of England, and adhere to the treaties by which England is bound, and look upon that course as the first and chief of those duties prescribed to us, we shall thereby be doing the utmost that in us lies to maintain the interests of peace, humanity, and civilization." Fortunate for the country it was that during the last few years of world-wide change and movement, its affairs have been directed by a statesman animated by that sound doctrine, and able to carry it into effect. When the true history of our epoch can be written it may be seen how much England, and the wider world outside, owed to the steadying influence, which was withdrawn from our politics before the Coronation of King Edward VII.

Stdney Low.

THE DEAD.

Strong are alone the dead.
 They need not bow the head,
 Or reach one hand in ineffectual prayer.
 Safe in their iron sleep,
 What wrong shall make them weep,
 What sting of human anguish reach them there?
 They are gone safe beyond the strong one's reign,
 Who shall decree against them any pain?

John Leicester Warren.

CANADA, THE EMPIRE, AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

About a quarter of a century ago there was to be seen posted on the church doors in England a proclamation of the Privy Council respecting the Colorado beetle in which Ontario was designated as "that town." Just after the settlement of the *Alabama* claims by the Treaty of Washington a Canadian visitor to England was invited to a meeting on emigration held in a city reputed highly intelligent. He spoke of the warm feelings of Canadians towards the Mother Country and was followed by a speaker, evidently a well-educated man, who expressed his pleasure at what he had heard about Canadian feeling, adding that he hoped, now the *Alabama* question was settled, there was nothing to separate the two nations from each other! This ignorance, and the indifference of which it was the ludicrous manifestation, have passed away. They have given place to an extraordinary access of interest in Canada and an enthusiastic expectation of the part to be played by her in the unification of the Empire, which, though far more gratifying to her than the previous neglect, may in turn be somewhat misleading in its way, especially if British visitors

confine their observation to official Ottawa or the specially British circles of Toronto and Montreal.

The first condition of real knowledge and sound inference about Canada is the use of the physical in place of the political map. At the time of the Jubilee the Canadian Post Office issued a stamp with a miniature map of the British Empire and the motto "We Hold a Vaster Empire than Has Been." Canada appeared as an unbroken expanse of territory, colored the Imperial red, including the North Pole, and equal in extent to all the remaining members of the Empire put together, Great Britain appearing as a mere pigmy in comparison. A common Englishman looking at this stamp would certainly have imagined that the whole of the vast expanse was habitable and cultivable and that the population of the whole of it was British. Such is the political fancy.

The physical fact is that of this vast area by far the greater part belongs to the region of ice and snow. Canada may be described as the northern section of the habitable and cultivable continent, much broken and indented, and with a great and at present unde-

lined projection to the north formed by Manitoba and the Territories newly opened. The Dominion is made up of four separate blocks of Territory divided from each other by wide spaces or great barriers of nature. The Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, are divided from Quebec and Ontario by the tract through which the Intercolonial Railway runs, hardly taking up a passenger or a bale of freight for a great part of the way. The territory including Quebec and Ontario again is divided from Manitoba and the North-Western Territories by desert and Lake Superior, a great inland sea. Between the North-Western Territories and British Columbia there is a triple range of mountains. The proportion of habitable and cultivable land in the Maritime Provinces is not great; nor is it very great in Quebec. In Ontario, hitherto the premier province, it is much larger. In Manitoba and the North-West Territories the extent of habitable and cultivable land is vast, how vast is not yet known. In British Columbia there is not much cultivable land, though there is mineral wealth which is attracting a swarm of adventurers, and timber abounds on the mountains.

Of the population, the homogeneity of which is suggested by the uniform red color on the stamp, the British, though the predominant race, are not the majority. The majority is made up of French-Canadians, Celtic and Catholic Irish, Germans, Americans, and other miscellaneous nationalities, including those which the Government has been importing into the North-West. The French are gaining ground. They have ousted the British from the district south of the St. Lawrence

called the Eastern Townships, they are advancing in Eastern Ontario and to the North, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Americans are pouring into the North-West, which, owing to their superior aptitude for prairie farming and life, seems destined to be theirs.

The French of Quebec are, or have hitherto been, a simple, contented, and devout people, kindly and courteous, though generally little educated and unprogressive; rather a refreshing exception to the surrounding whirl of progress. They multiply apace, their priests inculcating early marriage on moral grounds. The priests, whose ascendancy has hitherto been complete, have made the French-Canadian moral in an ecclesiastical way, and French-Canada is probably about the best thing that Roman Catholicism has to show. The French-Canadians are content with British institutions. Their leaders are satisfied with office or the position and salaries of Members of Parliament at Ottawa. The revolutionary spirit of 1837, its causes being extinct, has died away, though the antagonism of race still remains and sometimes shows itself in the jury-box. A Quebec "Red" is merely anti-ecclesiastical and Liberal. But the belief that the French people are Anglicized, or converted to British Imperialism, is unfounded. Their nationality is still strong. Their language is still the French patois. Their popular flag is French. Their hearts were with Riel and the French half-breeds who rebelled in the North-West.¹ Two battalions of their Militia were called out but not sent to the front, while the colonel of each of them obeyed his political sympathies and withdrew. It may be easily judged whether they would fight against

¹ It was probably to flatter French sentiment that cruel charges were brought by a party in the Canadian Parliament against the character of General Sir Fred. Middleton, who had com-

manded against the French Half-breeds. The charges, that which was probably their political object having been served, were allowed to fall to the ground.

France. The ascendancy of the priesthood is beginning to be shaken, by railroads, which break into parish seclusion; by the progress, though slow, of education; and most of all, by intercourse with the Republicans of New England, whence not a few of the French who have gone to work in the New England factories return, bringing with them Republican ideas. Another element of religious, or at least of ecclesiastical, change, is the advent of the Jesuit, who has succeeded in extorting a partial indemnity for the estates sequestered at the time of the conquest, and whose wiles have largely prevailed. The old Quebec priest was Gallican, unambitious, living in perfect amity with the State, and in his views limited to his Canadian parish. The Jesuit has larger and less unequivocal aims.

Had participation in the South African War been put to the vote of the French-Canadian people, there would probably have been an overwhelming majority against it. But the Premier was a Frenchman. The French followed him from national feeling, and thus French sentiment was masked. The French members at Ottawa went with the Premier, owing their seats to the influence of his party. But Mr. Bourassa,² an opponent of the war, resigned his seat for the purpose of testing the opinion of his constituents, and was re-elected by acclamation.

There are now twelve hundred thousand native-born Canadians in the United States. The great centres of employment draw, and a Canadian youth has little more hesitation in going to better himself at Chicago or at New York than a Scotch or Yorkshire youth has in going to better himself in Manchester or London. In the Pacific States of the Union also British-

Canadians abound, while French-Canadians swarm in the factories of New England. Canadians have a good name and are in request among employers in the United States. Interest prevails over prejudice, and the Canadian who has been giving vent to loyal anti-Americanism one day may accept a "call" to the other side of the line on the next. Of this there have been amusing cases. In race, language, religion, political tendencies, and the fundamental character of their institutions, the population on the north and that on the south of a conventional line are one. Intermarriage is common. Churches and associations of all kinds, benevolent, literary, scientific, and industrial, join hands across the line; some of them totally disregard it. The paper currency of the United States circulates freely in Canada. Canadian banks do a great deal of business in the United States and Canadians speculate largely in the stock market of New York. The wealthy classes of the two countries meet in their summer resorts. The periodical literature of Canada is mainly American, and American papers, especially Sunday papers, have a considerable circulation. A presidential election creates almost as much interest in Canada as in the States. The political institutions, though differing in important details, are in principle fundamentally the same; so are the methods by which they are operated, the cant language in which the people speak of them, and the political character which they form. The Canadian Government believed itself to have ascertained that there were forty thousand Canadian enlistments in the army of the United States during the War of Secession. Apart from political sentiment, there is in fact nothing to divide the two

² Two articles by Mr. Bourassa on "The French-Canadian and the British Empire" appeared in the *Monthly Review* for September and October

1902, and a reply to them in the November number of the same year.

populations from each other except the territorial and fiscal line. They are rapidly mingling in the North-West.

It is obvious how widely the circumstances of Canada, especially with regard to her relation with the United States, differ from those of the other colonies, particularly from those of Australia and New Zealand, and how difficult, consequently, it would be to force her into a fiscal union. The States of Germany were of the same nationality, though under different governments; they were territorially in a ring-fence and their commercial interests were generally the same. Yet it took an arduous struggle to bring about the Zollverein. No divergence of interest among the Colonies was called into play in sending the contingents to the Boer War.

Protectionist monopoly, especially on the American side, has done its best to sever Canada commercially from the rest of her continent. But Nature struggles hard, and not unsuccessfully, against the malignant greed of man. The trade between the two countries is still large, and there was a notable increase in it last year. The United States want Canadian timber, pulp, coals, minerals, and farm produce. For farm produce evidently the nearest market is the best. Canada, on the other hand, is a natural market for the manufactures which the Americans produce on a large scale. There was a reciprocity treaty between the two countries till 1866, when Canada lost it through the conduct of the governing class of England in violently espousing the cause of the South, a fact which should be borne in mind when the balance of the obligation between the Imperial country and the colony is to be struck. In spite of the patriotic attempts of Canadian statesmen to keep the lines of communication and transportation apart, they are intimately connected. The winter ports of

Canada are Portland, Boston and New York, from which, according to Mr. Carnegie, thirty-seven per cent. of Canadian exports are shipped. American capital is being largely invested in Canada. For Canada a commercial war with the United States would be disastrous. The power of retaliation would be far greater on the side of the Americans, with their boundless variety of home productions and their vast internal market.

What, after all, in an economical point of view, is this unity of the Empire, for the consolidation of which commercial war is to be proclaimed against the world? What is the Empire but the aggregate result of accidents of war and discovery governed by no plan or regard for community of economical interests? What reason is there for presuming that all its parts ought, in defiance of the indications of nature, and at great risk of incurring the commercial enmity of other nations, to be forced into a fiscal union? Canada was conquered to rid of a formidable neighbor the British colonies in America, which presently cast off their allegiance.

The future of the North-West is now the great subject of interest and speculation. The extent of the wheat-growing land, though not yet ascertained, is certainly immense, while the wheat is of the finest quality, and the roots are as fine as the wheat. Nor does it seem that there is any danger of exhaustion. On the other hand, the climate is very severe; forty below zero being not very uncommon, even a lower temperature being not unknown. The winter is too long, the summer is too short, and there is a danger of frost at harvest time. The summer air is delicious and health-giving. There is now coal enough. What is wanting is wood. There is a dreariness in the boundless expanse without hill or tree, but the sensibilities of the pioneer, tilling

a rich soil, are not apt to be very keen. The prairie being so apt for the machine, it seemed that large farming might pay there. Large farming was tried, but the expense of keeping the staff through the winter proved too great. Of the wails of European population imported by the Government, some, particularly the Mennonites, have made good farmers, but they have not made good citizens. The best settlers are the Americans, natives to the prairie and to the style of farming. They will probably predominate in the future. Young Englishmen have not done well, though they do better on ranches than on farms. Many of them went with the contingent. The farmer must work hard, live hard, and bargain hard; perhaps to the young English gentleman the last is not the least difficult of the three.

The Canadian Constitution is in form that of a nation with a federal structure; the national element being modelled after the British Constitution, the federal element after that of the United States. The national element in the Canadian polity, however, is stronger than it is or has hitherto been in that of the United States. The Senate, supposed to answer to the House of Lords, is appointed, nominally, by the Crown, really by the Prime Minister.

After the long reign of Sir John Macdonald, who was master of the country, with a brief intermission, for thirty years, the Senate was overwhelmingly Conservative; a run on the other side since his death has turned it Liberal. The Governor-General reigns and does not govern, unless it be underhand. There has latterly been a tendency to give the office the air of royalty and to introduce the state and pageantry of a Court, which take with the high society of Canada.

The political system is party. The parties trace their pedigree to those

which existed in the two united provinces before confederation; one based upon the British and Protestant, the other on the French and Catholic province. But there has ceased to be any dividing-line of principle. The result is a perpetual struggle of two factions for power with the usual instruments of faction, as recent revelations have shown. A Member of Parliament who dared to be independent was deprived of his seat by the joint action of the two parties, which openly combined their forces for that purpose. The powers of commerce, the great railroad companies especially, hover over the two parties, and play for their own purposes upon them both. Federal parties extend to the provinces, where, as there can be no national questions, there is, if possible, less of a dividing principle to give rationality or dignity to the contest. The Canadians are worthy people, probably there are none worthier in the world; but Canadian politics leave something to be desired. Nor can the general character of the people remain wholly unaffected by the example of public life.

It is an anxious question what will be the political effect of the great American immigration into the North-West. Time alone can show. But the probability is that the Americans will take kindly to institutions closely akin to their own, and become, for all ordinary purposes, good Canadians; though it is very unlikely that they will become Imperialists and wish to spend the earnings of their labor in the destruction of South African Republics or the conquest of the Soudan. Commercial interests cannot fail to draw them closely to the adjacent States of the Union. What seems certain is, that when the North-West fills up, the centre of power must shift to it, and Ontario, which paid largely for the opening up of the North-West by the construction of the Canadian Pa-

cific Railway, will have paid for her own political dethronement.

A peculiar feature of Canadian politics is "United Empire Loyalism," the political religion of a group of families tracing their origin to the Royalist exiles of the American Revolution, and doing their best to keep those memories alive. They are, of course, intensely anti-American and Imperialist. Their feelings must be mixed when they see Great Britain falling upon the neck of the American Republic. Many a descendant, however, of United Empire Loyalists may probably now be found on the south of the line. An English audience listening to a political missionary of the United Empire Loyalist order, and fancying that it hears the voice of Canada, is apt to be led astray.

Orangeism is, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Orange Lodges still are, a power in politics; but the religious war between them and the Roman Catholics is at an end.

The Irish Catholic vote is strong. Twice under its influence the Dominion Parliament has passed resolutions of sympathy with Home Rule; the second time after receiving a rebuke from the Imperial Government for interfering with the question. The Legislature of Ontario, under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, passed a resolution censuring Lord Salisbury's renewal of the Crimes Act.

Lord Durham thought that in uniting the two Provinces, French and British Canada, he assured complete British ascendancy, which he regarded as the law of nature. He was mistaken. The French held together, and forming a party with a section of the British, brought government at last to a deadlock, escape from which was found in confederation of all the British colonies in North America. New Brunswick came in with little hesitation. Nova Scotia refused, but was

dragged in by intrigue, which she long resented. Prince Edward Island came in later. The Canadian Pacific Railway was constructed to take in British Columbia. In the debate on confederation, when the familiar simile of the bundle of sticks was used to prove that union made force, it was replied that the same could not be said of seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends. British Columbia sends a delegation to Ottawa and Eastern Canada speculates in her mines; otherwise she is almost out of ken, nor could the man in the street of Eastern Canada give any account of the political distractions to which she seems to be a prey. She is ominously embraced between the Pacific States of the Union and the American territory of Alaska. Nor in the case of the other Provinces does confederation amount to political fusion. The builder of a Dominion government has to pay something for each stone of his edifice.

Distance and the interposition of French Quebec between Ontario and the group of Maritime Provinces still keep them socially separate from each other, and there is little interchange of population.

Will some enthusiastic advocate of the present system please rise and explain why, after twenty years of confederation, a Nova Scotian is never seen in Ontario except as a traveller or a delegate to some denominational convention, and why, with the exception of the "Drummer," an Ontario man is as great a curiosity in Nova Scotia as a South Sea Islander? There seems to be something generally wrong with a system which, after twenty years of enthusiastic gush over the confederation and the building of a national sentiment, has for its product complete isolation between the several provinces; which sees the merchants of the maritime provinces making constant visits in the way of trade to Boston and New York, and none to Toronto, which sees the business men of On-

tarlo going daily backward and forward between that province and the American cities about them, and coming to Halifax in the way of business once in a century.⁸

So wrote an eminent Nova Scotian twenty years ago, and it is believed that nearly the same thing might be said now so far as the interchange of population is concerned.

Since the revolution of 1837 the separation of the Church from the State in the British Provinces has been complete, though not so complete in Quebec. In Ontario the Catholic Church, having the command of the Irish vote, is able to exact the privilege of separate schools. Wealth and fashion in Canada, as in the United States, incline to the Anglican Church with its hierarchy, its ritual, and its English connection. Methodism is the church of the people; more of the people perhaps than of John Wesley, for spiritual enthusiasm inevitably spends its force, and objects less distinctly spiritual succeed.

The tie which binds Canada as a dependency to the Imperial country has, by successive concessions of self-government, been worn thin. The sovereign power still remains in the King and Parliament of Great Britain. The Canadian Constitution is embodied in an Imperial Act, alterable only by the same authority. Otherwise the bonds consist of the Governor-Generalship, divested, like the monarchy which it represents, of real powers; the command of the Militia, perpetually contested by the Canadian Minister of that Department; a veto, almost formal, on Canadian legislation; an appellate jurisdiction which has been greatly reduced, with a prospect, after the Australian example, of further reduction; and the fountain of honor—i. e., of titles and decorations. It is a question whether of the surviving preroga-

tives the last is not the most effective. The thirst for titles and decorations is great. Some years ago a leading Liberal moved in the Canadian Parliament against the profuse distribution of Imperial titles, the effect of which on the devotion of the bearers to the interests of their own country he reasonably feared. Yet the same man could not help taking a title when it was offered him. Decorations have been recently solicited and received for an encounter which took place more than thirty years ago. In the Canadian Almanac there is a list of titled Canadians forming a sort of miniature peerage. Military titles also are much prized.

Imperial Federation has been preached in Canada by a small but enthusiastic party for many years without ever assuming a tangible shape. No one has yet pretended to say what the government of the federation was to be, what was to be its relation to the British monarchy and Foreign Office; how its decrees and requisitions were to be enforced; or what was to be done with India.

Canadian writers bewail the betrayal of Canadian interests to the Americans by the weakness of British diplomacy. Especially do they deplore the loss, by the Ashburton Treaty, of Maine, which carried with it the winter port of Portland. The answer apparently is that the British Government has done the best for the Canadians that diplomacy could do, and has obtained for them, even in the case of the Ashburton Treaty, more than they could have obtained for themselves. But Great Britain has ceased to be a military power on the Western Continent, or to be able to enforce her claims against the United States by arms. Such is the fact, however unwelcome it may be. Canadians in their warlike mood, conscious that nothing could be done against the power of the United States on land, used to talk of bombarding New York.

⁸ "Handbook of Commercial Union," pp. 113, 114.

"Bombard New York!" said an old Canadian once to the writer; "I have three sons there." However, a bombardment of New York, if it ever was possible, is so no longer, since the Americans have set on foot a strong navy. The British people, it may safely be said, could not be induced to go to war with the United States for any trans-Atlantic object. Brougham gave utterance, in his brusque way, to the general sentiment when he said in the debate on the Ashburton Treaty that he cared not where the boundary was fixed so long as there was peace. The Americans may not in these disputes have conceded to Canada all that in strictness was her due, but in conceding anything they paid a tribute to international law and justice.

Great efforts are being made to impress on Canada the duty of contribution to the military and naval defence of the Empire. Can the Empire undertake the defence of Canada? Lord Lansdowne says that the only land frontier of the British Empire facing a great military Power is that of Northern India. The ex-Governor-General seems to have forgotten that Canada has a frontier of probably four thousand miles, allowing for the curves, for the most part open, facing a Power which, if it does not keep a great standing army on foot, has shown that it can on short notice put into the field half a million of men with all possible appliances of equipment and science. Is there any use in making a feeble show of doing that which cannot effectively be done? The effective defence of the Canadian frontier would probably take something like the whole population of military age. Meantime Canada is in no danger so long as she is not involved in European wars. In upwards of thirty years intercourse with Americans of all parties and classes the writer has never heard a single expression of a desire

to aggress upon Canadian independence. There is great apathy even upon the subject of continental union. Many American politicians fear it as a possible disturbance of the balance of parties, while American Protestantism is apt to feel a groundless dread of the Roman Catholicism of Quebec. The question whether, if Canada taxes herself for the defence of the Empire, the Empire could undertake the defence of Canada, ought to be plainly answered. Canada in reality needs no defence but peace. Of course, so long as she remains a dependency of Great Britain, she will be a recruiting-ground for British armies and navies. It has been seen that the martial and adventurous impulse is not wanting.

When the duty of contribution to Imperial armaments and participation in Imperial wars is pressed on Canada, note should be taken, not only of her military position, but of the miscellaneous character of her population, especially of the large French element. The French and the other non-British elements are contented under British institutions. But they do not share British sentiments; they are not fired with British ambition; nor do they wish to share the expense of British wars. They are here to make their bread. If there is to be a Canadian corps or contingent in the British Army, will there be a provision that it shall not be used in a war with France?

In common with the other colonies, Canada has asserted fiscal as well as political self-government, and lays import duties on British goods; a thing, it must be confessed, not manifestly consistent with the theoretic unity of the Empire. It is not likely that Canadian manufacturers will assent to the removal of those duties; in fact, they have pretty plainly intimated that they will not. Strong as sentimental attachment to the Empire may be, it is not strong enough to sweeten com-

mercial competition. Canadian manufacturers did not exult in the reduction of duties on British goods by the preferential tariff of Sir Wilfred Laurier. They are now calling for an increase of protection. Their influence on Government is great. The Laurier Government came into power on the platform of Free Trade, or at least of tariff for revenue only, and the leading financier among them had been the Bonanerges of that policy. Yet the Laurier Government soon formed amicable relations with the manufacturing interests, and instead of tariff for revenue only, declared for stability of tariff. Sir John Macdonald, so long master of the Government, cared little for any economical questions. But his personal leaning was probably to Free Trade. When he adopted Protection, under the *alias* of National Policy, it was for the purpose of winning an election. Taxed with his inconsistency on the subject, he jauntily replied that, Protection having done so much for him, he was bound to do something for Protection.

It is affirmed by some that the sentiment of Canadian nationality and of recoil from connection with the Americans has of late been on the increase. General sentiment is a thing difficult to gauge, and opinions about it are apt to be formed from a personal point of view; which personal point of view again is apt to be in cities, which are specially British centres, and not perfect representations of the whole country. National sentiment in the proper sense of the term is out of the question, Canada not being a nation but a colonial dependency; unless, indeed, there is an anticipation of independence. Anti-American feeling is cultivated, as was said before, in certain circles; but of actual shrinking from association with Americans, social, commercial, or industrial, there is no visible sign. Resentment of the treatment of Canada by the framers of

Dingley and McKinley tariffs there well may be. If it had been the set purpose of the tariff-makers at Washington to force into existence an antagonistic nationality on the northern border of the United States, they could not have adopted a better course. That Canadians, when they were excluded from the market of their own continent, must produce for a European market, and that their general interest and sentiments would take the course of their trade, was evident and could not be denied. But the argument made not the slightest impression on politicians who were mere delegates and agents of district and special interests. The French-Canadians, of course, have a little nationality of their own.

Nobody who has lived both in a nation and in a dependency can have failed to feel the difference in spirit between them. The colonial politician looks beyond the country for his highest rewards. The Imperial title is an honor above any which his own fellow citizens can confer. The social aspirations of the wealthy class generally point to the aristocratic and fashionable centre of the Imperial metropolis. Rarely does the wealthy colonist aspire, as not a few Americans do, to the character of a great citizen. The lot of a colonial dependency as a member of a mighty Empire may be higher than that of a nation of the second order, but its character cannot be the same. Perhaps there is some feeling of this sort in the minds of those who pine to change the present status for that of Imperial federation.

The writer brought with him to Canada the opinion of her destiny and that of the other British Colonies generally accepted in those days, which was that they were in training to be free nations and encircle their common parent with offspring the images of herself in all that had made her happy, glorious, and useful to humanity. This surely was

not a mean idea, or one which at all partook of the sentiment of Lord Beaconsfield, who confidentially called the Colonies millstones round the neck of England, and continued to speak of them in the same strain in private, as his great friend Sir W. Gregory tells us, to the end of his life. A new-comer was naturally drawn to what was called the "Canada First" party, a party consisting chiefly of young men warmly patriotic and looking forward more or less definitely to independence. It seemed a good thing to have two experiments in democracy, the more so as flaws have been clearly revealed in the American Constitution. An independent Canada would, as has already been said, have been perfectly safe from molestation on the part of her powerful neighbor. If one or two "tail-twisters" in Congress have said violent things, probably to catch the Irish vote, their words have had no weight. But the "Canada First" party, at the crisis of its course, was deserted by its leaders. There followed the deaths of its two most active members, and the party melted away. Then came the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending the Dominion to the Pacific so as to interpose between its two ends a distance greater than the width of the Atlantic. Every vestige of unity,

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such as seems requisite for the basis of nationality, geographical or commercial, was thus destroyed, while a connection was formed with territories in the North-West certain, as soon as Minnesota and Dakota overflowed, to be settled, as they are now being settled, by Americans.

There is, however, no danger of violent or precipitate changes unless Great Britain should be induced to declare war against the United States. What is wanted certainly, and without delay, by all but the monopolists on either side, is the renewal of commercial reciprocity, which involves no political change. For this a strong movement is now on foot, initiated, strange to say, by New England, the mother of Protection, but extending also to other and especially North-Western States. Any British statesman who may succeed by proclaiming commercial war against the United States is defeating this movement; and at the same time in depriving Canada, even for two or three years, of the bonding privilege, while he taxes her for Imperial armaments and wars, may chance to find that he has played over again the part of Mr. Charles Townshend as a consolidator of the Empire.

Goldwin Smith.

THE GARDENS OF ANCIENT ROME, AND WHAT GREW IN THEM.

From archæological experiences of the city and Campagna di Roma one may say that, wherever stucco-relief or actual fresco-work comes to light, one finds depicted not only *amorini* or *grotteschi*, but, with more or less skill, birds, flowers, garlands of fruit, or sometimes large shrubs, or even tall

leafy trees. Now, these representations as a rule are not merely formal leaves and flowers, not conventional foliage, such as we frequently see in Roman or early English architectural work; they are often actually identifiable with this or that species or variety of plants, which was sometimes fa-

miliar, sometimes historic, and sometimes positively sacred in the eyes of the ancient population of this city.

What is even more to the point in view, these beautiful objects are depicted with such vivid grace, and they betray, by form or coloring, such skillful observation on the part of the artist, that we may reasonably conclude the people for whom they were painted must at least have delighted in gardens and the things which grew in them; in fact, were a people who loved Nature as their mother, rather more deeply than other sides of their known character would lead us to conjecture.

When we go over an ancient house, whether in Rome or at Pompeii, we are tempted to criticize the narrowness of the windows and the restricted area of their sleeping-rooms, for to us they appear "poky," or quite impossible. But perhaps we ought to allow liberally for the fact that the owners passed much more of their lives out of doors than within them; in the sunny streets, in the airy porticoes, in the beautiful gardens; and, therefore, we should not translate these untoward evidences for proof of a dislike of fresh air. It seems more probable that when these artists are found, as at Livia's Villa, representing these realistic leaves, flowers, and trees, instead of other ornaments, they are following, as it were, a line of least resistance, and are expressing some of that constant delight in the open-air life which they led, and in the things of nature which they most loved to observe and have about them.

Again, if we clear for ourselves an imaginary path through the throng of imported divinities and cults (worshipped by the later Romans with so much sumptuousness, but so little sincerity), and go to the primitive deities adored by the early Latian peoples, we have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that a large proportion of

their gods and goddesses may be referred to the "powers" of the Vegetable world, not, as we should perhaps expect, to the Military spirit. They were gods of the corn, the wine, the fruits and flowers; sylvani, or tree-spirits; Saturn, the sowing god; and Flora, goddess of the flower-world. And there, surely enough, we find (what at first may rather surprise us) Venus to be the garden-goddess (not the fatal temptress Aphrodite, of "a later dispensation") to whom the myrtle is sacred, and with it the Vallis Murcia—the site of the Circus Maximus. Moreover we find *Mars*, the early god of Vegetation, the lord of the wheatfields, and having his first temple among them in the *Campus Martius*, and to whom the first month of the Roman year—the budding month—is sacred. His priests, or dervishes, were called *Salii*, or leapers; and they had their meeting in chapter-houses on each of the hills of Rome. On the first of the new year they danced, singing their hymns, around the Palatine, and the height which they leaped was regarded as indicative as to the height to which Mars would allow the new grain to grow.

Venus, we find, had a temple dedicated to her in 293 B.C. and yet another in B.C. 265, upon the feast-day of the *Vinalia Rustica*. Moreover, April was considered to be her month, therefore very respectable authorities have considered that, besides being the goddess of gardens, vineyards also were regarded as being under her prolific surveillance and protection. But in any case she was the divinity to whom the owners of gardens and orchards paid their vows.

And this brings me to the consideration of the word "*hortus*." For in early days it seems to have signified an orchard or a garden indifferently. And perhaps no argument is needed to persuade us, that, with an agricultural people such as the ancient Romans,

the garden was for a long period a purely practical adjunct to the residence; the necessary and increasingly important companion to the house which it supplied; and the refuse of which fed the dog and the pig. We may thus at the same time take for certain that this humble position was fulfilled by it long years before it became so matured as to give birth to the separate flower-garden. What flowers, sacred and others, were grown, probably grew as strips in what we should call a kitchen-garden.

The villa, of course, had no being as yet. Pliny¹ states that he finds no mention of a villa in the XII. Tables, "nusquam nominatur villa," but only the word "hortus," signifying the "bina jugera," or two acres inheritable by the heir to the house.

In those early times of this city, the woodlands, with their dark flex shadows and gnarled trunks, were not regarded as places of delight and attraction; they were not yet "vocales" or "venerabiles," so much as dangerous, black, and oracular, as were our own forests to the mediæval mind; they were looked upon with awe and fear, as "selve obscure," "caligantes nigra formidine." In them you would be likely to meet wild beasts, bandits, or apparitions. But, besides these, there were many strips of woodland, or at any rate preserved portions left over from clearings, which were consecrated to one or other divinity, which might neither be cut nor utilized for "mast" or fuel, by man or pig, without due and formal act of expiation. Such were the "nemus" and the "lucus"—a subject for separate treatment.

So, too, in the garden, there came to be cultivated plants which, besides being good for food, were raised for ritual uses, garlands, decorations, and sacrificial fuel, and also, no doubt, for salves and medicines.

¹ H.N. lib. xix. cap. 19.

The semi-volcanic soil of Rome possesses innate genius for growing good vegetables. For variety of salads, no city in Europe should excel Rome; though it may be thought that the hotel-keepers might, rather oftener than they do, permit their guests to experience these pleasant possibilities. Yet it is certain that, in the early days to which I am referring, the number of fruits and vegetables was strictly limited, as compared with imperial and modern days, when importations from all parts of the then known world continually arrived to enrich both garden and *cuisine* of the Roman house or villa. It is perhaps impossible now to determine precisely all the strictly indigenous vegetables which the early Romans used—I mean in those days when the meat-meal occurred but once a day, and when libations were made, not yet with wine, but with milk or honey.

Referring to those days of simplicity, Varro says "*avi et atavi nostri, cum alio ac cepe eorum verba olerent, tamen optime animati erant*": i.e., vigorous folks as they were, our forebears flavored their speech with onion and garlic; and if we turn for a moment to the origins of some of the most aristocratic names in Roman history—the Fabii, the Cæpiones, the Lentuli, and the Pisones—we shall find that they rather corroborate the suggested homeliness of the national beginnings.

It can scarcely be said that if one hears a person addressed as Mr. Bean the fact necessarily impresses us; yet, if in Cæsar's day a Roman had heard one of his neighbors addressed as "Fabius," he would have become aware that the person so addressed was a member of the most aristocratic of the clans; albeit in that period the harmless, necessary bean had come to be considered as food only fit for peasants and gladiators. In the Louvre—or was it in the Hermitage?—I once saw a

golden crown fashioned of bean-leaves which had been taken from an Italian tomb, and which, doubtless, had adorned the brows of some once-revered personage, and the thought came from the olden time: Was he, by chance, of the valiant Fabii, one of whom erected a triumphal stone arch on the Sacra Via, three hundred of whom once perished together in the Velentine war?

At the feast of the goddess Carna, in her temple on the Cœlian, used to be offered a mess of beans. Ovid explains this custom by saying that when her cult was instituted the Latin soil produced only beans and spelt. But Macrobius tells us further that beans were looked upon as a great source of vitality: *quod his maxime rebus vires corporis roborentur*; otherwise, the origin then of our phrase, "full of beans." He says also that the Kalends of June were called Fabariæ because beans were then ripe and were called for in sacrificial rites.² Pliny says that in the administration of justice, a black bean signified condemnation, while a white one meant "not guilty." The black variety was also much used as a funeral offering to the Lemures, and was laid in tombs. There is no doubt, therefore, that however much it had become despised in Imperial days, in preceding periods the bean had been one of the most important plants of the Roman garden.

But the *Fabii* were by no means the only illustrious family deriving their name from a garden vegetable. The *Capiones* owed theirs to *capa*—an onion; the *Lentuli* theirs to *lens*, the lentil; while the *Pisones* derived theirs from "*pisum*," the pea; moreover, *Cicero*, the cognomen of Marcus Tullius, like that of Professor Ceci to-day, is from *cicer*, the chick-pea. In Satire V. 177, Persius tells us that at the feast of Flora vetches, beans, and lu-

pinas were scattered broadcast among the populace gathered together in the Circus Maximus. The significance of this was doubtless the same as that intended by the rice, peas, and beans still thrown at weddings in various countries.

The potato was, of course, wanting to the Roman garden, but Cato considered the cabbage (*brassica*) to be the very king of vegetables, and it is likely that many varieties of the plant were cultivated already in his day. *Brassica est quæ omnibus holeribus antistat*,³ and he liked it both cooked and raw, dressed with vinegar. The best kind of artichokes (*cinara*) came from Carthage, whence had been imported the *malum Punicum*, or pomegranate; and also, apparently, the finest figs. For one recollects the clever use made by the same Cato of a bunch of quite fresh Carthaginian figs, which, being suddenly produced from beneath his toga, were intended to convince his hearers that great Carthage was become too near a commercial rival in the Mediterranean for the security of Rome.

Feniculum or fennel, and *lactuca*, lettuce—both of them, with the Phœnicians, sacred to Adonis—were regarded, as they still are here, as particularly good for the "Minister of the Interior," and also as sleep-producers. Venus is said to have salved the wounds of Adonis with lettuce. Pliny mentions a family who were not ashamed of their name, in fact a branch of the Gens Valeria: *Lactucini*. Pumpkin (*cucurbita*) and cucumber (*cucumis*) may both have been cultivated in quite early times. The Emperor Tiberius, probably a carefully temperate man, at one time is said to have eaten cucumber daily. *Intybus*, or endive, and wild asparagus were greatly esteemed, though the latter was thought inferior to a kind grown at

² Saturnal, i. 123.

³ Cato, R. R. 156.

Ravenna, and to that brought from Germany.⁴

I turn from these vegetables, however to the fruit-trees, which in early days must perforce have been rare, perhaps including only apples, pears, certain nuts, together with the almond and the fig, and even these came to Rome chiefly from other districts in Italy, such as Picenum, Nola, and Tarranto. The *malum Punicum* or pomegranate, which has always thriven in Roman soil, was no doubt a very early introduction from Carthage, perhaps by way of Sicily; and of course, the olive was regarded almost as native though brought up from Campania by one of the Licinian Gens.⁵ But so much during the later Republic did the Romans apply themselves to fructiculture that some ancient writers even go so far as to describe Italy (as some have called England) one great orchard: *ut tota pomarium videatur*.⁶ At that period rich amateurs vied with one another in the culture of apples and vines, and after Lucullus had introduced the cherry from Cerasus (on his way home from his campaign against Mithridates) of that fruit also; so that we hear of *malum Claudianum*, *Appianum*, *Cestianum*, of *Vitis Licinia*, *Sergia*, *Cominia*, and finally of *Cerasa Juniana*, *Aproniana*, and *Pliniana*. The *bericocca*, or apricot, is mentioned by various authors as *malum præcox*.⁷ Peaches multiplied, while chestnuts, *pistacium*⁸ from Spain, nuts from Thasos, and quinces from Crete, formed the integral portions of the festive repast.

But, meantime, what was happening to the primitive Roman garden? It is obvious that powerful influences were operating all on the side of its elaboration. What, indeed, in Roman life did not begin to feel, or could resist, the electric forces of increased wealth?

The spread of education, the importation of Greek teachers and semi-oriental habits, foreign wares and foreign plants, and foreign gods, both after the Punic wars, and especially after the conquest of Greece, fatally affected the simplicity of Roman life, and the spirit that haunted the Roman garden likewise felt the change, as did Venus, the garden-goddess herself, and Mars, the god of the wheatfields. To simple utility was given for partner costly ornament.

Then perfumes, derived from specially cultivated flowers, began to obtain recognition in fashionable life, and incense was more freely burned in the temples. And I must confess that if the Tuscan dealers in perfumes and pot-pourris thronged the Vicus Tuscus leading into the Forum, the immediate vicinity of the Cloaca Maxima was not altogether an inappropriate situation for the centre of their commerce. In the words of our own poet, all the spices of Arabia might sometimes fail to sweeten that little spot. From simple burnt laurel, verberna (*herba sabina*), and juniper, people advanced to the use of Cilician crocus, myrrh, *costum speciosum*, and cinnamon.

At the same time liqueurs were resorted to, and we find myrtle wine, palm-wine, and mastic made from wild lentisk, from which toothpicks likewise were cut. Absinthe was favored, especially that imported from the Black Sea;⁹ also mint, thyme, and anise. The stamens of the crocus were kept for coloring the dishes.¹⁰

But the garden itself probably most felt the change when the architecture of the house underwent improvement by the addition of the Greek peristylum or colonnaded court. Houses with no peristylum still kept their flower-gardens at the rear; as may be seen in the houses of Pansa, Epidius Rufus, and

⁴ Plin. H.N. xix. 61.

⁵ Ib. xv. 2, 4, 6.

⁶ Varro, R. R. i. 2.

⁷ Dioscorides, i. 165.

⁸ H. N. xiii. 5, 10.

⁹ Plin. xiv. 19, xxvi. 58.

¹⁰ Ovid, Fast. i. 75.

that of the surgeon at Pompell; although in the latter instance both peristylum and rear-garden occur, the latter behind the former. In fact, the more precious or flowering portion of the garden was transferred to the peristylum, which it brightly adorned and made fragrant, and where it could be enjoyed by the entire household.

Of course, matters did not stop here. Enrichments of various kinds presently supervened in the peristylum, or close, by the addition of carven well-heads, fountains and statues, and the marble-lined "impluvium" or tank, in which, later on, were placed roots of scented lilies brought from the rivers of Africa. Finally, there came over artists who covered the court of the rich man with frescoes in brilliant panels. And in this manner, it seems to me at least, the Roman pleasure-garden may have had its "genesis." It was an expansion of the garden in the peristyle.

But although some such pleasure-gardens, on quite a limited scale, marked the evolution from the mere strip of flower-garden—marked, that is to say, the superior rank and estimation put upon the place for flowers—the authorities practically agree in regarding Lucullus as the real creator of the great princely pleasure-garden, a place of sumptuous private entertainment. And I shall presently come to refer more closely to this. The example of the millionaire was certainly imitated with rapidity, on a smaller scale, by all the rich and leisured folk of the succeeding times.

Varro¹¹ says: "*Saturi flamus ex Africa et Sardinia*," and he complains that the most fruitful districts of the land are being converted into these pleasure-gardens, and that the operation is attended by increasing dearthness of the cereals. And, but little later than

this,¹² we find Horace lamenting that the luxury of possessing myrtle-woods, violet-beds, and plantations of roses has become so general that there is scarcely room for the cultivation of more useful plants. Truly we do not often find a poet deliberately regretting that the cabbage gives way to the rose, or the onion to the violet.

And this, perforce, brings me to an agreeable point in my subject, namely, the consideration of the amazing (but who will say undue?) importance attained in Roman civilization by the Rose. There seems to have been no known period when the rose was not at home with the Romans. It belongs to their earliest traditions, and it flourished wherever they conquered. For they grew roses and imported them also. They raised them from seeds and likewise from runners, or threads of root. They knew all about grafting onto wild stocks, all about budding, pruning, and fumigating. Yet notwithstanding the favoring climate, the demand for this national passion of theirs could not be supplied.

Roses were planted both singly and in groups, sometimes actually in whole plantations, and thus arose even a profession of rose-merchants. They possibly used glass-houses for the more delicate kinds¹³—

*Conditæ sic puro numerantur liliæ vitro,
Sic prohibet teneras gemma latere
rosas,*

—so as to save them from frost. The culture of roses commenced in February. Of the various species raised, the Campanian was the earliest; later appeared the scented Milesian rose and the rose of Palestrina; while the Carthaginian roses bloomed every month and were called "monthly roses." For its sweet powerful oil, the rose of Cyrene was highly esteemed, and the

¹¹ R. R. II. 20.

¹² Odes, II. xv. 5.

¹³ Martial, Ep. IV. xxii. 5, 6.

twice-flowering little roses of Pæstum held great favor.

At first the Romans possessed but three or four sorts; the wild hedge-rose, the musk-rose, the pimpernel-leaved rose, and the Gallica. In Pliny's day, however, he is able to enumerate ten varieties of garden-rose, having for coloring white, light pink, crimson, and yellow. Zell points out how much they were given to planting roses, by referring to sums of money given by grateful children to celebrate the return of their parents (after travel) by the planting of a new rose.¹⁴ A soldier also gives money to plant a rose on the day he returned from the war. In a will a bequest is made by the testator that three myrtles and three roses be planted upon each successive anniversary of his birthday. Tacitus tells us that the deservedly ill-fated Vitellius beheld the dreadful battle-field of Bedriacum, near Cremona, strewn with laurels and roses. It was the custom to sprinkle the ashes of the departed with wine, incense, and rose-leaves, before placing them in the funeral urn. The graves of relations were most religiously decked out with roses—"purpureosque jacit flores,"—and on the 23rd of May was celebrated each year a Rose-feast for the departed. It finished with a banquet in which roses were distributed to each of the partakers, and these were, presently, thrown upon the tombs. Plenty of inscriptions relating to this will be found in *C. I. L.* iii. 662, 754. And this *fête des roses* appears to have maintained its influence until it passed into Christian usage.¹⁵

There were in actual fact four days in the year upon which the flower-gardens were heavily taxed for supplies—"solemnia sacrificia"; (1) Birthday; (2) *Parentalia* (February 13); (3) *Rosalia*;

(4) *Dies viola*.¹⁶ The outsides of all the monuments were adorned on these occasions with roses and violets, while the lamps were lit within them.¹⁷ There is a sarcophagus in the Capitoline Museum, whereon the Genius of Life holds in her hand a wreath of roses.

Again, in ordinary life the joy of roses entered largely; for the cushions were filled with rose-leaves in the *triclinia*, and the floor was often strewn with them.

Nero caused roses to pour their rare perfumes from the vault of the banqueting-hall in his "golden house" upon his guests. Lampridius tells us, in his *Life of Heliogabalus*, that the beds and pavements of the palace (Flavian) were strewn with flowers—violets, lilies, hyacinths, narcissi, and roses—when Heliogabalus feasted; and from this to suffocating his guests with them was perhaps no very great step. A little later, the Emperor Carinus (281 A.D.) had caravans of roses from Milan; while in the south whole shiploads of them were wafted continually across the sea from Alexandria and New Carthage. It is pleasant to fancy ourselves falling in the track of one of those vessels at night upon the starlit sea. These must surely have been dried roses and their leaves!

And once again, another use for roses: on festival days the statues of the gods were crowned with wreaths of roses; and if the head of the statue could not be reached, then the crown was laid at the feet. The portraits of all beloved persons were likewise wreathed with roses; while the paths of triumphant warriors were strewn with them, or they were flung into the chariot as it passed on the route through the Forum up to the Capitol. Moreover, the rose was regarded as the symbol of reserve or si-

¹⁴ Epigraph. i. 107, and E. F. Wustemann, *Unterhaltungen aus der alten Welt für Garten- und Blumenfreunde*, 37-68.

¹⁵ Cf. Bellermann, *Die ältesten christlichen Begräbnisstätten*, p. 16, st. 5.

¹⁶ *C. I. L.* iv. 9626.

¹⁷ Ovid, *Fast.* ii. 539. ¹⁸ v. 127, tom. ii. 471.

lence, or typical of the secrecy of a trusted friend. The *Anthologia Latina* contains an epigram¹⁸ regarding the "Intercourse of Persons in Love," and it is said that a custom "sometimes" prevailed of suspending a rose above the company. This action was intended to show that what was uttered there must not pass outside; hence "*sub rosa*." At Baiae, when people went out on water-parties, they used even to sprinkle the sea with roses, as if it were the path of the God of Love.

But the adoration of the rose did not end here!

It was used by the *maitres de cuisine* with quinces as an essence for delicate dishes. Apicius even made rose-soufflés and rose-salads. The globules of dew were swept off roses with a bird's feather and mixed with wines and liqueurs. Pliny gives a recipe for rose-wine,¹⁹ and baths of rose wine and absinth were a vicious novelty introduced by the Syrian Heliogabalus.

But from the interesting literature of the rose I must cut myself adrift here to return but briefly to the sumptuous and ever more sumptuous gardens which grew it, and let it breathe softly through their dark avenues of ilex and along their white marble colonnades and pergulæ; gardens that far surpass anything of the kind now to be found here or elsewhere. (1) For in these, dropping, terrace by terrace, down the slopes of the Capo-le-Case, the Gregoriana, and Sistina, for example, there occurred in the gardens of Lucullus (as perfected later by Valerius Asiaticus) magnificent avenues of carefully cropped ilex, box, cypress, and bay, overshadowing marvellous fountains, and interrupted here and there by graceful temples, shrines, and porticoes, along which the roses and jasmine twined and garlanded themselves, and where the swallows and

swifts coursed up and down in the dazzling Roman sunlight. There, too, stood that marvellous Hall of Apollo, wherein Lucullus once feasted Cicero and Pompey at the cost of 50,000 drachmæ. There also, later, Messalina desperately took refuge with her mother, Lepida, and presently heard the garden-gates behind her being beaten and broken open by the centurion, Euodus, who had come to make an end of her. Some of the mosaic floors that have felt the feet and been swept by the garments of the great people of those days, are still lying *in situ*, obscured beneath No. 57 in the Via Sistina and No. 46 in the Via Gregoriana. From one of its multitude of pedestals or niches came forth the well-known "Slave sharpening his blade," in the Uffizi at Florence. The head of Ulysses in the Vatican was likewise found when digging the foundation for the cipollino column that now stands in the Piazza di Spagna.

(2) Trinità dei Monti, the Villa Medici, and the Pincian were included in gardens of similar splendid character belonging to the Achilli; and here, in 1868, besides nymphaea, porticoes, and hemicycles, was found a votive tablet dedicated to "Sylvanus" by Tychicus, freedman of Manius Acilius Glabrio, the keeper of his gardens.²⁰

(3) Below these, towards the Piazza del Popolo, succeeded the gardens of the Domitii, wherein was buried Nero. That Emperor's demon, it is well known, was supposed to haunt that spot, even as late as the twelfth century; and the crows which then roosted in a walnut-tree over his tomb were regarded by Pope Paschal the Second as creatures connected but too intimately with the certain abode of the first persecutor of the Church, and he cut it down.

(4) Across the city, on the Esquiline

¹⁸ v. 127, tom. II. 471.

¹⁹ Plin. H. N. xiv. 10, 19.

²⁰ Cf. Ersilia Caetani, 'Il Monte Pincio,' *Miscellanea Archaeologica*, 1891, p. 211.

were spread the Lamian Gardens, through which the Via Merulana now runs, adjoining those of Mæcenæ, which became, as had most of those splendid homes of tragedy, Imperial property by means of successive confiscations. There crazy Caligula received the Jewish embassy headed by Philo of Alexandria, and thither his body, covered with the red wounds made by Chærea's dagger, was brought in January A.D. 41 from the cryptoporticus on the Palatine, where he had bled to death, shrieking maniacally on the pavement.

(5) Adjoining those were spread out the rival gardens of the rich Statili, which in the fourth century were owned in part by the famous Vettius Agorius Pretextatus, as his inscribed leaden pipes have revealed. In earlier days Agrippina coveted these gardens from the son of that Statilius who built the amphitheatre in Rome, and so effectually did she calumniate him that he satisfied her cupidity by conveniently suiciding.

(6) Again, in Regio VI., at that portion of the city towards the Porta Pia (now occupied by the Via Boncompagni and Via Salustiana) were spread out the favorite Imperial gardens of the Flavian Emperors, once those of the millionaire historian, Sallust. There the excellent Emperor Nerva ended his too brief reign. Their beautiful situation and the fine air prevailing there during the summer, as well as the magnificent arena, the Porticus Millaren-sis and circus (to which belonged the obelisk now adorning Trinità del Monti), recommended these gardens to numbers of the later Emperors. Vopiscus (in his account of Aurelian, the builder of the walls) says that Emperor preferred living there to residing on the Palatine, and that, although not enjoying very good health, Aurelian took daily the exercise of horse-riding. Their splendor, however, was doomed to sur-

vive but little more than one hundred years later. For, albeit walled in, it so happened that Alaric, the Gothic conqueror, encamped with his army just outside the Porta Salaria; and certain traitors within the city taking the gate by a sudden assault, the Gothic army was let in, and fire was set immediately to all the houses and buildings near it, including the villa of Sallust. Procopius says, "The greater part of these buildings remain half-burnt, even now, in my time." So the beauty of those famous gardens perished in 409-10 A.D.

But were one to pass in procession, jewel by jewel, along all the splendid girdle of luxurious gardens that encompassed Imperial Rome, it would not only occupy more space than would be proper, but readers would at the same time be constrained, I think, to come to the conclusion, to which I am myself driven, that with all their grandeur and beauty combined there prevailed also considerable monotony and repetition of forms; that one garden with porticoes much imitated another, though on a different scale, all around Rome, the same architectural mouldings being repeated in various marbles; that there was in fact a notable poverty of invention, which (to the Roman mind), however, was sufficiently atoned for by excessive expense and ostentation. We should surely have been wearied with the oppressive costliness, by the bewildering wealth, and by the deadly want of contrast! For, apart from the eternal colonnades and fountains, statues and marble seats and statues, monotony, if not vulgarity, must have tyrannized over us in the over-prized achievements of the "topiarius" or "arborator," that highly salaried pleacher, who cut and tortured trees of divers kinds into various deformities then most prized or fashionable. For his duty was not confined to interminable neat box-edging and pruning, but he imitated in the living

materials furnished by the garden the forms of sculpture and of architecture. He literally grew colonnades, he fashioned obelisks of box, cypress, or ilex. He not only flattered his lord and master by inscribing his name in odoriferous herbs, or gorgeous flowers, that startled the garden with occasional *tours de force*, but he actually trimmed trees into family portraits, or even those of historical characters; he transformed bushes and thick-foliaged shrubs into the fantastic likeness of ships, lions, bears, and birds. And these rather degenerate "conceits" and extravagances met with profound appreciation and were rewarded with increase of wages by the same individuals who, having tired of mere gladiatorial fights with wild beasts in the Coliseum, only derived real thrills from such uncanny performances as fights between women and dwarfs, or women with each other. Pliny says the gardeners were the best-paid of all workers.

But, not to dwell too much upon this less attractive aspect of the wondrous gardens of Imperial Rome, let me draw to a close by referring to one of their more important features, namely the nature and variety of the trees grown in them, the trees which after all formed the beautiful relieving background to those statues, those crystal fountains, and the colored marble buildings! And, in passing, let me remark how inordinate an influence the ancients ascribed in garden operations to the moon! For just as Epicurus had attributed a finer flavor to oysters fished up under a waning moon, so the Roman gardener and his master considered that apples and other fruits acquired a far finer color and relish when plucked at that season. They also considered that unless the cypress and pine tree they felled for building

purposes or for other needs were cut beneath a cadent moon, the timber was liable to rot.

And, *vice versa*, all planting, all sowing of cereals and vegetables, had to be done while the moon increased. They also calculated very carefully as to north and south aspects, winter and summer suns, light or shade, for the bettering of their plants. Moreover, they took extraordinary pains with irrigation, pruning, and the dressing of beds; they carried on continual war with ants, snails, and earthworms, by means of sulphur fumigations, soot-scatterings, ashes, and oil-dregs. Around infected vines or other fruit-trees they burned pitch, galbanum, roots of lilies, and stag horn; and planting a fresh plot of ground, they rooted up the too aggressive "asphodels," just as the farm folk still do on the Campagna, for two years running, placing the bulbs in great heaps and consuming them entirely.

The frescoes in the Villa of Livia at Prima Porta, at the house on the Palatine, and many of those found at Pompeii, have supplemented for us the not too abundant information contained in passages up and down the classical poets and *littérateurs*; writings, therefore, have been illustrated by recaptured paintings. More than three score ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers represented in these wall pictures have been already identified and catalogued; and many, let us hope, will still be added to the file. Suffice to mention that they used hedges as well as lattice work. The latter was made of reeds or canes, and the best kinds of the former were of cornel and pomegranate interwoven with roses or thorn. Above the hedges, juniper, cypress, cedar, stone-pines, bay-laurels, planes, chestnuts, lotus diospyros,²¹

²¹ This much-prized shrub was one of the attractions of the Palatine house of Lucius Crassus, whom Cicero nicknamed the "Palatine Venus." The orator, however, purchased the house himself later on. In the peristylum flourished six lotus-trees which survived many

masters. We hear of Cæcina Largus proudly showing them to his friends in A.D. 42. The plant is still known around Naples as "Legno Santo" or "Holy-wood." A more famous specimen was for generations the sacred tree of the Vestal Convent.

walnuts, acacias, and figs lifted themselves; while beyond them ran even alleys of trimmed ilex and cork trees, along which the insinuating zephyrs travelled, mingling the breath of myrtle, narcissus, and rose.

And all these timber-trees were employed by the growers for many various and special purposes. But I must content myself with one or two of those purposes. For the ancients seem to have counted good pine and cypress wood the equal of cedar and ebony. For strength, for odor, for beauty, for durability, these were held to be beyond praise. One is reminded that Plato wished the laws and statutes of Athens to be inscribed on tables of sacred cypress-wood, which he considered was longer-lived than bronze. The doors of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus were of this wood, and were said to have lasted four hundred years. The other day an architectural fragment was found in the Forum by Commendatore Boni which may be called a document in stone, although it contains not a single letter of any inscription. It, however, spoke volumes. It is a portion of the marble jamb of the door of the Temple of Vesta, containing, besides the typical Corinthian mouldings, the semi-circular groove in which turned the hinge.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

In examining it, I noticed that there is no metal staining of any kind on the marble. From this it is legitimate to deduce that the door itself was probably not made of bronze in this instance, but, like many ancient doors, of wood. This wood will have been cedar or cypress, as being woods both sacred and resisting insect depredation better than any other. More probably it was of the latter. We have several splendid specimens still remaining in Rome of Roman bronze doors. They occur at the west front of the Lateran, at the Lateran Baptistry, and at SS. Cosma and Damiano in the Forum; but, as far as I know, we have but one example of truly ancient wooden doors, and they it is just possible, are the very oldest wooden doors in the world. I refer to those of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, which, though restored in later times, belong to the fifth century. They are made of cypress wood, probably from trees two or three hundred years old, at least, when felled at that period. Hence, in their oldest portions, these doors take us back at least to the date of Aurelian and the walls around Rome. Moreover, they may have been made from specially prized trees in the villa garden of some wealthy patron of the early Church.

St. Clair Baddeley.

OLD DAYS IN A WESSEX VILLAGE.

How good to be down here, far away from towns of a thousand streets, from the black counties of industry, and those new cities by the sea which charm not. For here in the deep leafy lanes, in the villages which lie amid orchards twinkling with cider apples, streaked and ruddy, and in the spangled gardens of the gray old mul-

lioned granges, the hand of change has been laid but lightly and the age of hurry is yet unknown. How often are we face to face with the England of a hundred years ago, and now and then how easy to reach out our hands and touch the days of William the Dutchman and of good Queen Anne.

Is it because of our simple life?

Here, indeed, we live with nature who is older than us all, if young again with every day. Nothing here cuts in twain the whole arc of heaven or blackens the green field with grime or stains the clear brook with modern chemical. The life of the farm and the cottage begins and ends at much the same hours as it began and ended under the early Georges—or the early Edwards, for the matter of that. Sunrise and sunset have not changed and they who live with nature mark her clock. The day which runs its length in eight hours is simply unintelligible to him who milks the cows at daybreak and knows that it will fare ill with them if they are not milked again ere sundown. The oldest of all the arts of life has changed the least; for seed-time and harvest do not fail.

Yet there has come a certain change over the remotest village. It is the change which is made by little things—the things that are intimate and daily. Our higher civilization orders it so that the home life of the cottage has been turned into a new thing of quarter-pounds and pennyworths. It is no longer the life of the housewife who grows and makes and bakes and brews the greatest part of all she needs; it is rather that of the housekeeper who distributes her money between packets of this and tins of that. There is nothing now that my neighbor Betty cannot buy at our village shop, in the fractions permitted by the week's wage—whether it be bread, eggs, pickles, potatoes, bacon or herbs—all of which she formerly "grew" herself. Bonnets, dresses and gew-gaws for Sunday and Shroton Fair she used to make well enough if unready; now they can be easily bought, all stark and stiff with newness, at the little shop with the bow-window and white curtains, and paid for on a three months' purchase system. But it is not all loss. There are things she used to go without and

happily now can obtain in a few minutes in bulk proportioned to her economy and with a mere trifle of expenditure—things good for the soul as well as the body, such as coffee, tea and cocoa, as oil, matches and soap, as meat and soup in tins which are more convenient than beautiful.

After all, life in the villages of old was a handicap. Rough pleasures there were in plenty, and perhaps hearts were lighter in those days that were so much less full; but for the delicate and weak each day brought its burden. Women had evil times often enough and the life held little for the helpless, for it was a hard and a high wall against which the weak were pushed. Yet the past had its recompense, and to this day we delight in talking about it and reviving old memories, if only we may reach a truer idea of how it shaped and grew, flourished and decayed.

And now, as I linger in the garden of this flower-kirtled grange, with its good gray walls gilded not a little with embroidery of lichen, and look over the purpling roofs of the village lying so snug on the sunny side of the hill, there seems so much about me still belonging to those days that it is easy enough to cross the interval between this harvest time and that of a hundred and fifty years ago. Timbered house and tithe-barn, the upping-stocks at the door here, the wooden conduit leading from the hill, the very fashion of the stiles, to say nothing of the ancient church with its mantle of feathered ivy and the God's acre where the familiar names of to-day are seen to be, after all, the names of a century ago, the quaint customs which help out the manners of the place, even the very furniture which is so intimate, and much else that helps, unnoticed, to complexion life—their all date from those earlier days, and keep us close to the fore-

fathers who sleep the long sleep in the shadow of the tower.

Yet there is a change in the spirit of our life in this old Wessex village. It is a subtle change, more inward than outward in its working. Let me take an instance or two. Of the church, which for centuries has stood by us from baptism to funeral, we hear nowadays enough criticism; but what bishop's wife would now take £10 from a parson "to speak to her lord for him"? Yet this is what the wife of our diocesan, a hundred and fifty years ago, did not hesitate to do. What borough, in all its modern municipalism and with a pomp of correctness far above the beadle's, would now pass the tippling accounts of its members "for to drink with" certain persons and discuss the latest proclamation with them? Yet our great and overshadowing neighbor, the borough two miles westward, did this as a matter of course in those days. And what of this for the work of a former squire? Brought by high play and a fastidious taste in horseflesh to the verge of ruin he held a great sale, and instituted a lottery for the purchase of his old acres. By a mere trick, he contrived that a young gentlewoman, a poor relation, should win the prize, intending by compulsion and the great authority of chieftainship to force her to sell it back to him for a bagatelle. Unhappily for our squire, this "she-slip of loyal blood" had not worn lilac breast-knots in vain, and, unknown to her rich relative, possessed the homage of a gallant from some Inn of Court. And so well did her lover advise that she not only made good her claim to the estate but eventually sold it to another Wessex gentleman. But our squire, high-handed as they were in those apocalyptic days and maddened by the ill-turn of fortune's wheel, stoutly refused to surrender the estate or leave the manor, and so brought about a

suit which was a godsend to many lawyers and eventually deposited him and his daughters in Dorchester gaol, where indeed they ultimately died!

In these days, too, we have gone back to the old county and parish limits which threatened to be merged in central government, and here in this village we still have our special local prejudices. But it is a far cry to the time when our farmers were not allowed to sell butter to the men of Devon unless they first went to the justices at petty sessions and got from them a sort of special licence which strictly limited the amount they might sell at any one time and the occasions of each sale. "Old Dosset" was then held to be too good a thing to go haphazard or by any loose freedom of trade to Devon or Somerset, part of our fair Wessex though they be. Church questions are still troublesome and on the "growing indifference" they sound a loud note at conferences of clergy; but we never hear now of our squires at the petty sessions sitting in judgment on a woman who does not happen to go to church some fine Sunday morning. Yet in this village, not a hundred and fifty years ago, the great-great-grandmother of our sexton (who by the way, has a strain of cynicism in him, though whether it come from heredity or his trade, I cannot say) was fined half-a-crown for the offence "and in default of paying she was ordered to be set in stocks." And not only in this village did that thing happen.

So, too, the public whipping of women lingered late. The accounts of the constables of Wessex boroughs are largely filled with charges for whipping. Thus, in the records of our neighboring borough, which I may at once say has borne at times an indifferent character and aped too much, I fancy, the modish ways of the great city, you can read of this:—"For whip-

ping Agnes Abbott *twice* [poor Agnes!] 2s. 4d; paid to whipping four women 4s," probably a reduction on taking a quantity. The women were stripped to the waist and flogged down the chief streets and about the marketplace until the red blood flowed. The average price for whipping such was a shilling, but, though man will do much for reward, it was sometimes difficult to find a parishioner who would flog a neighbor; we are clanny in the west, you know. And for that reason, perhaps, there was no love lost between clan and clan; the next parish was only too ready to supply a whipster for our sinners. So local, indeed, were we that roguish men and women from a distance, whom we called "foreigners," were quickly dealt with and so little esteemed that we whipped them at a cheaper rate. Again, we are to-day rightly tender to the sick; but in the old days in Wessex we confined persons with infectious diseases in the lock-up, and whipping was held to be good for them. Should the sick be loud in lament, at which now I do not wonder, the watchman kept them quiet by this popular discipline, and our rich neighbor the borough, which kept its records as if it were proud of them, once "paid T. Hawkins for whipping two people that had the small pox, 8d." Yes, the spirit of this age is different from that.

But to pass to such of the material side of things as we of to-day have from them of yesterday. Let us walk down this quiet street as it winds in slow keeping with our pace and with ever so gentle a curve. On either hand are our Wessex homes, cottages with purple roofs splashed with the green of moss and starred with the pink of wild convolvulus. Some have mere "lights" for windows and some the long low casements pillared with mullions of our good golden sandstone. Few are there without a jungle of

sweet Williams, stocks, hollyhocks, lavender, larkspurs, sweet-briars and roses between house and garden-wall, and through the latticed gate we see how clumps of bloom beset the narrow path. But putting aside this annual pageant of the summer, we shall note that the houses are little changed in their main points from what they were a hundred and fifty years ago. The walls are not often built of stone; oak was too plentiful and cheap before the wars with France swept the country of it for our ships. I know great expanses of land about here which to-day are bare of trees or have been planted in modern times with firs or strange new pines from the world below the sea, which bore then good broad oaks in great number. The village builders would use the local stone as a foundation and then above it they raised walls which were either made of what we in the west country call *cob*—that is to say, marl or mud mixed up with chopped straw—or of oak-timbers filled in with mud plaster which they used to spread on reeds of spear-grass, and not on laths, as the journeymen do now. Then there was no ceiling to any but a very superior house—such as would hold the ladies who heightened their hoods and widened their hoops according to the passing mode. In all other houses the flooring of the room above and the beams on which it rested formed the ceiling of the chief rooms and they all—beams, joists, and flooring—were of oak, whitewashed. The roof itself was of good oak, overlaid with "healing stones"; hundreds of houses in Wessex still carry such a roof and sound as a bell it rings, though two or three centuries old. All this oak framework (good to last and only less slow to burn than elm) cost little. That of the vicarage of our borough, which was burnt in the disorders nearly two centuries back, cost but twelve pounds to replace. And

this reminds me that one of the badges of our Wessex aldermen was a large hook with a leather thong. It was a badge of civic duty, seeing that it was intended for nothing else than pulling down the beams and tronpieces of a house when it caught fire, which it did more often than enough.

This brings me to our Wessex chimney-places, so wide and welcome. They did not develop suddenly, for chimneys at first were seldom to be found and stone chimneys still more rarely. Two hundred years ago most of our people here heaped their fire against the wall of the living room, made a hole in the outside wall, and over the fire built the deep projecting fireplace, which was roomy enough to catch the smoke and hold the chilly inmates. This fireplace was just built of mud, plaster and wood, and often became a danger to the house. Indeed, our people were constantly being fined for not "amending their mantells." Why mantells? I wonder; though I do not know unless the old custom of fixing pegs all round this spacious fireplace, on which the wet cloaks were hung to dry, stood sponsor for the name. There are hundreds of such early fireplaces in Wessex to-day, but three or four generations ago a half-chimney was built up outside, from the hole upwards, as a concession to the times that were even then advancing. And, of course, most of our houses had ovens. A public baker was an almost unknown person, and to this day there are large villages round us where he has not yet been found. Those dear old Dryasdusts (whom we love for their patience and their pride in Wessex) tell us that querns (hand mills for grinding corn) are associated with the prehistoric Briton; but all the time we know that querns were used in the west until quite recently. In the century before the one just gone the lord of our manor often fined those of us who

were his tenants for using these querns instead of bringing their corn to be ground at his mill.

It is strange, seeing the intimate terms on which we live with our furniture, how seldom it reflects in knob or twist our local bias or our racial egoisms. Even Chippendale, when he had done borrowing from the French, went so far afield as China for his models. But here in Wessex, we can easily go back beyond the days of the earlier style of Chippendale. In all the better houses round about us, there is much of that good oak furniture which was wrought by honest workmen during the century preceding Chippendale and whose history is still unwritten. Few of us suspect that in these out-of-the-way places a great collection may easily be made of oak chairs, tables, settles, bureaux and dressers, simple and symmetrical and so honest and consistent as to be worthy to rank as a "school" of such woodcraft. There was no great variety, it is true, in the furniture of our farmhouses. There were no carpets, and the curtains were mere flounces along the windows. Until quite lately plaited rushes were strewed upon the floor and oak shutters kept out night and unduly curious persons. Oaken, too, was the furniture, nor was it upholstered. Chairs, tables, chests, dressers, settles (what a power of harmony rests in a settle and how redolent is it of the tales of our forefathers), stools, hanging cupboards and four-posted bedsteads exhaust the list; but everything was good and sound and the whole was enough. You can still see it all—here and to-day. But I think the housewife made cushions and that she stuffed them with wool of her own carding and spinning—arts in which our women excelled; and I am sure there were one or two featherbeds about, though most people, it is true, slept on straw pallets. This may

seem a bare inventory, but it was a great advance on earlier days. For, some considerable time before this, when people were taxed on the gross value of every article they owned, the tax-gatherer in our district, even with that keen scent common to his class, failed to discover in our blacksmith's house anything more than two stools, a trestle table, a basin and ewer, and andirons in his living room; in his chamber, two beds—not bedsteads—and two towels; and in his kitchen a pot, a trivet and two saucepans! But in the more recent days furniture was ample of its kind and sound withal, and from the point of view of health the absence of upholstery was preferable to that preponderance of it which afflicts us now.

I do not think that Wessex breeds cooks easily. Those of us who are not too Keltic are at any rate too Saxon to achieve kickshaws. The fine art of cooking comes by nature, and, in western Europe at least, is monopolized by the Latin peoples. But what we had of food we had in plenty, and, although distress spread wide, and quickly became acute when harvest failed, as a general rule even the poorest in our west country had enough to eat. Beef, mutton, pork, fish (for Wessex lies between two seas and we are a sea-faring people), cabbage and bread formed the staple of the prospering poor, while the more fortunate added venison, capons, chickens and wild fowl to this diet. For the last two hundred years, a loin of mutton stewed and served in a thick broth has been a favorite west country dish. I am afraid we habitually overate (and over-drunk) ourselves, but we loved plenty and our hands were open. When some Wessex lord kept high festival, the scene was Gargantuan. At a great junketing which was held one hundred and fifty years ago at Ford House, not far from here, this was the provision for the guests: One hundred

and forty partridges, seventy-one turkeys, one hundred and twelve chickens, two hundred and fifty-eight larks, three deer, six oxen, five sheep and "two and a half calves." It is quite worth pointing out that this feast was as remarkable for the variety as for the abundance of the provender. For in addition to the foregoing there were also cooked and eaten mallards, plovers, sea-larks, pea-hens, gulls and curlews. And shell-fish was much accounted of in those days, for our neighboring borough provided for the judges, as they passed through on circuit, what they then called "a treat," one which surely must have been remembered, seeing that it consisted of thirty lobsters, as many crabs, a hundred scallops, three hundred oysters and—fifty oranges.

The men of Wessex have long been credited with a particular capacity for liquor, which with the mead they still drink in some of our villages I think they inherit from the earliest wassailing times. Of all drinks, of course the cheapest and most plentiful were cider and beer. Then came ale, not the mild "dinner beverage" of to-day, but good strong old beer, which was drunk out of long wine-glasses by the rich for many years after. Such glasses are still to be met with in our houses and old inns, and sometimes, but with increasing rareness, the old-fashioned ale. We did not traffic much in wine, though canary, malaga, claret and sack had each their vogue and were not expensive. In the days of our grandfathers' great-grandfathers canary was two shillings and claret a shilling a quart, and at any entertainment the cost of wine bore a proportion to the whole bill very different from that it bears now. Sherry, by the way, was scarcely known with us till the middle of the eighteenth century, and just before then, too, punch begins to figure in the old bills.

But cider and small beer were then, as now, the great drink of the west country. To-day I can go into the villages of our beautiful Wessex and behind many a cottage and farmhouse find the old cider-house of those days and, still standing within it, the massive oak cider-press and "vollyer" and troughs. Now as then, those heaps of streaked and ruddy apples which are lying out in the orchard, under the gray trunks and limbs of the trees, twinkling brightly on the tufted grass, are carefully gathered up by willing hands and turned into hogsheads of sweet cider. The village ale-houses hereabout have few spirit-licences between them—that trade is chiefly with the passer-by who belongs elsewhere. "A mug o' zolder" is the constant call; "a pot o' beer" ranks next to it—*pot*, because at one time they were literally stone pots and, I regret to say, even then "made in Germany." Elsewhere in England beer was the chief, almost the only beverage of the country people, and later, in the eighteenth century, Dorset beer became famous and popular, if strong; for a great philosopher of that time, who came a journey into our west country, somewhat unwisely (but for our amusement) recorded in his diary its influence on him: "I found the effect of last night's drinking that foolish Dorset, which was pleasant enough, but did not at all agree with me, for it made me very stupid all day." But during the last two centuries and even to-day in our more western villages, cider has been and remains supreme. So far back as the days of the merry Charles cider was needed to keep pace with the rebound in temperament and so came to the front. And when that unhappy son of Lucy Walters, the Duke of Monmouth, staked his all and lost it at Sedgemoor, which is a day's ride from here, the farmers from everywhere round sent countless hogsheads to the

King's forces as welcome gifts. Up to that time the apples had been so carelessly grown that the cider was called "mordicant," and sharp indeed it must have been, if we can realize that the sharp cider we make to-day is sweet beside it. But greater pride in the local liquor made our forefathers excel in its making, and it began to be so popular amongst the Wessex squires that it came to the dignity of being bottled. So great indeed grew the demand that in a village which lies apparently asleep on the side of a hill that drops for two long miles down to the vale of Blackmore, no fewer than ten thousand hogsheads have been brewed in one year. Nor is cider quite the mild drink some people imagine it to be. Many a brawny giant of Wessex succumbs to its too potent charm, though now and again you may chance upon a seasoned veteran who, as he lifts the blue mug which is here sacred to cider, will tell you with a sly twinkle in his round gray eyes, "Lor, bless 'ee, zurr, Oi do-ant drinky vor drunky; Oi do-a drinky vor dry."

It is not until well on in "the tea-cup times of hood and hoop" that I discover "corphee" in the West Country, when it was on sale at Dorchester, though some of the richer people probably had it earlier. Of course it took time for new fashions to travel down from London, for Wessex was a wild country and far and the road between us worse than bad. But "the China drink, called by the Chineans Teha, by other nations tay alias tee," came to us before coffee, and was drunk in our great houses soon after the Restoration.

At this time our peasants ate their food off "treene" or wooden trenchers or platters, which were generally made of beech. In the days of good Queen Anne these could be bought at Ilminster Fair (and many another) for eight-

pence a dozen and you might have your choice of the round shape or the square. But undoubtedly then pewter had found its way into all our farm-houses and the homes of people above peasant rank. And most admirable it was. You can find to-day in west country homes these pewter services certainly more than a hundred years old and as good as ever. Brilliantly polished, such a service of plate looks handsome indeed on the old oak dressers that still survive with it. As to knives, we had them from the earliest times, but the death of Elizabeth and the introduction of the fork into Wessex coincided; and I do not think our peasants used forks before the days of Queen Anne, if then. Each person helped himself at meals and would take hold of the end of the joint and cut off what he wanted—hence the somewhat later idea of tying paper or a cloth round the end of the joint for the sake of cleanliness, a custom which survives in the paper frill with which some ornament the knuckle-bones of ham and cold mutton. It was in Queen Anne's days, too, that silver forks became the vogue in polite circles, but we did not know much about this in the west country.

Ill health is a bad thing at any time; a hundred and fifty years ago our friends made it terrible for us. Blood-letting, of course, was a very simple affair; everybody was bled twice a year, in the spring and in autumn, and people lived so grossly that I am sure it did them good. Throughout Wessex the peasants were bled on Sunday mornings—at sixpence each. The barbers were the surgeons and were much more plentiful in the country than now. Like wise men (and their successors the doctors) they adapted their prices to their patients. A gentleman who so indulged himself as to go to bed to be bled was charged half-a-crown, and

his fine lady half-a-sovereign. Certain days were unlucky for blood-letting and nothing would induce the barbers to operate on these occasions. As to serious diseases, they seem to have been beyond the medical skill of the day. Our villages and towns simply drove out the infected from their midst. In the accounts of our neighbor, the borough, I find that the mayor sometimes paid a handsome sum to a man with the leprosy or the small pox "to rid him"—to induce him to come on to us! I read, too, of men being paid to watch a neighbor whose son had the small-pox and prevent him from bringing the boy into the town. On the other hand the fame of quacks spread far, and even our local authorities were not above believing in them and would often pay for a patient to go to such an one—a lad went from the next parish to a quack in Ireland to be cured of lameness.

Amongst our remedies herbs of course played a great part. "For salves," runs an old note-book which had a great vogue, "the country parson's wife seeks not the city, and prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums." Sage was held a very great medicine: it was even asked (though in Latin, I admit) "Why should anyone die who has sage in his garden?" If anyone had a disease of the mouth, the eighth psalm should be read for three days, seven times on each day. As a remedy it was "sovereign." For insanity or fits we prescribed whipping. Little wonder that mortality was great—which reminds me that a coffin was not often seen in the west country before the eighteenth century. Our poor were buried simply in their shrouds; that is why those who died of the plague were thought to infect the ground. There is a large mound in our churchyard where those who died of the plague were buried in a great pit. Even to this day, you can-

not find a man in the village who will dig a new grave in that spot.

In the days I recall the art of writing was not generally practised. Professional scribes undertook for the public the little they needed in this way. We have a strange old legal document here with ninety signatures, of which seven only are autographs. The remainder are marks—a bird, a dog, a wheel, an axe or mere hieroglyphics or impenetrable cyphers. But every generation was becoming more literate than the last. The time of horn-books arrived: the universal dominion of the tally or notched stick (though sometimes used to this day in Wessex) began to be invaded by arithmetic on paper. Even the hour-glass became less needed as parish clocks increased in number. So village and grammar schools multiplied and were patronized, though their curriculum was often a quaint mixture of mental instruction and manual work—to my thinking, no bad mixture either. Yet one Mrs. Roche, wife of the then parson of our next parish, lost her suit when it was shown that a child, who had been summarily removed from her care, had been placed with her “to be bred up and taught the needle” and not to be utilized as a handmaid.

On the other hand there was great laxity, as we should say, in some directions. Cock-fighting was a recognized school-game; and the masters used to defray the cost of the birds and add the items to their account against the parents. Several schools in our county and in those adjacent kept packs of hounds, and a holiday to enable the boys to see a man hanged was granted as a matter of course. And here are one or two items from a bill delivered by the mistress of a girls’ school of the period. They are those of a young Wessex lady who went to a boarding-school in Surrey. She was charged nineteen shillings and sixpence

for “firing” during the winter half; among other things, she had to purchase a bolt for her door, soap and starch, calico to line her stockings, a basin, toothpicks and pattens. The materials, including the parchment, for her sampler, cost three and sixpence. The sampler, of course, was the great achievement she took home at the end of the half year to demonstrate the inestimable benefit of the education she was receiving.

But in days when the patch was worn, and in spite of much that went to their discomfort, the Wessex ladies were not wanting in spirit or beauty. Let me close these reminiscences of the west country by telling the story of a Wessex gentlewoman who was as rich as she was beautiful. Being an heiress, she had a prescriptive right to be whimsical; but she had been besieged so hotly by the modish Cupid of that day and had refused so many offers for her person and her possessions, that the amorous and spendthrift gallants, finding that to bedizen arm and leg with love-knots availed them nothing, declared her invulnerable. But at last it chanced that being present at a great marriage in the county town she met a gentleman, a briefless member of the Temple, to whom fell the fortune of “filling her eye.”

Wessex beauties, however, hold views of their own on courtship. So she conveyed by a trusty messenger a challenge to this stranger to fight a duel to the death in what was really her own demesne. Without knowing whence the challenge came or wherefore—the times were feckless—the stranger kept the appointment; but can we conceive his astonishment when he discovered his opponent to be a masked lady of whom, of course, he knew absolutely nothing. The lady, with much pretty braggadocio and mouthing, we may be sure, peremptorily challenged him to fight her—or marry her! The

amazed Templar was dumbfounded, as our people say; but at last regained wit enough to suggest that she should first unmask. Not a bit of it; the lady would neither unmask nor declare her name; she merely stamped her high heels on the grass and drew her rapier. But there is an advantage in being bred to the law, and the barrister, at length, seems to have reckoned up with some discernment the evidence before him. The extent of the park, the stately lines of the red brick house in the distance, the rich attire, the spirit and the high bearing of the lady—all seemed to hang together as a chain of

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evidence in a very intimate way. So the man of law, drawing a deep breath to sustain him, I doubt not, stoutly declared that he would rather wed the gentlewoman than court her skill; and in as short a time as it could be managed in those days (and that was very short indeed) he wedded beautiful Mistress Joyce and entered into possession of the glories of Walton.

And, at least, this may serve to show that our Wessex gentlewomen have a fine spirited way of getting what they want. But dare I claim this as another custom peculiar to the west country?

A. Montefiore-Brice.

THE JUSTICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

All day I had been riding round the ruins of Ephesus, and in the afternoon the rain fell heavily, so that I was glad to hurry back along the Via Sacra with its empty tombs to the shelter of the inn at Ayasoluk.

There Mr. Karpouza, the landlord, had prepared a capital dinner, and I found a good fire blazing up the chimney in the dining-room. And soon, as the dark February afternoon closed in, in thick cold mist, the lamp was lighted, and I sat down to do full justice to the fare.

Driven into the inn by stress of weather came a tobacco trader, who, with a low bow, took a chair opposite to me and ate his soup in silence.

We began to talk about travelling other than by rail in such inclement weather. The trader was bound for Scala Nuova, which would have necessitated a long drive through almost impassable country. Then the conversation turned upon the latest news of

Tchakegie, the brigand. Mr. Karpouza had agreed with us in our self-congratulations on being so well housed; but at the mention of Tchakegie he made frantic signs from behind my back to the trader to change the subject. At length he could keep silence no longer.

"If you talk like this no more travellers will come this way."

"But," I said, "Tchakegie lives some distance from here."

"Only the name of his place is unfortunately the same as this. It is called Ayasoluk," said the trader.

Mr. Karpouza fairly groaned. "It means the place of St. John," he said apologetically, "but why the place of that ruffian should—"

"He's no ruffian!" exclaimed the trader.

"It is my misfortune," bewailed Mr. Karpouza, "that just the home of that brigand, of all people, should be of the same name as my own!"

"But no one would take you for a

brigand, Mr. Karpouza," I said, "unless, of course, you are as like Tchakegie as the name of your place."

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed the trader. "Like Tchakegie, oh Lord!"

"Did you ever know Tchakegie?" I asked.

"Yes, very well indeed, in former days. He is no ruffian, but a gentleman."

"Now, Mr. Karpouza, you hear that?" I said, "and you must let us talk about him with a view to his capture, you understand."

"Yes," cried the trader, "that's just it. Whoever catches him will get a lot of money by it."

"What would be the best way?" I asked.

"Well, you see," said the trader, pushing away his pudding plate and lighting a cigarette, "Tchakegie is not like any other brigand. He is a gentleman—the most perfect gentleman in all Asia. He will never harm a lady, nor a woman, nor a child. He will never harm a merchant either, though he may take from him a contribution—not too much, but something. He is good—oh, how good!—to the poor. But when it comes to cruel people and soldiers and their officers—ah! these are the ones he likes to catch; and the officials, yes—those too he will shoot. That is why the people have given him a name. He is 'The Justice of the Mountains,' for it is he that punishes."

"But he cannot make much of a living at that rate," I observed. "Don't you think he would be better off keeping an inn, for instance?"

"But, certainly, he is rich—very, very rich," answered the trader. "He knows who the people are who have been cruel, and have taken other people's money. Those are the ones he looks after, and he takes their money away and gives it to the poor and to those who have not enough, and some he keeps for himself. Ah! yes; he is

well called 'The Justice of the Mountains.' "

"But how would you propose to catch him?" I asked.

"Well, he is the most frank and generous-hearted man alive, and if I went to his place and said, 'Here, Tchakegie, I want your photograph,' he would say, 'My photograph! What for?' and I would say, 'Oh, just to sell to the newspapers and make a little money, for, you see, I am only a poor fellow.' Tchakegie would say, 'All right; you shall have it.' Well, when I had got that I could make a lot of money by that."

"Quite so; and the price upon his head—this frank, generous-hearted friend of yours—you would get that, too."

"Ah! that's it. You see, he would go anywhere to help a friend. That would be the way to catch him; but few people know what he looks like, and he is so different—so very different—from what people expect that they might talk to him for a long while without knowing who he is."

"He has never caught you?" I asked.

"Me! never. He would never hurt me. I knew him well years ago, before he turned brigand."

"What was he before he turned brigand?"

"Well, it was in this way. Many years ago now his father offended the officials—in the reign of the late Sultan that was—and in consequence he was obliged to take to the mountains and turn brigand. In these days perhaps he would have been exiled. A good many years passed, and the present Sultan came to the throne. Then an occasion offered, and he accepted the Sultan's pardon—that is, he surrendered and was given a billet somewhere in the army. A short time afterwards, an expedition started into the mountains and he was ordered to go too. He took with him his son Tcha-

kegie, who was then quite a boy. Tchakegie was riding in the rear, and as they rode up the mountain the road turned like a serpent, as you know it does sometimes, and Tchakegie saw an officer level his gun and take aim at his father, who was in front, and shoot him dead through the back.

"That made a great impression upon Tchakegie, and the impression had time to deepen, for the officer who shot his father accused the boy before the authorities of a crime which he had not committed, and he was put in prison for six years. Six years makes a difference in the life of a boy, and when Tchakegie came out of prison he was a young man with a settled purpose. He went to find the officer who shot his father, and having found him he shot him dead, and then he fled to the mountains and turned brigand. Yes! what else could he do? He is not old now, only twenty-eight or thirty. But he is not like other brigands. His life has not made him bloodthirsty, and he is not greedy. Other brigands will sometimes take the ransom and then kill the people. Yes! and they do worse things to women and children, and they cut off people's fingers and toes and send them to the people's friends and relations. They do that out of spite. Tchakegie is not like that; you might almost think that he is sorry to be a brigand at all, though he is so rich and has so much power. For every governor in this country is afraid of him since he is 'The Justice of the Mountains.' They know what will happen to them if they go too far in their ways and Tchakegie gets to hear about it.

"I will tell you a story about him. There are many like it, for he is very good to the poor. Once there were some poor people who worked very hard on their farm. They had a daughter—only that daughter—and she was a very pretty girl. Well, there was a

brigand, and he wanted to have her. So he came with his men and took her away. Now, Tchakegie knew this old man, and as he chanced to ride that way, he stopped at the farm to rest himself; and he found the old man and his wife quite crazy. When he made out what it was that made them so crazy, he said, 'Don't worry any more. You shall have your daughter to-morrow—all safe.' So he rode away. The brigands meantime had got to their house and set down the girl, and she sat in a corner and was very frightened. While they sat round a table drinking mastic, all of a sudden Tchakegie came in. And they said to him, 'Sit down,' and he said, 'I will not sit down. What is that girl doing there?' 'Oh!' they said, 'that is only a girl, never mind her—sit down.' 'I will not sit down,' said Tchakegie, 'while that girl is there. She must go to her own place.' Then he blew his whistle, and before these brigands could move, Tchakegie's men were in the room. And Tchakegie shot the chief brigand dead himself, and some more of the others were shot too. That was to teach brigands not to do such things. Then he took the girl and brought her safely to her parents as he promised he would do. This he did to teach brigands not to do such things.

"You see now the thing which makes it difficult to catch Tchakegie. If we lost him, things would be very much worse. The peasants know that, and they like him much, much better than the officials. If we had not Tchakegie, it is difficult to know who would keep the officials in order. Then, if he meets a man who is poor and can't get along because he wants a little money loaned to him, Tchakegie gives him the money, and does not mind if he never gets paid. He helps them besides in many ways that the officials will not do. Just lately he has made a bridge and repaired a road, because every

year many poor people were drowned there, and they could not get their produce to the market. Tchakegie paid a man 400*l.* to build a bridge. Since then Tchakegie has heard that the man cheated him and spent only 200*l.*, which may be because he does not understand those things. Now he is looking for that man to take 200*l.* off him.

"But the cleverest thing he ever did happened the other day, and that is why you will see how busy they are now trying to catch him. Yes! The soldiers are being sent up from Smyrna, and one was so frightened that he had apoplexy and died before he started.

"How can they catch him when he knows every turn in the mountains, and when many people would conceal him? Then he can shoot very well, and some of them cannot shoot at all. But this last thing he did exceeds all the rest. He went into a house in the middle of a town in broad daylight, and walked out again with seven or eight thousand pounds. It was the feast at the end of Ramâdan, and he went into the town dressed as an Imâm. He went to the house of a very rich man who was a miser, and the servants opened the door to him because he was dressed as an Imâm; for it is the custom that Imâms go to the houses of the rich—especially the very rich—to pray there in the morning of the feast, and they get paid for doing it. So the servants thought Tchakegie was the Imâm who had come to pray. The master of the house was out. He had gone to the mosque to say his prayers. So the Imâm—that was Tchakegie—went in to wait for him. When the man came back to his house Tchakegie opened the door to him and said, 'Do you know me? I am Tchakegie. Give me now your money, or I'll have your life,' and he drew out a revolver.

"The man was terribly frightened. He had a great deal of money. Tcha-

kegie opened the door to one of his own men, while Tchakegie himself went with the man to the safe to fetch the money. There was much gold and a great deal of silver. Tchakegie took for himself all the gold, about six thousand pounds. The silver he gave to the five men who were with him, who were admitted one by one. Then they went away. It was market-day in the town, and no one took special notice of the strange Imâm who walked through the market alone, and went out of the town into the country through the same gate with many of the country people who were returning home.

"What happened to the man is the question. Perhaps he was too dazed to take action. Anyhow, when he did arrive at the Konak half an hour afterwards to give information, he was so incoherent, and the tale he told was so strange, that the officials did not know what to make of it."

This was the tobacco trader's story of Tchakegie, the renowned brigand—the modern Robin Hood—"The Justice of the Mountains," in Asia Minor. Later on—it was as he foretold—a great stir was made to catch Tchakegie, and I saw the troops who were sent up from Smyrna. The Vali also came himself. The soldiers went into the mountains and arrived at a house where Tchakegie or some of his men were said to be. A dispute arose as to what should be done, whether the house should be taken in the darkness by assault, or whether they should wait till daylight. The dispute dragged on till morning, and with the morning came Tchakegie. As soon as the news reached the soldiers there was a stampede. Some forty men were killed or wounded by Tchakegie himself, as in their hurry to escape they took the nearest path—a narrow mountain track—at the bottom of which he was waiting for them with his rifle.

The account of this defeat of the soldiers was given me in our logia, and the narrator wound up by remarking—

"I wonder if the Vall can do anything! They say that Tchakegie carries a talisman with him which prevents his being shot."

"That is so," remarked Hadja, who sat on the floor before the brazier engaged in her favorite occupation of making coffee—"that is so, for we know that if a bullet strikes his flesh it falls to the ground."

Whether this be true or not the reader must decide for himself. At all events the greater part of the stories told me of Tchakegie were, I believe,

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substantially so, and no doubt he is in many respects a remarkable character. A better government would provide a career for such a man. Instead of living in his mountain stronghold breathing defiance and executing vengeance upon corrupt and venial officials, he might be fighting his country's battles, or helping to carry out some greatly needed scheme of roads or irrigation.

At all events his character and life as sketched to me suggested the fact that Turkey can produce men of mettle, with rude ideals of justice, by no means devoid of heroism.

Frances MacNab.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN.

At his death Professor Mommsen occupied a unique position in contemporary Europe. By common consent he was the foremost scholar, both by virtue of the extent and variety of his attainments, and the extraordinary literary value of one or two of his works. He was also the accepted *savant* of the German people, the tutelary intellectual genius of his country. For many years it had been his business to expound German ideals and to give voice to racial ambitions. His verdict on any question, whether of the day or of all time, was accepted by the large proportion of his countrymen. He may rank with Savigny as one of the greatest of academic lawyers, who have brought into the sphere of legal maxims a constructive historical spirit, and shown us the great edifice rising out of the swamps of primitive society. The *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* for which he was chiefly responsible laid the foundation of a scientific study of the most important of original authorities, and classical epigraphy

owes more to him than to any modern scholar. But his great achievement is to be found in the work which he wrote less for the student than for the ordinary reader. He wrote the history of Rome, not as a mosaic of painfully deciphered facts, but as a story of living men, a drama of the rise of one of the greatest of human peoples. Only a laborious scholar can know what a deep foundation of scholarship underlies the vivid narrative; but the most prosaic of men can feel in the tale something of an epic magnificence. Mommsen carried the same vitality into his politics. An enthusiastic Liberal from the first, and a strenuous opponent of Bismarck, he remained to the end a keen critic of policies and politicians. Whatever our verdict on his work, all must feel that a great figure has departed from the world.

Being a man before he was a scholar, he carried into scholarship a profound sense of the importance of the man of action. Like Freeman, he always insisted upon the unity of history, and

refused to change his attitude towards the protagonists merely because they had been two thousand years in their graves. He was as keenly interested, and, let it be said, as violent a partisan, in the quarrels of Sullans and Marians as he was in the debates of the Reichstag. For him there was no distinction in nature between 1805 and B.C. 90. Hence we never find in him the severely balanced judgments and the scrupulous impartiality of calmer historians. He wrote his history with certain fixed presuppositions in his mind, but happily they are so very clear on every page that the student can detect them and allow for them. In the first place, he was a democrat, rejoicing in the strength of the people, and when he found a man capable of leading the masses, ready to fall down and worship him. But the democracy must be a militant one. The ineffective philanthropist gets from him nothing but contempt. It is the strong man, the Cæsar or Napoleon, who can discern the power of the "body-guard from the pavement," and use it to shatter effete institutions, who commands his admiration. That Teutonic characteristic, which is found in different degrees in such very opposite people as Bismarck and Nietzsche, is very strong in this historian's mind. He believes in and preaches the gospel of strength, and the strong unjust man seems to him more worth having than a century of the ineffectual good. Hence his democracy is a fighting force, and only one step removed from a tyranny. For constitutional fictions and beliefs which have outlived their usefulness he has a complete scorn, and the upholders of an old régime rarely get justice at his hands. It cannot be said that he has stated the Senatorial case fairly, or done that justice to the old Republicans which he has done so amply to the iconoclasts. Liberal though he calls him-

self, his sympathies are far more with Sulla than with the Gracchi, who discovered a truth which they had not the courage to develop logically; with Catiline and "those terrible energies, the wicked," than with Cicero and academic virtue. No one can forget that portrait of Cicero, which, bitten in with vitriolic energy, has so biased the world that there seems small chance of that excellent man of letters getting justice for many a day. But it is in his account of Cæsar that Mommsen's imagination carries him to the plane of creative literature. In the main it is no doubt correct, though for some of his more sensational theories, such as the motive with which Cæsar undertook the Gallic Wars, there seems scanty warrant from the authorities. The great epic of the career of the aristocrat, who passes from a negative iconoclasm to a profoundly constructive policy, and at last lays down his life as the seal on the task he has finished, has never been surpassed by any historian. Mommsen had always a good deal of the dramatist's art, and the way in which the narrative leads up to the climax, the crossing of the Rubicon, is moving drama as well as great history.

But if he so carried his politics into his history that he seems to give his narrative a contemporary interest, there was a reflex action, and he imported from his history certain principles which determined his attitude to questions of his own day. His conception of civic freedom was rather Roman than modern. For the cast-off rags of feudalism and clericalism he had nothing but contempt, but in discarding one set of bonds he imposed another. He was at all times a thorough-going Individualist. He detested slavery, and the war between North and South in America seemed to him a holy crusade. But his conception of freedom, like that of most Individualists, was nar-

row and abstract; and he was prepared to submit to other bonds. He was nominally opposed to the doctrine of Imperialism, but in practice he was an enthusiast for the domination of his own Teutonic race. His nationalism was strong enough to make him a violent critic of the policy of other peoples, as in his ill-judged comments on the Boer War, but it was a nationalism quite inconsistent with itself. The old democratic cult of the "strong man" is always somewhere in the back of his mind. The people are the only source of power and of political wisdom, so ran his creed; but they must be led, and their leader should tolerate no malcontents. He was so like Bismarck that we need not wonder that he quarrelled with him. The truth is that no Conservatism is so unshakeable as a certain kind of Liberalism which professes a small number of Liberal dog-

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mas, but is by temperament bureaucratic and absolutist. To Mommsen the Hague Convention was merely a misprint in history, Socialism a dangerous heresy, and popular liberties an uncertain growth which should be blessed but also jealously curtailed. His honesty and political courage were always remarkable, and were so recognized by his countrymen that towards the end of his life he was granted a kind of indulgence for free speech, and held a position of whimsical independence. But the net result of his teaching seems to us to have been the riveting of militarist and bureaucratic shackles upon his compatriots, and the encouragement of every grandiose racial ambition. Like the Republican Whigs of the eighteenth century, he showed how reaction can masquerade in the cap of liberty.

THE HALF-PIXY.

Did ever you meet the Pixies between the night and day?

Ay, once I met the Pixies along the Abbot's Way.

The sea-shine and the moonshine made up a shining mist,

And I that went to meet my maid a Pixy's lips I kissed.

I kissed her on the laughing mouth, and on the forehead pale,

I never kissed a woman more, for in a fairy-tale

I live and ever wander from dream to sweeter dream,

And they are fools that call me fool because at plover's scream

I answer as a shipwrecked man that sees a ship at sail.

The plover is the Pixies' bird, and when I hear him cry,

What matters it that women laugh whenever I pass by

The plover yet shall lead me up along a moon-washed way,

And I shall find my Pixy love between the night and day.

When dust-clouds travel down the road I look to see her pass.

I ask the hollies in the hedge, the ox-eyes in the grass,

When last they heard a Pixy's song, or heard a Pixy's foot;

And the jealous trees are silent, the envious flowers mute,

And what they see at midnight they will not tell, alas!

But there's a time to find them, and for that time I wait
Ready to rise and follow though it be through Death's gate,
For one kiss on a Pixy's mouth has made of mortal me
Half-Pixy, as the Goodwin is half quicksand and half sea.

Nora Chesson.

Black and White.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE CLEMENT MAROT.

If in Charles of Orleans the first note of the French Renaissance is heard, if in Villon you find first its energy appearing above ground, yet both are forerunners only.

With Marot one is in the full tide of the movement. The discovery of America had preceded his birth by three or perhaps four years. His early manhood was filled with all that ferment, all that enormous branching out of human life, which was connected with the expansion of Spain; he was in the midst of the scarlet and the gold. A man just of age when Luther was first condemned, living his active manhood through the experience of the great battlefields in Italy, wounded (a valet rather than a soldier) at Pavia, the perpetual chorus of Francis I., privileged to witness the first stroke of the pickaxe against the mediæval Louvre, and to see the first Italian dignity of the great stone houses on the Loire—being all this the Renaissance was the stuff on which his life was worked.

His blood and descent were typical enough of the work he had to do. His own father was one of the last set rhymers of the dying Middle Ages. All his boyhood was passed among that multitude of little dry "writers-down of verse" with which, in Paris, the Middle Ages died; they were not a swarm, for they were not living; they were a heap of dust. All his early work is touched with the learned, tedious, unbeautiful industry which was all that the elder men round Louis

XII. could bring to letters. By a happy accident there were mixed in him, however, two vigorous springs of inspiration, each ready to receive the new forces that were working in Europe, each destined to take the fullest advantage of the new time. These springs were first, learned Normandy, quiet, legal, well-founded, deep in grass, wealthy; and secondly, the arid brilliancy of the South: Quercy and the country round Cahors. His father was a Norman pure bred, who had come down and married into that sharp land where the summer is the note of the whole year, and where the traveler chiefly remembers vineyards, lizards on the walls, short shadows, sleep at noon, and blinding roads of dust. The first years of his childhood were spent in the Southern town, so that the south entered into him thoroughly. The language that he never wrote, the Languedoc, was that, perhaps, in which he thought during all his life. It was his mother's.

It has been noticed by all his modern readers, it will be noticed probably with peculiar force by English readers, that the fame of Marot during his lifetime and his historical position as the leader of the Renaissance has in it something exaggerated and false. One cannot help a perpetual doubt as to whether the religious quarrel, the influence of the Court, the strong personal friendships and enmities which surrounded him had not had more to do with his reputation than his facility, or even his genius, for rhyme.

Whenever he wanted £100 he asked it of the King, with the grave promise that he would bestow upon him immortality.

From Ronsard, or from Du Bellay, we, here in the north, could understand that phrase; from Marot it carries a flavor of the grotesque. Good song indeed and a great power over the material one uses in singing last indefinitely; they last as long as the sublime or the terrible in literature, but we forbear to associate with them—perhaps unjustly—the conception of greatness.

If indeed anyone were to maintain that Marot was not an excellent and admirable poet he would prove himself ignorant of the language in which Marot wrote, but let the most sympathetic turn to what is best in his verse, let them turn for instance to that charming lyric: "A sa Dame Malade" or to "The Ballad of Old Time," and they will see that it is the kind of thing which is amplified by music, and which sometimes demands the aid of music to appear at all. They will see quite plainly that Marot took pleasure in playing with words and arranged them well, felt keenly and happily, had even some fecundity, but they will doubt whether poetry was necessarily for him the most serious business of life.

Why, then, has he taken the place claimed for him, and why is he firmly secure in the place of master of the ceremonies, as it were, to that glorious century whose dawn he enjoyed and helped to beautify?

I will explain it.

It is because he is national. He represents not what is most this, or most that—"highest," "noblest," "truest," "best," and all the rest of it—in his countrymen, but rather what is most common.

Did you meet him to-day in the Strand you would know at once that

you had to do with a Frenchman, and, probably, with a kind of poet.

He was short, square in the shoulders, tending in middle age to fatness. A dark hair and beard; large brown eyes of the south, a great, rounded, wrinkled forehead like Verlaine's; a happy mouth, a nose a trifle insignificant, completed him. Who knows but we may meet somewhere, under cypress trees at last, these great poets of a better age, and find Ronsard a very happy man, Du Bellay, a gentleman, Malherbe, for all that he was a northerner, we may mistake if we find him ever, for a Catalanian. Villon a Bohemian that many cities have produced; Charles of Orleans one of that very high nobility remnants of which are still to be discovered in Europe. But when we see Marot (if we ever see him), our first thought will certainly be, as I have said, that we have come across a Frenchman; and the more French for a touch of the commonplace.

See how French was the whole career!

Whatever is new attracts him. The reform attracts him. It was *chic* to have to do with these new things. He had the French ignorance of what was foreign and alien; the French curiosity to meddle with it because it had come from abroad; the French passion for opposing, for struggling;—and beneath it all the large French indifference to the problem of evil (or whatever you like to call it), the changeless French content in certitude, upon which ease, indeed, as upon a rock, the Church of Gaul has permanently stood and will continuously repose.

He has been a sore puzzle to the men who have never heard of these things. Calvin (that astounding exception who had nothing in him of France except lucidity) could make neither head nor tail of him. Geneva was glad enough

to chant through the nose his translations of the Psalms, but it was woefully puzzled at his salacity, and the town was very soon too hot to hold him in his exile. And as for the common, partial, and ignorant histories of the time, written in our tongue, they generally make him a kind of backslider, who might have been a Huguenot (and—who knows?—have thrown the Sacrament to beasts with the best of them) save that, unhappily, he did not persevere. Whatever they say of him (and some have hardly heard of him) one thing is quite certain: that they do not understand him, and that if they did they would like him still less than they do.

He was national in the rapidity of the gesture of his mind as in that of his body. In his being attracted here and there, watching this and that suddenly, like a bird.

He was national in his power of sharp recovery from any emotion back into his normal balance.

He was national in that he depended upon companions, and stood for a crowd, and deplored all isolation. He was national in that he had nothing strenuous about him, and that he was amiable, and if he had heard of "earnest" men, he would have laughed at them a little, as people who did not see the whole of life.

He was especially national (and it is here that the poet returns) in that most national of all things—a complete sympathy with the atmosphere of the native tongue. Thus men debate a good deal upon the poetic value of Wordsworth, but it is certain, when

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one sees how bathed he is in the sense of English words their harmony and balance, that the man is entirely English, that no other nation could have produced him, and that (alas!) he will be most difficult for foreigners to understand. You will not translate into French or any other language (I quote hopelessly from a memory ten years old)

the stars
Creeping along the edges of the hills,
Nor can you translate, so as to give its
own kind of sweetness

Dieu te doint
Santé bonne—Ma Mignonne.

Apart from this place in letters, see how national he is in what he does!

He buys two bits of land, he talks of them continually, sees to them, visits them. They are quite little bits of land. He calls one Clément, and the other Marot! Here is a whimsicality you would not find, I think, among another people.

He has the hatred of excess in art which is the chief æsthetic character of the French; he has the tendency to excess in opinion or in general expression which is their chief political fault.

It is thus, then, that I think he should be regarded and that I would desire to present him. It is thus, I am sure, that he should be read if one is to know why he has taken so great a place in the reverence and the history of the French people.

And it is in this aspect that he may worthily introduce much greater things, the *Pléiade* and Ronsard.

Hilaire Belloc.

THE PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN.

The name of William Wetmore Story has come to be (and was indeed before his death, in 1895) associated less with the products of his chisel and pen than with the Barberini Palace, for forty years the centre of English and American society in Rome. The older of "Maga's" readers at least keep a niche in their grateful remembrance for "Graffiti d'Italia," the "Conversations in a Studio," and other writings of his, vivacious and versatile, which first appeared in these pages. The Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl (to mention the two best known of his marbles only) would seem to have in them the essence of popularity, so far as the work of the sculptor ever is popular, for any uncritical generation, and not merely for that which admired them so ardently in the Roman Court of the Exhibition of 1862. His sculptured memorials of great men, being mostly of the great among his ~~own~~ countrymen, serve as memorials ~~to~~ himself in America chiefly; yet here daily occasion to remember him is given to the thousands who pass and repass his dignified statue of George Peabody, now a little gray and ~~old~~ in the shadow of the Londo. Exchange. Fame, however, in its inexorable way, has fixed his place, not for his statues and books, but for his friendships, and justly has associated with him in it his wife. It is not W. W. Story whom it keeps alive so much as "the Storys," as indeed it is they, quite as much at least as the artist and the poet, who live in the letters and records of their circle and contemporaries.

In this verdict Mr. Henry James, Story's biographer,¹ has acquiesced, we

do not doubt without much hesitation. He does not conceal, but exhibits with an amiable irony, the limitations (as he conceives them) of Story as an artist. With the temperament and the personal and social conditions with which they interacted, these limitations constitute what Mr. James calls Story's "case," and he cannot help weighing and pondering it, as he would one of his own creation, though never, be it said, with any failure in loyalty to a friendship. His portrait, as may be imagined, is not an example of the photographer's inferior art. The obvious features are nowhere obviously rendered. Mr. James never comes any nearer doing that than when he speaks of Story as carrying about with him everywhere in his wide circle "his handsome, charming face, his high animation, his gaiety, jocosity, mimicry, and even more than these things, his interest in ideas, in people, in everything—his vivacity of question, answer, demonstration, disputation." It may as well be said at once that the biography is not specially one to reward the literary ragpicker: the "finds" in it at any rate are not of a scandalous kind. One can anticipate also the objection, which literary collectors and gossips like to keep on tap, that it contains little that is new; the critics in this case referring specially to the provision it makes, or rather fails to make, in the way of "facts." Let us quote here, from the biography itself, Mr. James's recollection, *à propos* no less a person than Abraham Hayward, of a lesson he learned in his earlier London days,—the lesson "that the talk easily recognized in London as the best is the delivery and establishment of the

¹ William Wetmore Story and his Friends. From Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By

Henry James, Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1903.

greatest possible number of *facts*, or in other words the unwinding, with or without comment or qualification, of the longest possible chain of 'stories.' The passage is to the point, and also admirably exemplifies the alternative fare which Mr. James himself provides:—

"One associated Mr. Hayward," he says, "and his recurrent, supereminent laugh thus with the story, and virtually, I noted, with the story alone—taking that product no doubt also, when needful, in the larger sense of the remarkable recorded or disputed contemporary or recent event, cases as to which the speaker was in possession of the 'rights.' What at all events remained with one was a contribution, of a kind, to the general sense that facts, facts, and again facts, were still the thing dearest to the English mind even in its hours of ease. I indeed remember wondering if there were not to be revealed to me, as for the promotion of these hours, some other school of talk, in which some breath of the mind itself, some play of paradox, irony, thought, imagination, some wandering wind of fancy, some draught, in short, of the *idea*, might not be felt as circulating between the seated solidities, for the general lightening of the mass. This would have been a school handling the fact rather as the point of departure than as the point of arrival, the horse-block for mounting the winged steed of talk rather than as the stable for constantly riding him back to. The 'story,' in fine, in this other order,—and surely so more worthy of the name,—would have been the intellectual reaction from the circumstance presented, an exhibition interesting, amusing, vivid, dramatic, in proportion to the agility, or to the sincerity, of the intellect engaged. But this alternative inquiry, I may conclude, I am still conducting."

Readers of this biography will find that Mr. James, at any rate, does not fail to handle the fact as a point of departure; his difficulty rather, as he ruefully admits, is to get back to it as

a point of arrival, once he has mounted his winged steed. Draughts of the idea, wandering winds of fancy, circulate between its solidities, to such a lightening of the mass, indeed, that sometimes it seems it must float above our matter-of-fact heads.

Mr. James, in a word, has essayed in these very charming and individual volumes a task harder even than that of painting a portrait—as opposed to taking a photograph, or as it is vulgarly called, a "likeness"—of an American of high culture and very varied artistic gifts. His ampler purpose is to reproduce Story among his friends, and to reproduce him and them as constituting, or as representing, at least, "a vanished society." In particular, Story is taken as the type of those precursors who have made Europe easier for later generations of Americans. The old relation, social, personal, æsthetic, of the American to Europe is to Mr. James's view as charming a subject as the student of manners, morals, personal adventures, the history of taste,

development of a society, need to take up; and one, moreover, that never has been "done." And so, he explains, a boxful of old papers, personal records and relics, all relating to the Storys, having been placed in his hands, "in default of projecting before a less poetically such an experience as I have glanced at—the American initiation in a comparative historic twilight—I avail myself of an existing instance, and gladly make the most of it." The entertainment, he has to admit, is particularly subjective. The biography, in consequence, opens out and flowers, as it were, in autobiography of the biographer. To Mr. James's wistful eyes the lot of these pioneers fell upon golden days, on the vision of which his fancy dwells with a playful tenderness. So that in these volumes his business is not only with Story's "case" and with those of his

friends; but taking a further subtle step, he occupies himself—fancifully, ironically, shyly, under our enjoying eyes—with his own peculiar “case” as the custodian of this boxful of ghosts whom it is his pious duty to evoke!

First of these delightful evocations comes that of the New England life amidst which William Story was brought up. It was represented for him by his father, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and a lawyer of world-wide repute, and in no way, says his biographer, could it have been better expressed than in the character and career of that distinguished man. “All the *light*, surely, that the Puritan tradition had to give, it gave, with free hands, in Judge Story—culture, courtesy, liberality, humanity, at their best, the last finish of the type and its full flower.” He never visited England, though once towards the end of his life he was so near sailing that the invitations were “out” on this side to the most luminous lights of the law to meet him at the tables of Lord Denman and Lord Brougham. Mr. James, as may be imagined, catches for purposes of contrast the simpler conditions of life—the homeliness of the ways and the admirable manners—of this “lovable great man”; who, as he says, wore this character on the very basis of his world, as it stood, without borrowing a ray, directly, from any other; yet of whom it was told that, to the surprise of an English traveller one evening at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he was able promptly to “place” some small street in London of which the name had come up in talk, but of which the traveller was ignorant. Judge Story, in other words, knew his London because, even at that then prodigious distance from it, he had a feeling for it. Story’s mother was the daughter of another American judge, and the granddaughter of General Waldo who commanded

at the siege of Louisburg, and on its fall was rewarded with the grant of a whole county in Maine. Young Story was ten years of age when his parents left Salem, where he was born, and went to Cambridge (near Boston), Lowell’s birthplace. Salem, and its judge, “by his type and above all by what we have called his amenity,” remind Mr. James of something once said to him by an accomplished French critic,

who, much versed in the writings of Englishmen and Americans, had been dilating with emphasis and with surprise upon the fine manner of Hawthorne, whose distinction was so great, whose taste, without anything to account for it, was so *juste*. “*Il sortait de Boston, de Salem, de je ne sais quel trou*”—and yet there he was, full-blown and finished. So it was, my friend surely would have said, with the elder Story. He came, practically, out of the same hole as Hawthorne, and might to the alien mind have been as great a surprise.

Young Story entered Harvard, of course, and perhaps to appreciate the proper quality of the biographer’s references to his college life one must have known something of it in detail from other sources, which are not wanting. Out of it at any rate sprang Story’s marriage at twenty-three with Miss Emelyn Eldredge, the happiest of unions, and friendships that were to be lifelong with, among others, Charles Sumner and J. R. Lowell, whose young wife also belonged to the sunny circle of these Arcadian days, the vision of which he himself has fixed in his “Fireside Travels.” Our volumes contain many letters from both men, Sumner’s always “going a little large” we may think, but full of the writer’s personality, and Lowell’s gay, sincere, heart-warming, as all things about Lowell seem to be, and of course inveterately punning. Nine years after graduating at Harvard were occupied

in the study and practice of Law by day and all the Arts by night. The Story of the many-editioned "Story on Contracts" was the same Story who sang, danced, made verses, mimicked, painted and modelled, causing the elder folk of Cambridge and Boston to shake their heads over his irresponsibility, and even Lowell to laugh at him (as we have read somewhere) for wishing to be an Admirable Crichton. So that he was thirty, married, and successfully entered upon a legal career before, changing the plan of his life, he settled in Rome, fairly launched on his "long marmorean adventure," as Mr. Henry James calls it.

To continue following the biographic outline, the first stage of that adventure was one of discouragement in his work, which ended with the enthusiastic recognition and purchase for large prices of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl, already referred to, in the 1862 Exhibition. But these years anchored him in Italy, in spite of one or two attempts to slip away. The correspondence and diaries belonging to them show the rapid widening of interests and friendships that bound the Storys to it. In Florence, a month or two only after sailing from Boston, they met Mr. and Mrs. Browning, who were soon to find and move into Casa Guidi, and there sprang up immediately a warm and intimate attachment between the two households, as one had learned already from Mrs. Browning's published letters. In one of these to Mrs. Jameson, it may be remembered, occurs a touching reference to the death of Story's six-year-old boy, the ache of which loss never was quite removed for the father. The verses entitled "The Sad Country," among his later lyrics, are evidently, as his biographer notes, "the persistent echo, after years, of the least endurable of the writer's bereavements." When the boy took ill his sister was sent over to the

Brownings' house, and there she also was struck down, and for a while lay at death's door. It was this little maid, in her convalescence, whom Thackeray, seated on the edge of her bed, between daylight and dusk, amused by reading, chapter by chapter, his as yet unpublished "The Rose and the Ring." And to the same occasion partly refer the following touching recollections of another visitor:—

Hans Andersen, whose private interest in children and whose ability to charm them were not less marked than his public, knew well his way to the house, as later to Palazzo Barberini (to the neighborhood of which the "Improvvisatore" was able even to add a charm); where the small people with whom he played enjoyed, under his spell, the luxury of believing that he kept and treasured—in every case and as a rule—the old tin soldiers and broken toys received by him, in acknowledgment of favors, from impulsive infant hands. Beautiful the queer image of the great benefactor moving about Europe with his accumulations of these relics. Wonderful too our echo of a certain occasion—that of a children's party, later on—when, after he had read out to his young friends "The Ugly Duckling," Browning struck up with "The Pied Piper"; which led to the formation of a grand march through the spacious Barberini apartment, with Story doing his best on a flute in default of bagpipes.

Save Lowell's, no name is so constantly recurring in these pages as the Brownings. Story sends the former a crisp little sketch of them as they appeared to him at the beginning of their acquaintance:—

He . . . straight black hair, small eyes, wide apart, which he twitches constantly together, a smooth face, a slightly aquiline nose, and manners nervous and rapid, . . . has a great vivacity, but not the least humor, some sarcasm, considerable critical faculty, and very great frankness and friendli-

ness of manner and mind. Mrs. Browning used to sit buried up in a large easy-chair, listening and talking very quietly and pleasantly, with nothing of that peculiarity which one would expect from reading her poems . . . her eyes small, her mouth large, she wears a cap and long curls, very unaffected and pleasant and simple-hearted is she, and Browning says "her poems are the least good part of her."

Later on the families are together for long periods, at the Baths of Lucca, for instance, and at Siena and Rome. Browning, his wife writes, has taken to modelling under Story at his studio, and "is making extraordinary progress." That was in the autumn before her death, of which Story writes to C. E. Norton in language that shows how deeply he was affected. "Never did I see any one whose brow the world hurried and crowded so to crown, who had so little vanity and so much pure humility." Touching Mrs. Browning's passion in the cause of Italy, Mr. James asks how it is that it should not leave us in a less disturbed degree the benefit of all the moral beauty, and answers himself in this searching passage:—

We wonder at the anomaly, wonder why we are even perhaps slightly irritated, and end by asking ourselves if it be not because her admirable mind, otherwise splendidly exhibited, has inclined us to look in her for that saving and sacred sense of proportion, of the free and blessed *general*, that great poets, that genius and the high range of genius, give us the impression of even in emotion and passion, even in pleading a cause and calling on the gods. Mrs. Browning's sense of the general had all run, where the loosening of the Italian knot, the character of Napoleon III., the magnanimity of France and the abjection of England were involved, to the strained and the strenuous—a possession, by the subject, riding her to death, that almost prompts us at times to ask wherein it

so greatly concerned her. It concerned her of course as it concerned all near witnesses and lovers of justice, but the effect of her insistent voice and fixed eye is to make us somehow feel that justice is, after all, of human things, has something of the convenient looseness of humanity about it—so that we are uneasy, in short, till we have recognized the ground of our critical reaction. It would seem to be this ground, exactly, that makes the case an example. Monstrous as the observation may sound in its crudity, we absolutely feel the beautiful mind and the high gift discredited by their engrossment. We say, roughly, that this is what becomes of distinguished spirits when they fail to keep above. The cause of Italy was, obviously, for Mrs. Browning, as high aloft as any object of interest could be; but that was only because she had let down, as it were, her inspiration and her poetic pitch. They suffered for it sadly—the permission of which, conscious or unconscious, is on the part of the poet, on the part of the beautiful mind, ever to be judged (by any critic with any sense of the real) as the unpardonable sin. That is our complaint: the clear stream runs thick; the real superiority pays; we are less edified than we ought to be. Which is, perhaps, after all, not a very graceful point to make (though it must stand). . . .

With Browning himself the Storys kept up a close friendship until his death, and their later correspondence echoes the "felicities and prosperities" which attended the rich and ample period of his life "that cast the comparatively idyllic Italian time into the background, and seemed superficially to build it out." One of his letters to them full of London news tells of Thackeray's resignation of the editorship of "The Cornhill" and that it has been offered to himself. Mr. James is nowhere else so felicitous as in his explanation of this transformation to "the wonderful Browning we were so largely afterwards to know—the ac-

complished, saturated, sane, sound man of the London world and the world of culture":—

The poet and the "member of society" were, in a word, dissociated in him as they can rarely elsewhere have been; so that, for the observer impressed with this oddity, the image I began by using quite of necessity completed itself: the wall that built out the idyll (as we call it for convenience), of which memory and imagination were virtually composed for him, stood there behind him solidly enough, but subject to his privilege of living almost equally on both sides of it. It contained an invisible door through which, working the lock at will, he could softly pass, and of which he kept the golden key—carrying the same about with him even in the pocket of his dinner-waistcoat, yet even in his most splendid expansions showing it, happy man, to none. Such at least was the appearance he could repeatedly conjure up to a deep and mystified admirer.

In these earlier years came excursions into Austria and Germany, visits to Paris and London, and to the old Bostonian circle, all fruitful in entertaining records. Story's pen illustrates his roving interests and the keenness of his romantic sense. It can turn off a comical portrait, too, with a few strokes in the grotesque. One of Neander, in a letter to Lowell from Berlin, has a story attached of how the German great man arrived home one day complaining of being lame and of having had to hobble along the streets. He had no pain, but he *was* lame, for he had hobbled all the way home. His sister and next a physician examined him, finding nothing wrong. Still, he insisted that lame he was, for he *had* hobbled. All were in perplexity, till some one who had seen him returning solved the mystery by stating that he had walked home with one foot in the gutter and one on the sidewalk!

Mrs. Story's pen as well as her husband's is busy with great effect about their London experiences. There is a morning concert at the Opera, with Pasta, Castellan, Viardot, Tamburini, Mario, Ronconi, and Grisi—surely an incomparable constellation. Story dines with John Forster, and meets Talfourd, a man "with the keenness of polish and education," but not elegant at all—he ate with his knife! Hardwick tells a story about Turner eating shrimps out of the lap of an old woman, with his back turned upon a glorious sunset, which his companions are watching with delight. Nature was creeping up, he, too, might have explained. An "evening at Mrs. Proctor's" is the signal for one of Mr. James's most successful evocations. "Perpetuator, for our age, of the tone of an age not ours," that lady is for him historic, not merely in the superficial sense of her associations and accretions, "but in the finer one of her being such a character, such a figure, as the generations appear pretty well to have ceased to produce. It was her tone that was her value and her identity, and that kept her from being feebly modern; her sharpness of outline was in *that* in the absence there of the little modern mercies, muddlements, confusions and compromises." But the reader must go to Mr. James's pages themselves to see how this ghost walks again at his summons.

One other shade among the many called up from these earlier years must not slip by unobserved. When Browning, as has been often told, found Walter Savage Landor in a Florence inn, a broken-down, poor, houseless old man, it was to Siena, beside the Storys, that he brought him. Mrs. Story jotted down her recollections of their neighbor and of his table-talk, from which, with a regret that we may not extract more, we take these two plums, not the juiciest by any means:—

"I once sat next Lady Stowell at dinner [Landor is speaking], and I asked her to take wine, after trying to engage her in talk. 'For the love of God let me alone and don't bother me so, Mr. Landor,' says she; 'I don't know what I'm eating.' 'Well, my lady,' said I, 'you're a long time making the acquaintance': for she ate like a tiger and in great quantity. . . . I met Tom Paine once at dinner—his face blotched and his hands unsteady with the wine he took. The host gave him a glass of brandy, and he talked very well; an acute reasoner, in fact a monstrous clever man. I went at that time into very grand company, but as I was a young man some of my relations who wanted to put me down said, 'Well, we hear you know Tom Paine—Citizen Paine we suppose you call him, with your ideas.' 'To persons with *your* ideas I call him *Mister Paine*,' says I."

We are left little space in which to follow Story through the second stage of his career; but that matters less, because it was one of general serenity, and a general serenity, as Mr. James says, gives small advantage to the biographer. "Happiness eludes us, and Story was as happy as a man could be who was doing on the whole what he liked, what he loved, and to whom the gods had shown jealousy but in the one cruel occasion of the death of his eldest boy." The English public, (with its objection to the nude, on which Mr. James descants divertingly) had surrendered to his interesting gift in sculpture, and had readily proclaimed it genius; and he was, in time, to overcome the American view of himself as "only a poetaster, dilettante, and amateur," which he complains of in his earlier letters. That view was entirely erroneous, no doubt, yet there were in Story's case elements that make the error at least understandable. It was, after all, by an accident that sculpture became his particular work, and not engaging in it, seriously at least, as we have seen, un-

til he was nearing middle life, he suffered in never having served an apprenticeship. A plain power of hard work, among other things, assisted him to make up to some extent for the rigor of technical education which he had missed; but, again, his energy was dissipated over a too varied field of interests. It drove him into every kind of literary experiment and speculation. He used to say: "Sculptors profess much admiration of my writings, and poets amiably admit that my great talent lies in sculpture." Such, ever, is the fate of the Admirable Crichton, and that Story was likely to play that rôle, without pose, indeed, and unconsciously, except in the intense consciousness of his interest in everything, Lowell appears to have detected in their college days together. "Full of all sorts of various talent" is Mrs. Browning's description of him in one of her letters to Mrs. Martin. "Not with the last intensity a sculptor," says his present biographer, and continues: "he was as addicted to poetry as if he had never dreamed of a statue, and as addicted to statues as if he were unable to turn a verse. . . . It was, æsthetically speaking, a wonderful sociability."

We are getting nearer the "rather odd case," Story's particular exhibition of the "famous 'artistic temperament,'" which, as we have remarked earlier, Mr. James sifts so shrewdly, and with such an interest as one of his own creations might inspire in him. The results, taken together, are an admirable contribution to criticism, at which we can do no more than hint. Insistence, he says,—meaning by that the act of throwing the whole weight of the mind, and of gathering it at a particular point (when the particular point is worth it) in order to do so—is on the part of artists who are single in spirit an instinct and a necessity, and the principal sign we know them by. "They

feel unsafe, uncertain, exposed, unless the spirit, such as it is, is, at the point in question, 'all there.' And Story, restlessly and sincerely æsthetic, was yet constitutionally lacking in this insistence. It is the biographer's point too, that, in regard at least to the want of it in his literary work, it was of all places least likely to be supplied in "the golden air" of Italy. "Subjects float by, in Italy, as the fish in the sea may be supposed to float by a merman, who doubtless puts out a hand from time to time to grasp, for curiosity, some particularly iridescent specimen. But he has conceivably not the proper detachment for full appreciation." In an air less golden, so little golden even as Story found that of Boston to be when he revisited it, the picturesque subject might more readily have yielded all its inspiration. This latter stage of the career we have been following was one of entire felicity; but there exists regarding it the question whether the felicity had not to be paid for. "It is for all the world as if there were always, for however earnest a man, some seed of danger in consciously planning for happiness, and a seed quite capable of sprouting even when the plan has succeeded. Such at any rate is the moral, not too solemnly expounded, which the biographer finds suggested by the artistic "case" which he so intimately displays to us.

Our intention, we hope not entirely unrealized, has been to indicate the variety of these fascinating volumes, which we believe will take a high place among Mr. James's works. Story, with his relish of life, his good talk, on the topic of the day or on any other, his powers of mimicry, his notable prejudices, his stores of knowledge and especially of impressions of Rome, an altogether charming and sprightly personality, appears in the circle of his friends, themselves in many cases among the finest spirits of their time.

A loyal but wonderfully intimate and searching critic is at our ear as we watch him at work. The evoked group is placed against the background of the Italy of a departed golden age; "the vanished society," in its pride and pathos, and the air in all the goldenness of its appeal to Mr. James himself, are recovered by him with all his art of suggestion. The whole canvas is brushed with extraordinary delicacy and finesse. We cannot resist anticipating the pleasure of the reader with one more passage; especially as it touches on a subject to which the writer constantly returns,—the fluctuation of taste. Story in his German diary records having seen a ballet at the Berlin opera, "in which Marie Taglioni, a woman whose ankles were as great as her name, flung herself about clumsily enough."

"But for this untoward stroke [Mr. James comments] we might have invited Marie Taglioni to flit across our stage, on the points of those toes that we expected never to see compromised, as one of our supernumerary ghosts: in the light, that is, of our own belated remembrance, a remembrance deferred to the years in which, as a very ugly and crooked little old woman, of the type of the superannuated 'companion,' or of the retired and pensioned German governess, she sometimes dined out, in humane houses in London, and there indeed, it must be confessed, ministered not a little to wonderment as to what could have been the secret of her renown, the mystery of her grace, the truth, in fine, of her case. Her case was in fact really interesting, for the sensitive spectator, as a contribution to the eternal haunting question of the validity, the veracity from one generation to another, of social and other legend, and it could easily, in the good lady's presence, start a train of speculations—almost one indeed of direct inquiry. The possibilities were numerous—how were they to be sifted? Were our fathers benighted, were ravage and deformity

only triumphant, or, most possibly of all, was history in general simply a fraud? For the Sylphide had been, it appeared, if not the idol of the nations, like certain great singers, at least the delight of many publics, and had represented physical grace to the world of her time. She had beguiled Austrian magnates even to the matrimonial altar, and had acquired, as a climax of prosperity, an old palace, pointed out

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to the impressed stranger, in Venice. The light of testimony in the London winter fogs was, at the best, indirect, and still left the legend, at the worst, one of the celebrated legs, so often in the past precisely serving as a solitary support, to stand on. But to read, after all, that she flung herself about, with thick ankles, 'clumsily enough,' is to rub one's eyes and sigh—'Oh history, oh mystery!'—and give it up."

OLD-FASHIONED ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A "Woman's Paper" of a few weeks ago contained a complaint that the modern girl, on leaving school, is not "accomplished as were women of the upper classes in older generations," and more than hints that hockey and other games are responsible for this unaccomplished condition. Perhaps it may be worth while to inquire a little into the real nature of the accomplishments thus regretted. The word at once recalls a conversation that occurs in *Pride and Prejudice*.

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, 'how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are. . . . They all paint tables, cover screens and net purses. I scarcely know anyone who cannot do all this.' . . . 'Your list of the common extent of accomplishments,' said Darcy, 'has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen.'"

The accomplishment of netting purses has unquestionably died out; and the home-covered screen has been for the most part superseded—not unhappily—by the painted or embroidered one. These, however, are not the only obsolete accomplishments once practised by

English girls; and persons who look back so regretfully upon the ways of "older generations" may perhaps be restored to cheerfulness by a little study of *The Girl's Own Book*, as that work appeared in early editions. The volume was originally compiled in America by Mrs. Child, the Abolitionist, and contains internal evidence of having been, for its time, "advanced." The edition before me is the eighth, published in London by Thomas Tegg—a piratical person, it is to be feared, who probably paid Mrs. Child nothing—in the year 1835. It contains, by way of frontispiece, a portrait of the Princess Victoria, wearing a very large hat and very small sandal shoes, and is "embellished with 144 woodcuts." The British Museum has nothing earlier than the thirteenth edition, with a new editress and many alterations.

This little square volume, the corners of whose pages are worn to roundness by the fingers of two generations, is divided into several sections, and, sad to say, the first of these is—*Games!* But let the lover of the past take courage; the games of 1835 are not the games of 1903. The leading feature of these pastimes is the "paying of forfeits," and on page 95 directions for

this process appear. "It is extremely difficult," remarks Mrs. Child, "to find such forfeits as are neither dangerous nor unladylike." Judging by the samples given it would appear even more difficult to find any which could conceivably afford amusement either to performer or to onlooker. As a mere intellectual exercise, hockey is infinitely superior.

After *Games*, comes a section devoted—the differentiation is suggestive—to *Active Exercises*, among which is included Cup-and-Ball. In this division Mrs. Child—a born reformer—exhibits views of a daring kind. Under the head of Bow-and-Arrow, she remarks: "Of all things in the world, health is the most important. I fear our little girls do not take enough exercise in the open air." She proceeds to give a series of exercises, with and without apparatus, and describes them as "Calisthenic." "This hard name," she explains, "is given to a gentler sort of gymnastics suited to girls. The exercises have been very generally introduced into the schools of England. Many people think them dangerous because they confound them with the ruder and more daring gymnastics of boys; but such exercises are selected as are free from danger; and it is believed that they tend to produce vigorous muscles, graceful motion, and symmetry of form." Several of the exercises are illustrated, and No. 13 actually shows a short-waisted and short-sleeved young lady swinging on a horizontal bar, her minute feet well off the ground.

The fourteen pages devoted to *Active Exercises* are succeeded by ten dealing with *Baskets*, and twenty-one dealing with *Ornaments*. Here, then, we come to the "accomplishments" of the "older generations," the "elegant" and "ladylike" employments of those leisure hours which seem to have been so enviably numerous.

We begin with Moss baskets, made of cardboard, "neatly lined" and covered with bunches of dried moss, sewn or glued on. Imitation moss, we are instructed, may be made of worsted, knitted, "washed and dried by a gentle heat in order to keep it curled," then unravelled and sewn on in bunches. Mrs. Child reports that she has seen baskets of this kind with colored chalk eggs lying in them. "I thought them extremely pretty, but I should not have thought them so had they been *real* eggs stolen from a poor suffering bird." Alum baskets appear to be merely baskets of wicker or wire rendered ornamental—and useless—by being first wound round with worsted and then suspended in a jar containing saturated solution of alum. The alum, which may be previously colored, will form crystals all over the basket; and it is noted that "a group of crystals of different colors form a very pretty ornament for a chimney-piece. They must be made by suspending some rugged substance, such as a peach-stone, a half-burned stick, &c., in the boiling solution." Allspice baskets are to be composed of allspice berries, softened by soaking in brandy, and strung on slender wire "twisted into such a form as you please." "A gold bead between every two berries gives a rich appearance." One may venture to surmise that the soaking in brandy must also have given a rich and highly refined perfume. Bead baskets are to be made in a similar manner. Rice or shell baskets again demand a cardboard foundation papered over. This is to be "covered with grains of rice, bugles of different colors" (does the bugle, that elongated bead of our childhood, still exist?), "or very small delicate shells, put on with gum and arranged in such figures as suit your fancy." Of the Wafer basket the frame is once more made of cardboard "bound neatly at the edges with gilt

paper," a material copiously employed in the decorative labors of 1835. Having prepared the framework, "take the smallest wafers you can get," make them according to a prescribed method, into outstanding stars or rosettes, and "when you have enough prepared, wet the bottoms and fasten them on the basket in such forms as you please. . . . The handle may be decorated in the same manner as the basket," but "if it is likely to be handled much," Mrs. Child wisely advises that it should rather be ornamented with ribbon. This advice recalls the "filigree basket" manufactured by Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond as a birthday present for her cousin Bell, and the uneasiness of the maker when her father "rather roughly" took hold of the handle. "Starting off the coach seat, she cried, 'Oh, sir! father! sir! You will spoil it indeed,' said she with increased vehemence, when, after drawing aside the veil of silver paper, she saw him grasp the myrtle-wreathed handle. 'Indeed, sir, you will spoil the poor handle.' 'But what is the use of the poor handle,' said her father, 'if we are not to take hold of it? And pray,' continued he, turning the basket round with his finger and thumb, in rather a disrespectful manner, 'pray is this the thing you have been about, all this week? I have seen you, all this week, dabbling with paste and rags; I could not conceive what you were about. Is this the thing?'"

Miss Edgeworth, it is to be feared, would have read with little respect the directions for basket-making in *The Girl's Own Book*. These are not yet exhausted. There are enumerated baskets of melon-seeds, of feathers, of cloves—on the pattern of the allspice basket—of straw, of lavender and—most mysterious—of straw and "millinet"; these last being admittedly "fragile things intended rather for ornament than use." Finally there are

Paper-ball baskets and Paper-rosette baskets. Both belong to the favorite type; the cardboard frame, covered with paper and bound to taste with a gilt edging, being used as a background for gummed-on decorations. These decorations consist, in the latter case, of rosettes produced by artful folding of narrow strips of paper, and in the former of "little rolls of paper about as large as a quill and as long as your nail. . . . These little rolls are made to keep together by means of gum arabic. When of different colored paper and neatly made they are rather pretty." This description serves to elucidate a dark passage of Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, where Miss Lucy Steele is engaged like Rosamond in making a "filigree" basket, and Miss Elinor Dashwood helps her to "roll her papers."

The elaborate construction of the paper-rosette basket forms the climax and conclusion of the article *Baskets*; and we pass on to *Ornaments*, reflecting, perhaps, as we turn the leaf, that not one of these baskets would serve to carry anything, that none of them would bear thoroughly washing, and that most of them seem especially designed for the collection of dust.

Among ornaments the first place is given to Imitation China. The requisites are "a prettily shaped tumbler of clear glass," an engraving to be colored "as much like china as you can," gold paper, and "gold paper edging." The engraving is fitted in to the tumbler, the necessary joins covered by a strip of gold paper, and a band of the same employed to cover the glass base of the tumbler, while gold paper binds together glass and paper at the top. A circle of white paper nicked like a jam-pot cover, is pressed into the bottom, and "when it is finished not one in a hundred could tell it from French china without close examination." To this art also Miss Austen makes allu-

sion; the Misses Bennet, waiting in their aunt's drawing-room for the gentlemen to come in from the dinner-table, "had nothing to do but wish for an instrument and examine their own indifferent imitations of china on the mantel-piece." Let it not, however, be hastily supposed that such chimney ornaments served no purpose. Mrs. Child points out that they form "pretty receptacles" for "alumets." By the elegant name of "alumets" Mrs. Child denotes those "candle-lighters" or "spills" which Miss Matty, of Cranford, piqued herself upon making "of colored paper so as to resemble feathers." Mrs. Child, after candidly owning that "these colored papers are principally for show," instructs us how to produce amazing effects. "Two papers of different colors wound on the same stem, or gold paper and white paper wound together, are," she observes, "very beautiful." Having sufficiently adorned the parlor mantel-piece with "alumets" stuck into tumblers of imitation china, a young lady might turn her attention to making a straw cottage. She would run straws through a cardboard foundation, and through a roof of thick drawing-paper, and would gum flat straws upon this roof and its gable ends. Persons of enterprise might go so far as to construct "little temples, summer-houses and pagodas after a similar fashion, with round or six-sided roofs, and an acorn or some little ornament gummed upon the top." "A cottage looks pretty with very, *very* little artificial flowers introduced among the straws to imitate woodbine."

Passing by the manufacture of paper handscreens—in which gold paper once more plays an important part—we come to paper cuttings. Paper is to be cut into the honeycomb pattern which some of us are old enough to remember as adorning fire-grates in remote country lodgings. Mrs. Child is of

opinion that "strips of light green paper cut in this way and hung in festoons about mirrors, pictures, entry lamps, &c., look very pretty." A variety of paper cutting produces candle ornaments—a kind of eight-petalled blossom with the candle as pistil. These may be dyed to "the bright green usually sold" or to a "fine yellow." Lacework cuttings are also recommended; made of tissue paper they may serve as "a very tasteful ornament for candlesticks," and their beauty will be "greatly increased by dipping into hot spermaceti." "Some people obtain glass dust from the glass-house and sprinkle it on while the spermaceti is warm. It looks very brilliant, but is apt to fall in a warm room." Quitting the subject of cut paper, we enter a region of science. We engrave eggshells by sketching on them with melted tallow and leaving the eggshell to soak in very strong vinegar until the acid eats away the ungreased surface; we make a lead-tree, a tin-tree or a silver-tree by suspending zinc wire in the appropriate solution and suffering branching crystals to form themselves upon it as on a stem. The destination of these objects is not expressly mentioned, but no doubt they would find a resting-place upon some mantel-shelf. Various branches of artistic decoration close the section. There is Poonah painting, in which color is scrubbed on as dry as possible through the holes of a succession of paper stencil-plates; shadow landscapes, in which the light parts of a traced or copied picture are cut away and the paper then held up to the light; paper landscapes, in which the shadows are formed by varied thicknesses of stuck-on paper which exhibit gradations of shade when light shines through; and—horrible to relate—pomatum landscapes, in which a card is first spread with pomatum as a slice of bread with butter, then rubbed over with a coarse lead pencil, and finally

has the light parts of the intended landscape scraped away with a knife or needle. Whether this appalling production was to be hung on a wall is not explained. This series of landscapes is succeeded by a series of boxes—boxes of white wood whereon the background of some outline drawing is painted black to look "like ebony inlaid with ivory"; scrap boxes, stuck over with bits "cut from engravings" and afterwards highly varnished; boxes to the top of which engravings are transferred with inordinate pains and care, and an enormous expenditure of coats of varnish.

To the section *Ornaments* succeeds one even longer, dealing with puzzles, riddles, charades, &c., that would have delighted the heart of Harriet Smith; and after this we arrive at needlework. Here we feel how great is the change wrought by the sewing-machine. "Every little girl before she is twelve years old," we are told, "should know how to cut and make a shirt with perfect accuracy and neatness." In these days shirtmaking has passed entirely into the domain of commerce, and it may well be doubted whether the brother exists who would consent to wear a shirt manufactured at home by even the most accomplished of sisters. "At the infant schools in England," Mrs. Child assures us, "children of three and four years old make miniature shirts about big enough for a large doll. . . . I have seen a small fine linen shirt made with crimson silk by an English child of five years old, and it was truly beautiful." One cannot help wondering how much of the bad eyesight now being observed and cared for may perhaps be due to the work at three, four, and five years old, of our grandmothers, upon "fine linen" shirts, with careful takings up of two threads and passings over of four threads.

Bags, reticules, purses, pin-cushions, and pen-wipers are next described in

great variety, and sometimes in terms so mysterious that the natural curiosity of woman invites us to lay down the pen, seek needle, silk, ribbon, &c., and try, by experiment, to arrive at the meaning of these strange directions.

Articles follow about bees, silkworms, and gardening. These are chiefly remarkable for a singular absence of practical instruction. We are, indeed, told not to sprinkle the mulberry leaves upon which our silkworms are to be fed: but the whole duty of the young lady gardener would seem to lie in gathering seeds when ripe and dry: "doing up" these seeds in "strong paper carefully folded that they may not be spilt," and writing upon them "neatly" the name, season, and height of the plant.

The volume concludes with a couple of fables, a set of verses, and two stories, which were greatly beloved, many years ago by the present critic of "The Girl's Own Book," but which its second editor saw fit to eliminate from all late editions.

Can any person seriously regret that girls have dropped the "accomplishments" indicated by this excellently intended little book? Does not the heart sink at the accumulation of trumpery with which industrious girls may, under its guidance, have encumbered the houses of their parents or of their newly married husbands? Think of the little gimcrack baskets, the imitation china and "alumets," the paper foliage hanging round candlesticks and shedding glass-dust as the room grew warm, the engraved boxes, the mess of varnish and gold paper, the odious little "landscapes" that aimed at producing effects in any conceivable way other than that of learning to draw! We live, it may be, in an age of deteriorating manners, of slang, of games unfemininely rough: but at least we have escaped living in the age of fligree baskets.

Clementina Black.

WORDS THAT GO TO THE BAD.

It may seem whimsical to attribute a quality of original sin to the dictionary, but there is certainly some tendency in words, as there is in human nature, which makes for degeneracy. A word comes into the world, like the babe, in a state of innocence. Look at it after a few centuries, or even decades, and the chances are that you will find it coarsened, if not actually soiled. To take a very simple and obvious instance: one would say that "knowledge" was an idea so definite and excellent that it could not take on any unworthy significance. Yet to say that a person is "knowing" is not always an unadulterated compliment; it suggests wisdom plus certain other qualities which had no place in the original meaning. Still more sad is the case of the word "cunning," etymologically identical with "knowledge," and now so far removed from it that only the students of language know they are related. Think, too, of our forefathers' euphemism for a witch—"wise woman"—wise with the wisdom, as the "cunning" man is learned with the knowledge, of an inferior world to this.

The same debasing principle may be seen at work in such words as "notorious." Many living descendants of Mrs. Malaprop use the word as if it were a synonym of "notable," not detecting that the trail of the serpent is already over it. The word has not yet gone very far on the downward path—not so far, for instance, as "enormity"—but it has long since acquired the specific meaning of fame in the evil sense. You call an Anarchist notorious, but not an Archbishop. That the distinction was made in Shakespeare's time is plain from the fact

that he applies the epithet to "knave," "villain," "pirate," "liar," and other persons not admitted to polite society. Perhaps—who knows?—it was he who gave it the first push on its downward career. It is only within recent times—probably since the arrival of musical comedy—that that push has been given to the word "suggestive." You may still speak with perfect correctness of a "suggestive" book or a "suggestive" sermon as one charged with thought; and yet when you speak of a "suggestive" play, it is not, as a rule, its intellectual quality to which you wish to call attention. If we are to argue from experience, we must conclude that some day the word will confine itself to that meaning exclusively, and we shall have to find some other term for purposes of encomium. It is merely by the differentiation of spelling—a modern innovation—that the word "holiday" has been saved from a similar, though not so sinister, double-meaning. Probably 'Arry will disbelieve you if you tell him that his Bank Holiday was originally connected with religion; so wide has the gap become between "holiday" and "holy day." It is a typical instance of the family quarrels that occur among words. The reader who walks unwarily among writings of the elder time must be prepared for shocks. He may come across Beaumont and Fletcher's "white as the blooming hawthorn," or even Gascoigne's old hymn, "O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed." Quite analogous is the change in the use of the word "imp." Did not Bacon's "Pathway unto Prayer" ask us to "pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent Majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son, Ed-

ward our Prince, that *most angelic imp*? A very terrible instance of degradation is the word "silly," which has very nearly completed the circle of significance. In Anglo-Saxon times it meant simply "blessed." Thence it came to be associated with the idea of harmlessness, then of weakness, then of simplicity, then of foolishness. The proverbial expression "silly Suffolk" does not imply any reflection on the sanity of East Anglia.

The misadventures of "silly" are no more pathetic than those of certain ill-fated words, which, in the whirligig of time, have come round to bear precisely the opposite of their original meaning. We do not associate the word "beldam" with beauty, and yet does it not come from the French "belle dame"—fair lady? Did not Milton, without the least idea of depreciation, speak of "beldam Nature"? "Egregious" is another case in point. Etymologically meaning a person apart—a sheep out of the flock—it is now used exclusively as a term of contumely. The Elizabethans could speak of an "egregious soul," as in Marston's play "Sophonisba":—

Erichtho

'Bove thunder sits; to thee, egregious soule,
Let all flesh bend.

Probably Thackeray, when he wrote of drawing "some one splendid and egregious," was the last to use the word in its proper sense. Similarly, had the word "unspeakable" been applied to the Turk or the Scot three hundred years ago, it would have been very high praise indeed. It would then have meant that their virtues could not be uttered. St. Peter speaks of "joy unspeakable." In both these cases it is easy to see how the two meanings are associated, just as one can still speak of both pleasure and pain as "exquisite," but the significant thing is

that the original and better meaning of "egregious" and "unspeakable" has been entirely lost. It is this steady downward propensity of the language which is so puzzling. It is not easy to find instances of words which, beginning with sordid associations, have become exclusively attached to worthier objects. Do words have a society of their own from which it is easy to be ostracized, and into which it is hard to gain admittance? Black satin went out of fashion because a murderess elected to be hanged in it; can one imagine that words which have permitted themselves to be used in an unworthy connection are henceforth cut off from the society of their immaculate fellows? Or is it simply the law of the world at large—*facilis descensus Avernus*—that there are a hundred ways of going wrong and only one of going right? There would certainly seem to be some sort of law that governs erring words. Like Falstaff, they "will down, though the bottom be as deep as"—Avernus. Mr. Chesterton shows cognizance of the fact when, in his "Browning," he remarks that "if any one wishes to see how grossly language can degenerate, he need only compare the old optimistic use of the word nervous, which we employ in speaking of a nervous grip, with the new pessimistic use of the word, which we employ in speaking of a nervous manner."

Some few words remain in a curious state of suspended significance. Just as there are cases of blossom and fruit being found on the same tree, so we have the anomaly in the dictionary of "demeanor" bearing the original meaning, and "demean" bearing the later and acquired meaning. "Demeanor," of course, simply means behavior in a perfectly neutral sense; it may be applied to the king on the throne or the criminal in the dock. Yet the verb, starting from the same beginning, is now specialized in the bad sense be-

yond hope of recall. To "demean oneself" means to behave oneself *badly*, the "badly" being an idea which the waves of Time have left, like an incrustation, on a word which connoted originally no moral qualities whatever. It makes one wonder with a certain trepidation whether any word is safe. Will our great-grandchildren be unable to use the word "ink-stand" for fear it should be considered an undesirable sort of ink-stand? It is a dispiriting reflection that the whole trend of the language seems to be downwards, that it is continually rushing over a steep place, like the Gadarene swine. What is to be the end of it? It clearly means that in the not very distant future there will be a much greater va-

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riety of words to apply to the lower side of life than to the higher. The novelist of the future may *have* to be a realist simply because of the greater specialization of the language. As it is, any sub-editor can tell you that there is a far larger choice of adjectives to be applied to the abnormal and the terrible than to the ordinary and the beneficent. There are five words to describe a murder to one that can be applied to a rescue or a heroism. So, in the ages to come, we shall have a language rich in its lower strata, splendidly equipped for the exploitation of the ugly, the sordid, the wicked, but only passably supplied with material for epic or philosophy.

"THE DELETERIOUS EFFECT OF AMERICANIZATION UPON WOMAN."

Victrix causa Deis placuit. It is obvious indeed that the gods are on the side of the biggest battalions. Otherwise the whole purpose of history, whatever that may be, would be a monstrous jest, in which, however, it would be difficult to discern any satisfactory sense of humor. Yet that history must be understood to signify a final, or ultimate, triumph, and not necessarily the result of any intermediate battle, however remarkable and signal. It is, of course, impracticable for us to stand on some Pisgah and survey the goal of human progress as through a telescope. At most we can make out things but a little way ahead, and often not even that. The impenetrable mists of fate envelop the horizon, as they have swallowed up also the unrecorded past.

The impossibility of determining the eventual goal of human evolution

should make us chary of prophecy, even over small periods of time, but it should not paralyze intellectual investigations into the future. After all, we have the records and experience of some thousands of years, in a more or less completed form, and we may certainly argue from redoubt to redoubt, as it were. At great cost—human blood and human tears—we have advanced our forces against the forces of the night, and these hardly-won points of vantage are not to be lightly abandoned. The common ground of logic is irrefragable, founded as it is on the simplest laws of nature; and we may well engage in feeling our way by its means still farther ahead. What lies in the mist matters not; that which is our concern is the visible battlefield. A survey of the historical period of human evolution discloses a series of abrupt changes to the philosophical ob-

server. These are fairly familiar to all. The civilizations of the Orient perished in succession; on them followed the Aryan civilizations of Greece and Rome. Later the course of history was changed by the swamping of Europe by the fair Northern races, and it was not until the Renaissance that Europe reached the point at which civilization had been dropped at least twelve hundred years before. During all those centuries, although Aryan Europe had been heterogeneous, and although her political conditions varied, the sundry nations and races had remained at the same level, because subject to the same influences. Indeed, the feudal system practically achieved a kind of homogeneity, in Western Europe at any rate. The same ideals moved the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the German. Their forms of government might be different, they might practise varying religions; but they were involved in the same stage of evolution and kept pace roughly with each other. The formulas of feudalism are well known. It involved a system of caste which, while not very rigid, mapped out the nation with exemplary thoroughness. The caste system, as in force among Eastern nations, never had its counterpart in the West. Elasticity, greater or less, has always characterized the social divisions of Europe, because those social conditions are social, and not religious. Even hierarchies in the West have never effected an Oriental system of caste, and the nearest approach to one was probably reached in the segregating conditions just prior to the French Revolution, which were the product of class arrogance.

Class then has never passed into caste in this western part of the world. But feudalism established the boundaries of class pretty firmly. Society was organized on a military basis, and kings looked for service from nobles,

nobles from their feudatories, and these feudatories from the churls and peasants of their demesnes. As a practical system it was nearly perfect, certainly more perfect than any system before or since devised by the ingenuity of man. It was, however, arranged for a pastoral and agricultural country, and with the passage of the various European nations into mercantile communities feudalism was necessarily dissolved. This naturally took place first in England, where the rules and distinctions had been less severe than on the Continent, partly owing to the character of the people, and partly owing to the public spirit of the barons. The revolution was not accomplished without disorder, and was assisted by the bloody conflicts of the Roses which broke up the power of the nobles; but on the whole it may be regarded as a silent revolution, and it was not completed for many centuries.

With the rise of trade began a new era in modern civilization, an era to which I shall refer presently. In the meantime it is necessary to remark shortly the general effect of the feudal system on human character and human conduct. It is manifest that a system which in the ultimate appeal rested on militarism and the strong arm must have differed greatly from that which obtains to-day. Wealth was not a consideration, since authority had its seat in the prestige of fighting qualities. A great noble was respected and feared and courted, because he could put into the field so many men-at-arms with esquires and captains. This was not a question of money, but of territorial lordship. Wealth might possibly buy over this baron or that baron to one interest or another, but the chances were rather in favor of their being influenced by ambition only. In any case the machinery of feudalism moved independently of

money. Hotspur and the Percies quarrelled with Henry the Fourth and raised the standard of insurrection, because they considered the King had slighted their House. And Hotspur marched on his fate with 15,000 men.

The mental properties evolved by this atmosphere were clearly strenuous and manly, whatever was the walk of life. All classes were called upon to bear arms, which should develop their physique and render them of a healthy robustness; and to this feudal age must be attributed such qualities as are common to perpetual warfare, for example bravery, obedience, quickness of decision, endurance, stoutness of frame, and certain generous instincts that seem to thrive in martial air. On the other hand, they had the defects due to the same conditions.

Trade did not make good its claims to the attention and respect of the world until the nineteenth century. It might have done so earlier, at least in England, had it not been for the interruption of the eighteenth century. Progress, so far as we know it, consists of ebb and flow, and the eighteenth century was a period of ebb, during which the demarcation of the classes was more distinct than had ever been the case. Sir Walter Besant has pointed out that, whereas up to the close of the seventeenth century it was a common practice to send younger sons of gentlemen into trade, during the next century this habit dropped altogether. The city and the gentry were two separate communities, which did not mix, and which were actuated by mutual antagonism. It was not until the destruction of the Napoleonic system gave Europe breathing space and leave to look about and reckon up the results of those twenty years of warfare that trade finally challenged consideration. That was precisely one of the changes which Eu-

rope had to reckon up. After Waterloo, trade advanced in influence and prestige. In England it made particular strides, and the reign of Victoria may be said with little exaggeration to be the reign of trade. Trade undoubtedly has had its victories. It has lacked those trappings of gilt and glory, and those romantic traditions, which belong to militarism; but in despite of these defects it has achieved much and advanced greatly in social consideration. Trade indeed has taken to itself wings, and from its pinnacle is engaged in looking down upon the decaying military systems of Europe. There has even crept into the pursuit of it a kind of romance which emulates the older romantic glory. With the invention of that phrase and that fact, "merchant princes," the aspect of trade was formidably changed. It took a new standing, put on fresh habiliments, and began to swagger among its ancient superiors in the guise of an equal. One can imagine (if they ever saw it with clear prophetic eyes) how our fathers stared in dismay and chagrin at this ugly invasion. The ranks of the aristocracy were broken, a press of newcomers poured in and would take no denial. The whole face of society changed. Nay, more than that; for if the case be examined rightly it is clear that the whole of modern civilization felt the shock. The *real* revolution, which was only adumbrated in the French Revolution, had begun.

In Great Britain, at any rate, the enfranchisement of trade consequent upon the Napoleonic wars and England's undisputed command of the sea was followed with vast national prosperity. English people have been so long accustomed to congratulate themselves on the blessings of the Victorian Age that it has become a commonplace. Napoleon called us a "nation of shopkeepers," and we are now proud of the

title. It was by our trade, we boast, that we saved Europe from the tyrant. Trade in the wake of the adventurer has scattered the British flag into all quarters of the globe, has founded an Oriental empire, and established strong young nations overseas. If these feats were indeed the work of trade, there would be reason enough to be thankful.

But it is not wholly clear that the expansion of trade is altogether responsible for these conditions. It synchronized with them, but it did not produce them. Indeed, it is more true that the conditions produced the expansion of trade, although it cannot be disputed that trade interacted on the extension of the British Empire. My point is, however, that trade did not make the British Empire. There is no more fallacious idea current in this country than the belief that the Victorian Era was the sovereign epoch in the history of the British nation. It was the centuries preceding, the centuries which came to their grand climacteric at Waterloo, the centuries which decided the international struggle in Europe—it is they that deserve the epithet and the credit. The nineteenth century merely inherited what had been earned by its predecessors. What in Great Britain Pitt and Chatham rendered possible, Melbourne and Palmerston enjoyed in comfort. There is no more misleading phrase than that of "the glorious Victorian Era," for in the Victorian Era the English people turned smug and complacent and self-satisfied, having entered into the inheritance won by their hard-fighting fathers. Wealth and orthodoxy became the standard, and heterodox ideas, which, after all, have been the basis of all progress and of every fresh discovery, were discarded.

It would seem, then, that the victories of trade are not, in this direction, all that its advocates claim. Here it

will be advantageous, as in the case of militarism, to make inquiry into the influences of a *régime* of trade on human character and conduct. For good or ill the old order is passing; has, indeed, quite passed in the United States of America and in the British Colonies, and it is well to "take stock" of the new. The main distinction between aristocracy and trade had been founded on money. The landowning classes inherited their money and did not make it. The commercial classes earned it by traffic. The recognition of trade at once weakened this distinction, and has practically destroyed it by now. But with this breaking-down of the barriers and this growing accessibility of the upper classes dawned the age of the snob. Snobbery was the product of the nineteenth century, the fungus, that is, on the enfranchisement of trade. So far, it is not clear that we have made a good exchange in stepping into the new era. But what other results are obvious? The agglomeration of masses of humanity into large cities has been the direct result of the commercial epoch, and this had kept pace with a physical degeneration, noticeable in spite of improved sanitary science. This is a definite disadvantage which seems likely to continue under the commercial *régime*. It has been often stated that modern life, in its freedom from the dangers and tyrannies of mediæval conditions, in its increased respect for humanity and in its law-abiding character, is an object for philosophic admiration. It would be idle to deny the immense importance of some of the changes which have taken place in history, but this claim is unduly magniloquent. Cruelty, for example, stalks in modern commercial life as darkly as it was frank in mediæval. One must judge the new *régime* by its most perfected example, and that is the United States of America. Let us according-

ly pass across the Atlantic for an inspection.

In the United States the system has had almost a clear field for its development, for that country has roughly shaken itself free of all the traditions and ancient trappings of the Old World. If, therefore, Europe is to pass definitely into the commercial age, the condition of the United States should be at this moment of the intensest interest to us on this side of the Atlantic. Free of all hampering restrictions, her cable weighed, her decks clear, and in full sail, the ship puts forth upon an unknown sea. What is there before her—and us? An amusing volume was issued some time ago, purporting to be the letters of a Chicago packer to his son. It would be equally possible for some satirist to deplet the views and morals of a London or a Manchester merchant, but it is certain that they would not be so frankly commercial, just as a similar picture drawn from epochs before the dawn of the present age would have been still less commercial in its aspect. London to-day stands between Chicago and the past. The question of interest is whether London will ever reach the condition of Chicago. The ideal of Chicago, as represented in the letters I have spoken of, is naively, openly, almost brutally practical. Education is only valued if it helps a man to make more money. Everything is set forth in terms of dollars and cents, and even the choice of a wife is viewed from that point. The wife will “help along” the household, and keep things all right so that the husband can make more money. The Chicago ideal, which, with variations, and, of course, exceptions, is the American national ideal, recognizes one force and one force only in the world, or rather makes other forces inferior to money, and mere denominators of that great, supreme, and ultimate force. Not culture, not

art, not beauty, not wisdom, not humanity, not death itself is the final consideration in those days which see beyond all such trifles the omnipotent symbol of power evolved by the genius of modernity. A dollar represents so much—so much authority over all these other things. The silver of a dollar will purchase this much of culture, that much of wisdom, this much also of health. There is some reason in the worship of a thing which is so authoritative. Men have worshipped it down these long centuries, but never has the cult become a national, a state religion before. It is a matter of debate how far climatic influences have affected the original stock from which the American derives, and made a breach with the Anglo-Saxon blood and character on this side. Obviously the difference has appeared, and is growing wider. The reason may be climatic, or it may be partly the result of newer social, economic, and industrial conditions. It is, however, impossible to distinguish between what in the tangible issues comes of racial changes, and what of economic conditions. American civilization is presented to us to-day as the type of the new order to which effete Europe must approximate or perish, and as such has to be considered gravely.

The pursuit of new ideals, then, under the economic and climatic conditions existing, has revolutionized the outlook of the American man. He has abolished leisure and pleasure save for his womankind, a point on which I shall touch presently. The natural animal owned and enjoyed a great deal of time apart from the avocations to which necessity called it. So, too, natural men did and does the same. Americans who come to London, and still more to Paris or any Continental centre, laugh at the easy hours and comparative indifference devoted to business. Their idea is “hustle” and

haste. That there may be other objects than to make money they recognize as a fact, but as an incomprehensible fact which is to be found only in the decadent countries of Europe. This restless temperament offers to its specific gods the most devout worship. Its devotion, indeed, is fanatical, and can, like all fanaticism, so twist the natural sweetness of man as to make him inhuman. Hundreds of people perish in these islands every year, in order that the American magnates of a monopoly in oil may add to their millions. I will repeat that this in a lesser degree is true of Great Britain; I am dealing with America because it is there true in a greater degree. The same spirit is witnessed in the operations of the Chicago wheat pit. A Mr. Lelter some years ago attempted to corner wheat with the object of making so many million dollars. The result of this deal, if successful, would have been to raise the price of bread in Europe and incidentally increase the margin of starvation. Latterly some brokers in the United States have "cornered" cotton, with the result, we are informed, that many small firms are ruined. Instances could be multiplied if there were any object in mere multiplication and repetition. My point is frankly this—that the Age of Trade, as it exists in America, is as callous, as selfish, and as reckless of human life and human suffering as was the Age of the Sword which we are leaving behind. In some respects, indeed, it is more callous and more selfish; for those engaged in the ruin and destruction of their fellow-creatures did not in former days take classes in Sunday schools, and make great and ostentatious business of charity. I will ask any person without prejudices to consider if these strictures are not justified. Modern civilization has brought better sanitary conditions, it has brought fuller medical and surgical

knowledge, and it has also brought a revulsion against war, as something which is not only barbarous, but interferes with the comfort of some and the business of others. But these benefits are more than outbalanced by the deterioration of other conditions. The country is denuded of its population, towns swarm with human creatures as if with vermin; and whereas once kings sacrificed the pawns in their selfish interests by the ordeal of battle, now it is the commercial tyrants who condemn to ill-health, starvation, and death.

I have already alluded to the effect of this new competition of trade upon the human body. This requires some further remarks. The experience of individual men, particularly in America, is undoubtedly that the wear and strain of modern commercial conditions is deleterious to health. In point of fact, the Americans have more widely departed than any other nation from the conditions suitable to the normal healthy man. A well-known American man of letters, Mr. Merwyn, has recently pointed out that "the English, though the older people, are much the more primitive, closer to the vigorous savage from whom, after all, the dynamic force of a race is derived." And this frailer nervous development of the American, this retrogression from the savage (if I may put it in that way) is notable in both sexes. The character of the American woman to-day is, like that of the man, a product partly of racial modification and partly of the social conditions of the commercial age. Observation, as well as humorous satire has made us in England very familiar with one who is claimed as the crown of creation, as the very ripest and most delicious fruit on the tree of Life. We have many opportunities of studying the American woman, for she has undertaken to annex as much of Europe as is practicable, and has suc-

ceeded very fairly. Moreover, she is revealed to us every day by the literature of the United States, as well as by the confessions—perhaps I should say the vaunts—of the vernacular press. In any case, it is impossible for Europe to remain ignorant of her qualities, as impossible as to remain ignorant of her existence. A little time back some enthusiastic journal in New York was at the pains to compile a list of American women who had married not Europeans merely but Europeans with titles. I have forgotten the precise number, but I remember it was a very extensive list. The large majority of these ladies were confessedly wealthy, and it would be absurd to ignore the obvious bargain upon which many such matches are based—on the one side money, on the other influence or position. It is considered by the taste of the day quite a creditable thing that some pork-packer's dollars from Chicago should buy a coronet in Mayfair. I have only to read the daily papers of my own city to discover how largely American women, whether married to Englishmen, or imported otherwise, bulk in the social world. It is not to be doubted that there is a vast number of Englishwomen who attend what we know as "social functions" and whose names do not get into the papers; and consequently one can only surmise that it is by some additional notoriety that the fair Americans become conspicuous. In the height of the London season this year a great charity ball was given at which it is calculated that over 4,000 people were present. In an account of this in one of the papers that cater for those who hanker after knowledge of smart society, there were thirteen names mentioned, of which ten were American.

The American woman is claimed by her admirers as being independent. But she is more than that; she is anarchical. The State has been built

upon certain sociological facts as foundation; the American woman is destroying these, and with them therefore the structure of the State as it exists now. Another system may conceivably be erected on other foundations, and this may be demonstrated to be superior, but the influence of the American woman is revolutionary as far as the present order goes. An American lady, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who is held in great repute, informs us that American women love titles because they are "striving always to have the best of everything, including society." We are also told by this undoubted authority that the American girl "seldom loses her heart, and never her head." In that confession I see the main source of the anarchy which she effects, and the degeneration which she represents. One more quotation from Mrs. George Cornwallis West may be useful:

The American woman has often been taxed with being extravagant, and, if this be true, her bringing up must be held mostly responsible. The hard-working busy man of Wall Street, steeped all day in the making of dollars, wants when he comes home to find his women folk beautifully dressed and their surroundings in keeping; for them he slaves—that is the object of his life and work. They dip into the coffers and ask no questions.

I have written above the word "degeneration," because from one particular point of view, the state of things created by the American system, as even set forth by Mrs. George West, spells degeneration. The most exact obedience to nature means the greatest health and the greatest happiness. The evidences that American women are deliberately turning their backs on natural laws have accumulated of recent years. Their cold-bloodedness is, in effect, a signal of degeneracy, testifying to the desiccation of natural sen-

timent. And that this exists in all classes, and not alone in the moneyed classes, is apparent from a perusal of the instructive book, *The Woman who Toils*, by Mrs. Van Vorst and Miss Van Vorst, to which President Roosevelt recently contributed a prefatory note. The attitude of the factory girl is represented as something like this: "I ain't ready to marry him yet. Twenty-five is time enough. I'm only twenty-three. I can have a good time just as I am." That is precisely where the mischief lies, in the good time! "What part," asks Mrs. Van Vorst, "did the love of humanity play in this young egoist's heart? She was living, as she had so well explained it, 'not to save, but to give herself pleasure.'" The mere ethical questions involved here do not concern my investigation. It is something deeper and more fundamental than mere ethics that is involved. Mrs. Van Vorst discovers her factory girls to be cold and lacking in sentiment, just as Mrs. George West discovers her wealthy young compatriots to be. Mrs. Van Vorst declares that she never heard of a baby in Perry, the factory town in which she worked. She says "the American woman is restless, dissatisfied. Society, whether among the highest or lowest classes, has drawn her towards a destiny that is not moral. The factories are full of old maids; the colleges are full of old maids; the ball-rooms in the worldly centres are full of old maids. For natural obligations are substituted the fictitious duties of clubs, meetings, committees, organizations, professions, a thousand unwomanly occupations."

This inevitably opens up a grave problem, on which Mr. Roosevelt has not hesitated to speak his mind. Mrs. Van Vorst says: "Among the American-born women of this country the sterility is greater, the fecundity less, than those of any other nation in the world, unless it be France." She considers,

however, that the causes of this increasing sterility are "moral and not physical." Mr. Roosevelt agrees with her in this, that "there is no physical trouble among us Americans. The trouble with the situation you set forth is one of character." The statement that it is mainly moral is probably correct, although those climatic conditions as well as the increasing departure from the healthy savage, noted by Mr. Merwyn, might suggest a physical explanation in part. But the real point is that, if it be merely moral, it is no less an unhealthy sign, and amounts, as President Roosevelt states, to "decadence and corruption." In a recent number of the *North American Review*, Mrs. Bisland, who has devoted her life to the special study of questions relating to her sex, endorses and reinforces the arguments of Mrs. Van Vorst. According to her, "this failure in natural and wholesome increase among our white natives is due to nothing more or less than the over-education and abnormal public activities so ardently encouraged among our women since the close of the Civil War." Again: "The most marked and deleterious effect of Americanization upon woman is the false energies and abnormal ambitions it excites in her life. Her endeavor is no longer toward the realization and glorification of her sex in its femininity. The education she receives tends to render her either contemptuous of or indifferent to her own peculiar forces, and their normal expression."

It would seem that while the American man unnaturally devotes all his days to money-making, the American woman as unnaturally devotes her days to pleasure. Even in the lowest class, the factory girls, according to Mrs. Van Vorst, work, not in order to keep themselves or help the family, but to bedeck and bedrape their bodies. History knows of no such strange

bouleversement as this development in the relation of the sexes. The women of the Germani, who were not, of course, merely the Germans, are described by Tacitus as chaste and fair, and as resembling the mothers of ancient Rome. *Ibi corrumpere nec corrumpi sæculum vocatur.* In that sense one does not look for corruption among American women either; but is that only because of the coldness of which Mrs. George West speaks? That the human spirit should vibrate with passionate human feeling and fall, is to me, I confess, more estimable than that it should starve of coldness in virtuous orthodoxy. But the ideal of the Germani is gone, and gone also is the ideal of the feudal times. We are face to face with a newer type. Whereas the savage woman acted as beast of burden to her lord, the American man works like the beast of burden beside his triumphing lady.

I have written that the conquering cause must always please the gods; to that I will add *sed victa Catoni*. I lay no claim to be considered a Cato, if only because he was of a conservative type which was perpetually at war with change and progress. It is only departures from the norm that divide or trouble a progressive mind. The new era, as represented in the United States, certainly affects me personally with distaste and misgivings. If this is to be the development of Europe also, it would almost seem as if the late Mr. Charles Pearson was right in prophesying the ultimate predominance of the yellow man. But it is permissible to ask if the final victory is, after all, so certain. The cause is not decided yet, and there are certain considerations which suggest the advisability of suspending judgment. The facts which I have touched upon in these pages seem symptomatic of a life not wholly in harmony with the designs of nature. Overworked men

and nervous women tending to sterility, and living upon an artificial plane, do not promise a brave future for a nation. At present immigration is keeping up the life of America, but American writers complain that the immigrants are infected with the American faults and characteristics very soon. That great cauldron reduces all things to a consistency. When we read with astonishment of the strange mental developments across the Atlantic we must attribute them to the new conditions which we on this side have not yet reached. Americans are the victims of quack medicines and quack religions, and quack theories. No country since the beginning of time was so abject before false pretensions and false prophets. And here they touch that ancient savagery with which they have no other connection. Mr. Merwyn, the keen observer whom I have already quoted, says that "the problem of civilization is to train and cultivate the noisy sensual savage existing in every man, without refining away their instincts of pride, of pugnacity, of pity, which make men strong and effective." He adds that "perhaps the English, of all races in the world, have come the nearest to doing this." This reminds one that Emerson concluded that "England is the best of actual nations." It is not possible, as I started out with saying, to determine the ultimate goal of civilization, and it is absurd to suppose that all progress is in a straight line. The eventual triumph of the yellow man may be the design now in process of working out. Races have been extinguished before now, and kingdoms and empires have passed away in plenty. So that it would be rash to assume that the American civilization was destined to be the civilization of the future. I have given my reasons for coming to a different conclusion. History is full of interim civilizations, which are, one may con-

clude, rough experiments on the part of Nature. Is America a rough experiment? If so we may be assured that she will be discarded, and that she will not be allowed to interfere with our ultimate destination. The defects of American civilization, which is the purest and most significant exponent of commercialism, are such as derogate from the virility of man and the fecundity of woman. Unless it mate-

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rially alters it would seem, therefore, to be doomed, doomed despite all its intelligence, its immense natural gifts, and its subtle insight, doomed as was that Martian civilization of Mr. Wells, which with all its gifts, and knowledge and power, perished on Primrose Hill, before the natural forces of a world which it had despised and would have conquered.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" may now be bought in London, in unabridged form, for sixpence. Its publishers are the Rationalist Press Association.

There seems to be an unflinching demand for literary biography. A new series of "Literary Lives" is announced in London, in which Frederick Greenwood is to do "Benjamin Disraeli", Clement Shorter "George Borrow", Edmund Gosse "Coventry Patmore", W. R. Nicoll "R. H. Hutton", and Miss Guiney "Hazlitt."

Dr. Furnival's long-cherished wish to have a Shakespeare published in the old spelling is about to be realized. The edition he prepared for the New Shakespeare Society will shortly be issued by Mr. Moring, of the De La More Press. The plays will be published in their historical order, and will each occupy one volume of square octavo shape, and two alternate qualities of paper will be available.

"The Seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia," translated from the original Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt and done

into English verse by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, are about to issue from the Chiswick Press. Mr. Blunt contributes an introductory essay on the "Pre-Islamic Poetry of Arabia," with a biography of each of the seven writers of the odes, and copious notes in illustration of the text, which is known as yet only to scholars.

Of the season's book sales in London The Academy reports:

During the season 1902-3 the highest price, what is known as a "sensational price," was paid for a copy of Blake's "Job," which contained the original designs, an original portrait of the artist by himself, and proof impressions of the published engravings. This lot brought £5,600. Here are a few other prices: The second Shakespeare folio, with the Hawkins imprint, £850; the third Shakespeare folio, first issue, £510; the third Shakespeare folio, second issue, £570; Milton's "Paradise Lost," earliest issue of the first edition, £355; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," £307; Shelley's "Queen Mab," £166; Keats's "Poems," £177; Shelley's "Adonais," £195. It is pleasant at least to think that Keats and Shelley run each other close even in the auction room.